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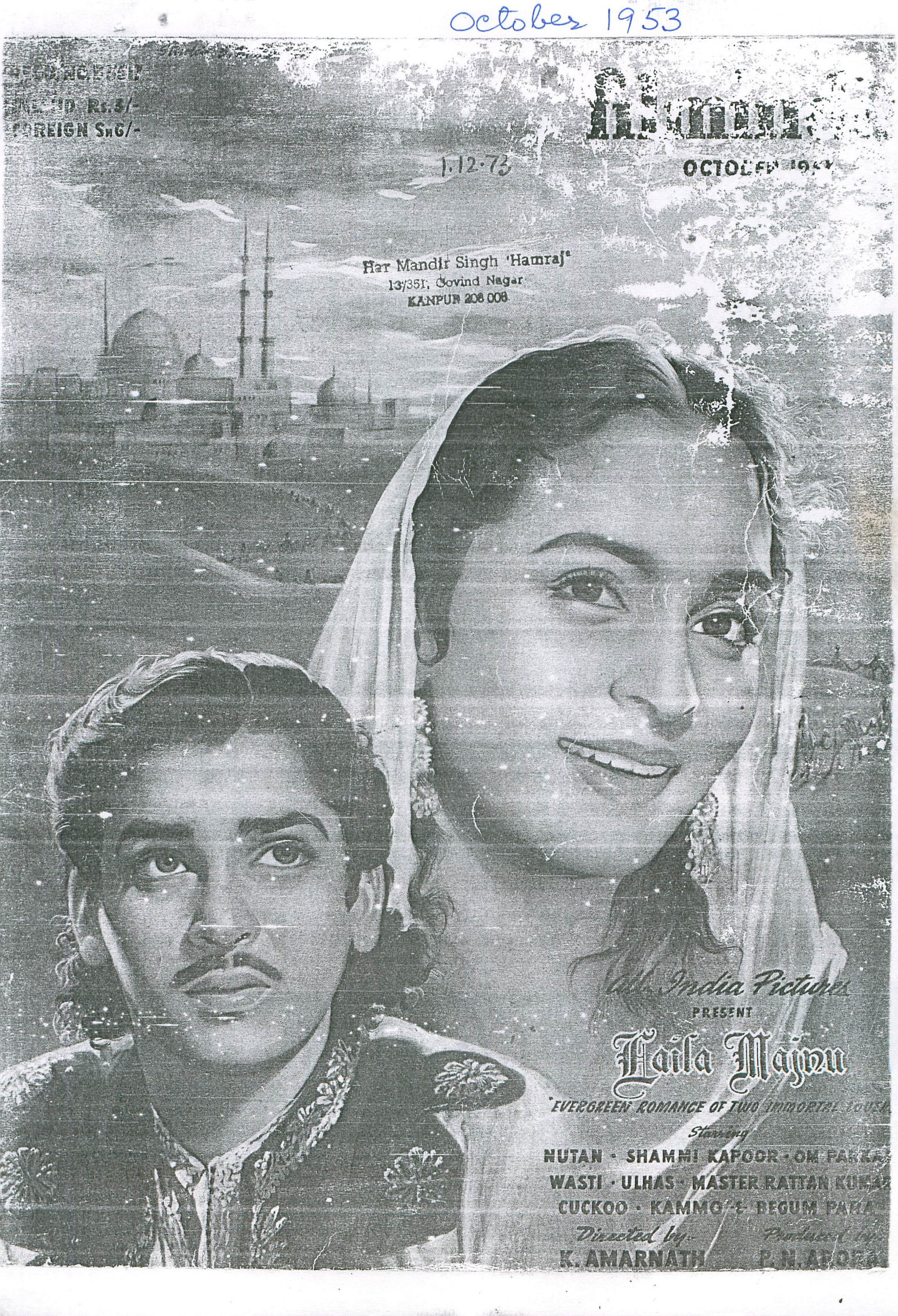

Songs: RAJA MEHDI ALI KHAN, JAN NISSAR AKHTAR, S. H. BEHARI, SHYAM HINDI;
back Singers : LATA MANGESHKAR, ASHA BHOSLE, GEETA ROY, TALAT MAHMOOD, MOHAMED RAFI;
y & Dialogue : SHAUKAT HASHMI; *Photography*: SADARJOSHI; *Dances*: GOPI KRISHIN;
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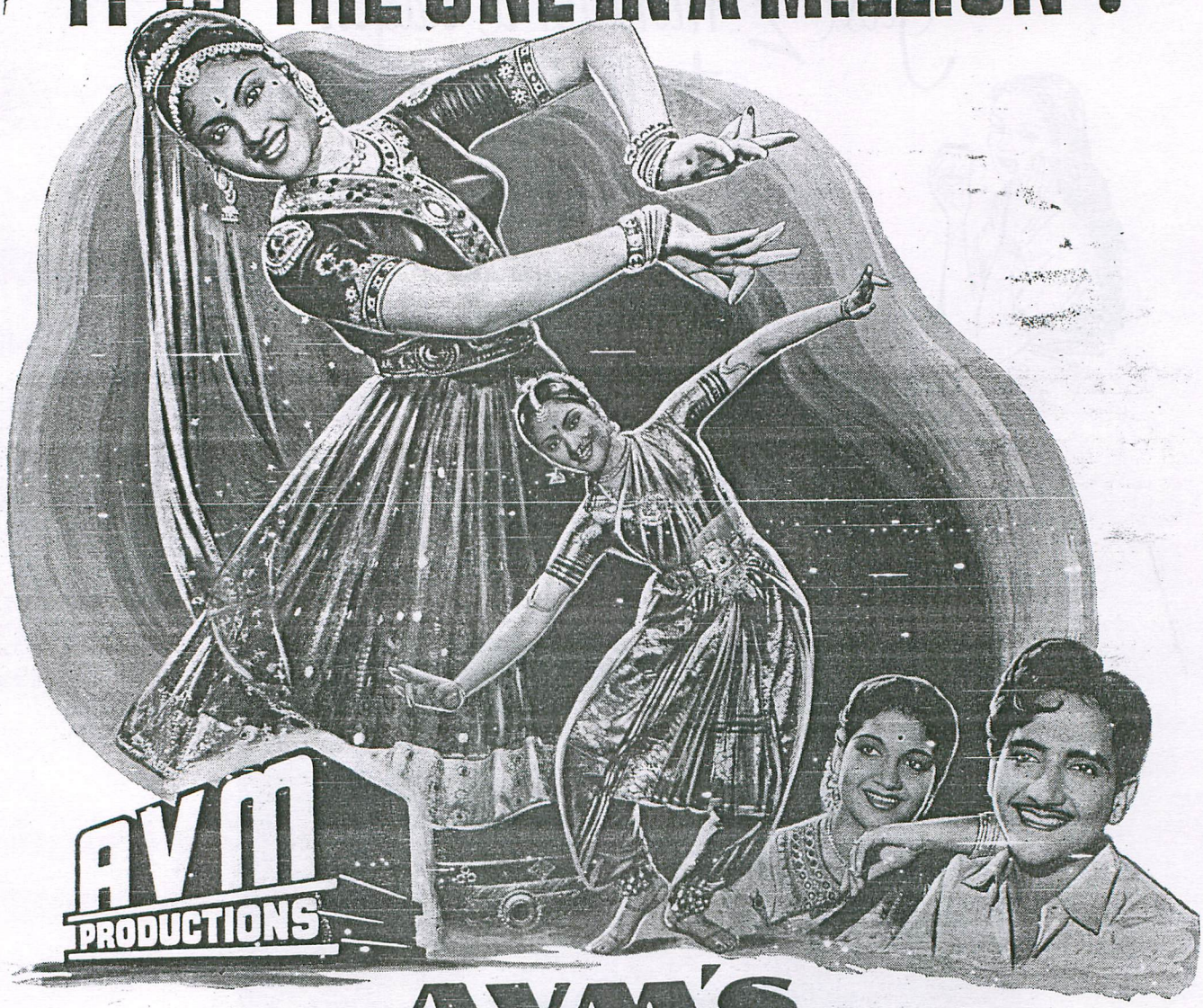

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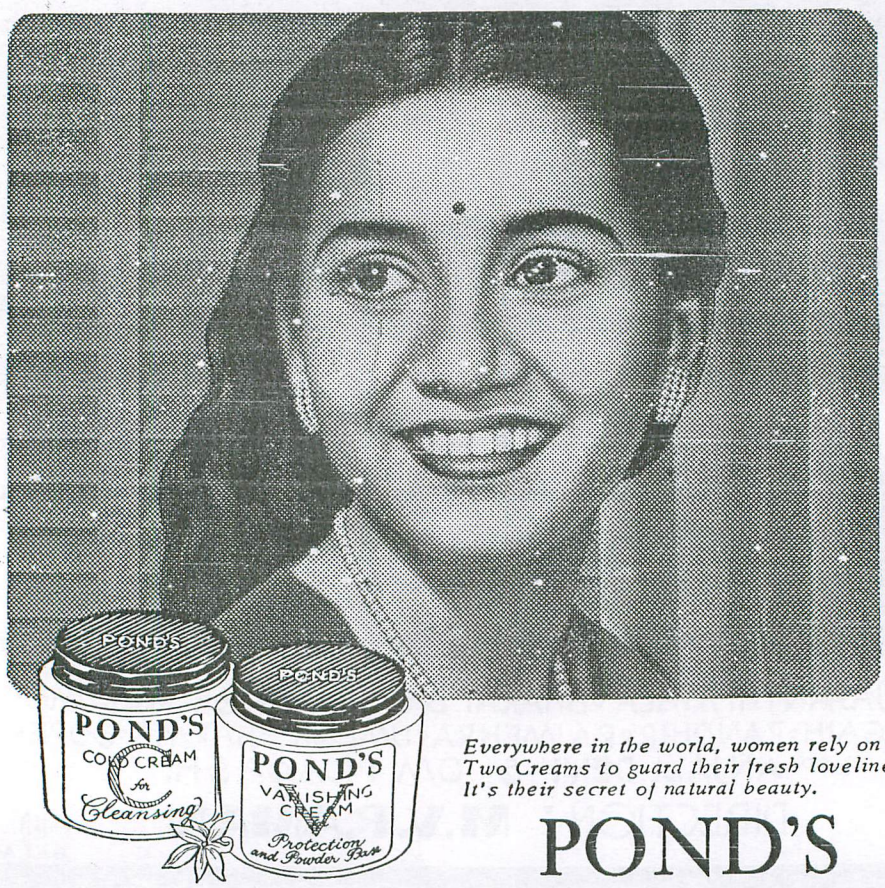

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Vol. XIX. | OCTOBER 1953. | No 10

Love is a democratic emotion. It needs the sanction and support of the people around to become divine and ennobling. Though the practice of love is a strictly personal profession, its license has to come from society. And when a license is denied or disputed, youth gathers wrinkles of thought and age and looks up to God for justice. Nutan plays the classic role of Laila in "Laila Majnu", the romantic tragedy from the colourful rose garden of Persia, produced by P. N. Arora and directed by K. Amarnath for All India Pictures. The picture will be on the screen in November.

Nero And His Fiddlers

In 64 A.D. Nero, the Roman Emperor, fiddled while Rome burnt. 1889 years later and 4000 miles away, history is repeating itself with the only difference that Nero is now spelt Nehru and there are a score and more notorious fiddlers fiddling while India, that is Bharat, is burning.

In February 1952, 4,47,99,392 Indians voted the Congress into power in the face of a hostile but divided vote of 4,97,86,558 persons. These 4,47,99,392 people voted for the dead Gandhi, the living Nehru and a host of designing white-capped politicians.

For four and a half years before India's first democratic elections, the people had seen our white-capped leaders bungling at work. But because Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel had wiped off the five hundred and odd princes and repainted the map of India in colours of unity and harmony and because the other political parties in the field presented only a cowardly and frustrated leadership, our people decided to flirt with a lesser evil and voted the Congress into power, in the firm belief that given a second chance our white-capped leaders would justify the faith which people were again putting in them.

The Five-Year Plan, a national design for wasting 2069 crores, was already a year and a half old on the day when Nehru became the first Prime Minister of the most populated democratic state in the world. And within the first year and a half, we had already spent over 500 crores of rupees, leaving only 1569 crores to be wasted in the remaining three and a half years.

Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda, our small-town cousin, who became the Minister of Planning and therefore an expert in handling 2069 crores of people's money, told us then that the Five-Year Plan would lift our people and country sky-high in agriculture, irrigation, power, industry, transport, communication, social services and public co-operation. And though no one knew anything about this wonderful Plan then, and no one still knows anything about it, we believed our small-town cousin because he wore the white cap of truth which Gandhiji had removed from his own head and put on the heads of his heirs who rule us today.

On September 1, 1953, three years after the launching of our wonderful Plan, the newspapers tell us that the 5-Year Plan is falling seriously behind in its targets and is causing much anxiety in New Delhi. The Planning Commission, under our small-town cousin, has therefore asked the Central and State Governments to furnish new proposals on how to catch up with the rate of development visualized in the Plan.

Thus after three years of the Plan and after wasting

Hiralal, a versatile artiste, often plays the villain in motion pictures but that doesn't mean that he lives like one. They say Hiralal is a good boy who respects all our Prohibition laws in spite of being a young Punjabi. Let us see how he fares in "Kali Raat", produced by A. K. Rangoonwala for A. C. Films?

over 1500 crores of people's money, our small-town cousin is still asking for new proposals to catch up with the development visualized by him. Was it at all a Plan or a rough design to waste 2069 crores?

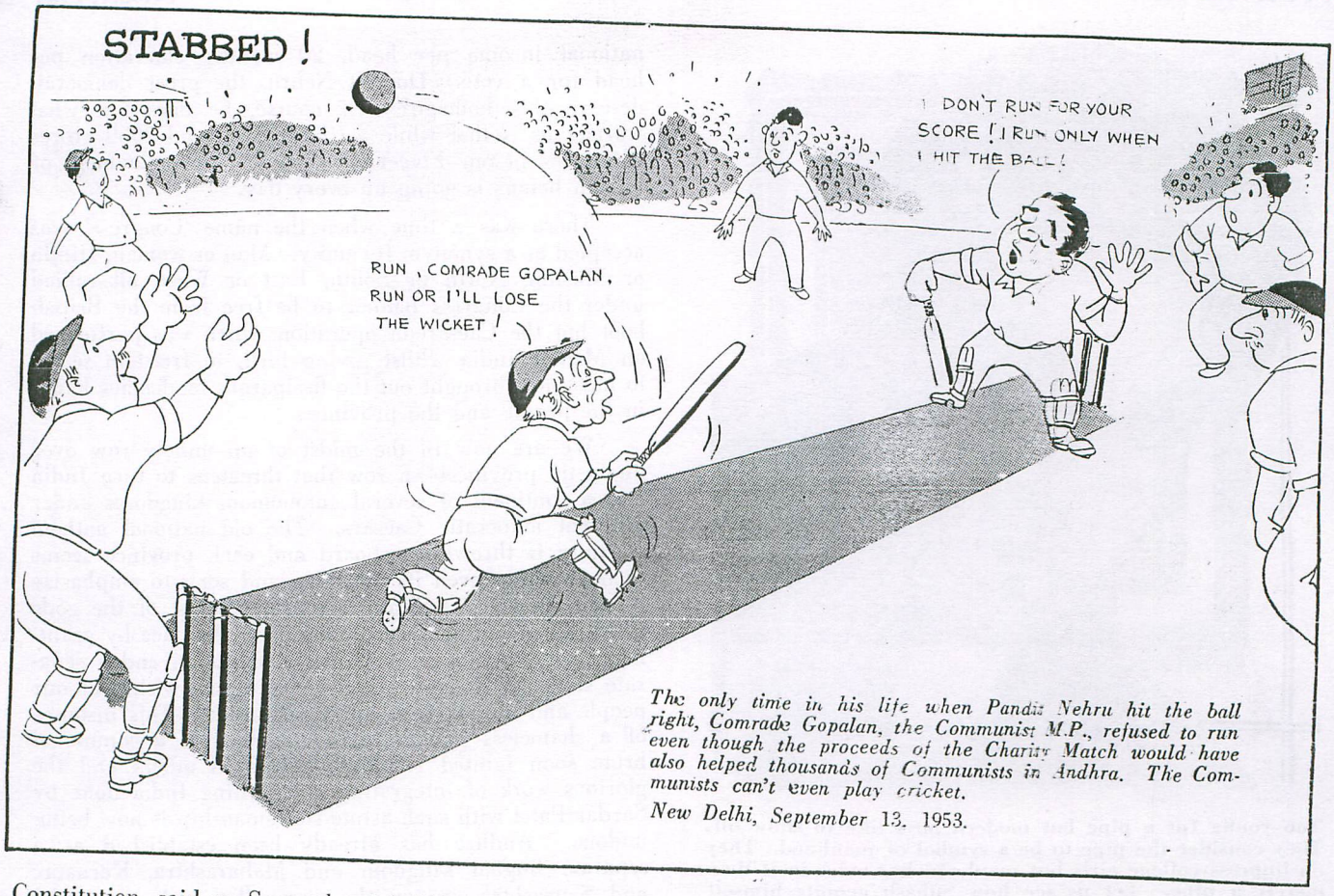
Congressmen, however, are honest people. They never hide anything from the people because ours is a people's democracy. We therefore know that the original estimate of 48 crores of rupees for the Hirakud Dam jumped up to 92 crores and when Mr. B. Das, the Chairman of the Public Accounts Committee, reported that this was due to inefficiency and waste of public money, we immediately accepted the explanation of Gulzarilal Nanda, our small-town cousin, when he said on March 2, 1953: "The least I can say about Hirakud Project is that it is being managed as well as any other project in the country. I could see ample evidence of commendable care on the part of the administration to secure economy, speed and good quality of work. No pains are spared to make a sound job of it and no risks are taken."

Now, our small-town cousin, wearing Gandhiji's white cap, cannot lie. Therefore Chairman B. Das, who seems to have forgotten the significance of the white cap, has been obviously lying in his report when he exposes various irregularities, execution of work without estimates, excess over estimates, glaring financial irregularities and unhappy choice of officers. Chairman B. Das had no business to point his dirty un-Gandhian finger at: "the continued execution of works without detailed sanctioned estimates for five years from the beginning of the project, contrary to established practice and rules; the failure from the very beginning of the project to make adequate arrangements for the storage and care-taking of crores of rupees worth of plant machinery and stores and their proper accounting; the flouting of financial and accounting rules by responsible engineers on a scale and in a manner which has assumed grave proportions; and instances of negatory and infructuous expenditure and, what is worse, instances of contracts and consequential expenditure involving serious irregularities and disregard of public interest."

This Bengali Babu is indeed an annoying optimist. He expects white-capped Congressmen "to make adequate arrangements for the storage and care-taking of crores of rupees worth of plant machinery and stores", knowing fully well that 36 crores of human beings have no storage and care-taking under the Congress rule. How can Mr. Das expect Shri Nanda to provide storage and care-taking for machinery and stores when men, women and children cannot get them? This is a preposterous expectation of a figure-worker in a Gandhian welfare state. We support Nanda, our small-town cousin, and request him to run through the remaining crores quickly so that this nosy Bengali doesn't get a second chance to point his dirty finger at our small-town cousin again. After all, once all the money is spent, what is Das or any ass going to count?

Mr. Das also accuses responsible engineers of flouting of financial and accounting rules on a scale and in a manner which has assumed grave proportions. How can we, the 4,47,99,392 gentle voters of the white-capped Congress, take serious notice of this frivolous charge when even Dr. Ambedkar, the man who drafted our great

Exciting ! Isn't she? Wait till you see Monju De in "Babla", a heartrending social theme directed by Agradoot produced by M. P. Productions.



The only time in his life when Pandit Nehru hit the ball right, Comrade Gopalan, the Communist M.P., refused to run even though the proceeds of the Charity Match would have also helped thousands of Communists in Andhra. The Communists can't even play cricket.

New Delhi, September 13, 1953.

Constitution, said on September 14, 1953 in the Council of States: "I am very sorry to say that resort to Article 356 in a situation of this sort (President's rule in Pepsu) will besmear the name of the Government—that it is using Article 356 for party purposes. It is a wrong thing. It ought not to be done"? Dr. Ambedkar also referred to the Congress idea of unity of India and said: "The Government's idea of unity is to have Congress governments from Cape Comorin to East Punjab" and the learned doctor referred to the two instances "of the most violent kind of assault on the Constitution by the Government. One was having a nominated member of the Legislative Council as the Chief Minister of Madras, and the other was the manner in which the Chief Minister of Bombay had come to occupy that position."

When our white-capped Tensinghs can make an assault even upon our very Constitution for their party purposes, how presumptuous it is of Mr. Das to expect engineers, however responsible, not to flout financial and accounting rules? After all we must distinguish between small accounting rules and mighty Constitutional Articles. Mr. Das seems to be lacking the correct sense of proportion which is most essential in judging white-capped Congressmen and their white-washed acts.

Take our Damodar Valley Project. Mr. P. S. Rao, the Chairman of the Rao Committee which inquired into the affairs of the Damodar Valley Corporation, reported that the Corporation had lost 175 lakhs as excess payment in respect of the Konar Dam. It is sheer impudence on the part of Mr. Rao to point out such a small item of 175 lakhs considering that the original budget of 37.81 crores of rupees for the D. V. Project had already risen to 88.28 crores. Why, even our small Tungabhadra Project jumped from the original estimate of 10 crores of rupees to 18.20 crores by 1951. These Committee chairmen seem to lack imagination. They must, once for all, realize that the Nehru Government is dealing in the wastage of crores. Then what do these silly chairmen mean by reporting a wastage of lakhs? This really hurts the 4,47,99,392 gentle people who voted for the Congress. And won't it hurt our dear old Father of the nation in heaven?

Then we have the Central Tractor Organization for growing more food of course under the 5-Year Plan. We have spent ten crores on this Organization so far in buying what are now popularly known as "Sethi Tractors" and "Pashabhai Ploughs". These are Gandhian non-violent implements believing firmly in civil disobedience. They are reported to be good for photographic purposes but don't like the hot sun in the fields. It is whispered that we have lost in these bargains only 2½ crores of rupees. That is really not a big slice of the 2069 crores at our disposal and we must stick to whispering and not yell unnecessarily on small items like these.

We have many such small and purely domestic affairs which concern ghee, jeeps, copper wires, Aarey milk, steel, deodar sleepers, prefabricated houses, molasses, railways, transport, imports, exports etc. These have taken a couple of hundred crores but that is nothing after Nehru described all opposition to the 5-Year Plan "as a challenge to the Congress which should be met

Too young for a pipe but modern boys like to show off. They consider the pipe to be a symbol of manhood. They do impress college girls but manhood has more in it than merely a pipe. Let us see how Subash acquits himself in "Kali Raat", the story of a dark night produced by A. K. Rangoonwalla for A. C. Films.

by making every possible effort to execute it according to schedule".

In fact, Morarji Desai—the Chief Minister of Bombay—took his patron's words so seriously that he immediately gave a 2-crore contract to the newly and specially formed National Tubewells Company in which the son-in-law of Mr. K. M. Munshi, the then Union Food Minister, is interested. This Company was registered on January 16, 1951 and had agreed to sink 400 tube wells in North Gujerat by March 1953. The Government of Bombay has so far advanced Rs. 50,19,000 to the firm. But this in-law firm has drilled only 24 tube wells in two years and three months. 18 out of which are considered successful—by whom we do not know—but not one tube well has been handed over to the Government so far. Now we are whistling for our fifty lakhs. But is that really much when you have to soothe two sincere hearts at once—of Morarji and of Munshi's son-in-law? Besides, a good dowry to a son-in-law is an ancient Indian custom.

But crores of rupees are a small matter for a nation with crores of people. We mustn't forget that India has been a land of milk and honey. One good thing about our Five-Year Plan is that it will come to an end in two years more and then we won't have to worry any more about spending money over dams and damages having already wasted 2069 crores of people's money and paid over Rs. 450|- for each vote cast for the Congress—which means, at Rs. 22|- per month, our average national income per head, 20 months' starvation per head for a vote. Doesn't Nehru, the great democrat, deserve this homage? Of course, he does but what worries us is that while we have employed 2069 crores of rupees in our Five-Year Plan, the unemployment of human beings is going up every day.

There was a time when the name 'Congress' was accepted as a synonym for unity. Man or woman, Hindu or Muslim, North or South, East or West, all rallied under the Congress banner to be free from the British boot but the Caesarean operation which was performed on Mother India whilst giving birth to freedom seems to have now brought out the fissiparous tendencies latent in the people and the provinces.

We are now in the midst of an unholy row over linguistic provinces—a row that threatens to turn India into a continent of several autonomous kingdoms under different autocratic Caesars. The old national anthem of unity is thrown overboard and each province seems to be wanting even its own flag and song to emphasize its individual sovereignty. Nehru, the last of the gods in the Congress pantheon, himself set the pace by granting a separate flag, a separate constitution and a separate status to Kashmir in defiance of the wishes of our people and the spirit of our Constitution. This instance of a shameless pander to the passions of a communal brute soon ignited similar passions in others and the glorious work of integrating and uniting India done by Sardar Patel with such astute statesmanship is now being undone. Andhra has already been established as a separate lingual kingdom and Maharashtra, Karnatak and Saurashtra are on the way. The only man who could have stopped this disintergration was Pandit Nehru, but his hands lost their character when they granted a separate kingdom to the Kashmir adventurer whilst embracing him every week at the Palam Airport. Thanks to Pandit Nehru the clock has thus been put back three hundred years and we are again faced with the prospects of having many states within a state.

With Gandhiji's honest Congressmen ruling the roost we can almost count our misfortunes. They are: Pandit Nehru, Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, Maulana Azad, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Dr. Kailasnath Katju, Lal Bahadur Shastri, Mahavir Tyagi, Morarji Desai, Govind Vallabh Pant, Ravi Shankar Shukla, C. Rajagopalachari, Nabhakrishna Chaudhari, Dr. Sri Krishna Sinha, Dr. B. C. Roy, Bhimsen Sachar, Bishnuram Medhi, B. Ramakrishna Rao, Mishri Lal Gangwal, K. Hanumanthaiyya, Jai Narayan Vyas, U. N. Dhebar and A. K. John. They are twenty-two in number. These twenty-two purified Congressmen are making a mess of the lives of 360-million people today.

They are all clever and ambitious men who have beaten lesser men in their individual provinces—probably better men—by hook or by crook, usurped power and entered the Congress pantheon, leaving the rest in the courtyard. All these twenty-two top men hate one another though they are often photographed smiling at each other. They all owe allegiance to one man, Pandit Nehru, the supreme deity of the Congress, not because they love or respect him but because he has the power to destroy them one by one—a power which he has got by chanting Gandhiji's name at regular intervals and

Film stars obviously live on special rations even though producers keep screaming about a slump. Look at Manorama, healthier than a potato, bringing smile and sunshine in "Fujilama", produced by Forward Pictures.

by following Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah's fascist strategy of being both the party boss and the country's chief at once.

This strategy has helped Pandit Nehru to get rid of formidable rivals like Acharya Kripalani, Babu Purshottamdas Tandon and D. P. Mishra and put on the shelf several noisy persons like S. K. Patil. It has also helped him to blackmail and silence all Congress legislators with periodical threats of resignation and defiantly deny the existence of any scandal or corruption in the party or the government. It has helped him to prescribe and nurse the career of his favourite sister and improve the prospects of other Nehrus and Kashmiris in state service. It also helped him to turn a communal carpet merchant into a secular Sultan of Kashmir for a while and deny justice to the 84-year old mother of Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee when she asked him for a committee to inquire into the sad and sudden death of her dear son. Considering that even a beggar who dies under a motor car in Indian streets can enjoy the privilege of a coroner's judicial inquiries, the lot of Dr. Mookerjee could not be called very happy under Nehru's democratic rule.

If you call Nehru a dictator, he threatens to resign. If you call him a servant of the people, he threatens to dictate. In his isolated eminence, this great man of many moods wants to be left alone. He cannot suffer fools and he has no patience for wise counsels. As he is the best vote-catcher in the world, his twenty-one rivals play the stooge and leave him alone in his glory. They of course expect to be left alone in their provinces to play little Nehrus in their own fields. Our nation is thus a continent of mutual and intricate designs of power and politics.

What is the net result of all this? No one can ask Nehru why he has agreed to spend 60 lakhs of rupees initially over the cattlepound of prisoners in Korea when we are ourselves living on foreign wheat and loans and every rupee that we can get has a hundred domestic uses? No one can ask Nehru why we are spending nearly a hundred crores of rupees every year in feeding and protecting the Kashmiris when we know that even their supreme symbol of secular democracy can turn round and bite the hand that fed him? No one can ask Nehru why we are spending two crores of rupees on U.N.O. annually when for the last five years this Organization has not been able even to hear our case sympathetically? No one can ask Nehru why we are spending millions of rupees on foreign experts every year when we have men as good for the jobs if not better? No one can ask Nehru why our crores and crores are vanishing into dams and rivers without an inch of our soil being irrigated? No one can ask Nehru how officers in his government have become millionaires over-night when millions of our people have neither jobs nor food nor shelter? No one can ask Nehru why we have different tyrannies in different provinces in addition to his own? There are a thousand questions we cannot ask Nehru because if we do so, he gets angry and threatens to resign.

Because of this man, to whom we cannot run with our grievances, we have to suffer a mule like Morarji, a walrus like Ravi Shankar Shukla, a fox like Rajaji, a rhino like Roy, a bison like Pant, an ibex like Maulana, a panther like Rafi, a porcupine like Lal Bahadur, a bat like Amrit Kaur, a panda like Tyagi and other birds and animals in the Congress zoo.

Because of Nehru, whose decisions so often have a pendulous character, the Congress, our greatest national institution which Gandhiji built with a life-time of penance, has been recently suffering reverses after reverses in several by-elections to the Parliament and State Legislatures. Next time Nehru goes to the people for votes, we wonder whether he will bring home half the votes which he got in the last elections. Sick, naked and starving people with a millstone of 2069-crore debt round their neck cannot be expected to rise and vote for a man who has scorched their lives only to increase the heat of his own halo.

Whether people like it or not, all our misfortunes begin and end with Nehru, our beloved Prime Minister. From molasses to Morarji, from moonstruck Muslims to the martyrdom of Mookerjee, from soil erosion to starvation of millions, from corruption to communal bickerings and from democracy to devilry, every evil must be laid at Pandit Nehru's door. For, that is the man who, in the arrogance of his misguided patriotism, has betrayed the nation and stabbed 360-million trusting people in the back.

God save our motherland !

"Girnar",
Bombay, Baburao Patel.
September 17, 1953.

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DISGRACE ABOUNDING !

Comrade Kulebiakin of the Sovexport Film is in India these days to buy Indian films, on behalf of his government, for showing them in Soviet Russia. Comrade Kulebiakin has selected twelve Indian films: "Awara", "Baiju Bawra", "Chhoti Maa", "Rahi", "Do Bigha Zamin", "Malkin", "Anand Math", "Hum Log", "Jhansi-ki-Rani", "Nanhe Munne", and "Andhiyan"—each one from a different producer and each showing a distinctive aspect of our life and culture. Whoever has helped the Russian Comrade to select these films—and we suspect K. Ahmed Abbas, our local hammer-and-sickle kisan of the press—we congratulate the man on his choice of Indian pictures to be sent to Soviet Russia.

The Russian Reds make as many as 3000 copies of every picture they produce to exploit their country fully. We don't print even 3000 posters of our films, leave alone copies on celluloid. But then the Reds have to keep their people in red temper all the time, and with Lenin and Stalin watching them with closed eyes the new rulers of Soviet Russia do not like to take the risk of anyone, even in the womb, turning yellow after reading a smuggled copy of "The American Reporter".

We are, however, not concerned with what Comrade Kulebiakin and his Red gangsters do to their people with the Red poison they produce on celluloid. The Comrade threatens to make 500 copies of each Indian picture i.e. 6000 prints of the twelve selected films and wants them to show all over Soviet Russia. As theatres and filmgoers in Soviet Russia are both regimented, Comrade Kulebiakin hopes to show our films to over 90 million people, nearly half of the total population of Soviet Russia.

Though the Communists have been known for doing the right thing wrongly, Comrade Kulebiakin probably inspired by Mahatma Gandhi's prayers and sermons in Bhangi Colony, wanted to do the right thing rightly this time. So in a moment of weakness he made up his mind to take all these Indian pictures to Soviet Russia only with the permission and blessings of the Government of India and applied to our Government for permission to export these films three months ago.

Woman must be a portrait of constantly changing emotions. Monotony kills her charm and sex-appeal and Shyama is now becoming monotonous with the same face smiling through a dozen pictures. But they say she is different in "Dhoop Chhaon", a social theme written and directed by S. M. Raza for Suhail Art Productions.

Of course, the application was sent to Minister B. V. Keskar who rules the roost in our Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. The application, we understand, has been shuttling for three months between the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and all this time Comrade Kulebiakin has been sitting on his haunches and rubbing his hands waiting for the permission.

As the Comrade is paying us cash for our pictures —and we don't know whether the Americans are financing him, Americans often being used to doing wrong things under the right excuses of democracy—our twelve producers have been waiting anxiously with their palms itching all the time.

We think this to be an excellent opportunity to have, what we would call, a small vengeance against the Reds of Soviet Russia who have been shamelessly using our playing time in India for Soviet pictures under cultural excuses and not giving us any playing time in return in Soviet Russia. Besides, this will be the first time our almost-bankrupt producers will be seeing some Russian money openly—all the previous remittances being black payments made underground.

If the Red Russians take our films, we can be almost sure that China, Czechoslovakia, Poland and other Red-infected countries will also follow suit. That will mean more overseas business for our films and some more money for jam for our producers.

Too young to pine ! But big enough to dream. And the dreams seem to be pleasant for Nutan is at that age where the night is one long dream of desire. Watch her in "Shabab" a romantic sigh produced and directed by M. Sadiq.

He is really a Prince Charming with a turban and dreamy eyes. Bharat Bhushan and Nutan make a new romantic team in "Shabab", produced by Sadiq Productions.

Old men are often old sinners. Their eyes dance when they see youth draped in a sari. And don't they remember their own days of youth when they burnt the candle at both ends? Badri Prasad in "Shabab" a romantic tale.

Monetary considerations apart, these twelve pictures, completely distinctive in their individual appeal, will give the Red Russians a good idea of our peace-loving country and its numerous social and economical problems —an understanding that will compel them to look even at our stupid 5-year Plan with some sympathy.

We thought that a people's government, like the one we have at present would have jumped at this opportunity and rushed to drug Comrade Kulebiakin with our Gandhian "nira" and induced him to take 24 instead of 12 pictures to Russia. But our ministers were never known for any imagination nor for any commercial instinct. Minister Keskar, the man who almost precipitated a civil war on the minor personal problem of what music Indian ears should hear from his different centres of All India Rowdyism, has been sleeping for three months keeping Comrade Kulebiakin sitting on his haunches and praying in Russian. Or is he cursing?

Well, if we can afford to send Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, our unhealthy Minister of Health, and Indira Gandhi, our nation's daughter-in-law, to Russia at our expense for some doubtful cultural work, why can't we once in a while send 12 Indian pictures at Russian expense for doing some better and definite cultural work?

Our natural market in Pakistan has been closed to our film industry for two years now because of the unnatural affection existing between Sheikh Abdullah and our Prime Minister. Our producers have paid crores for this affection. Most of our producers are on the verge of bankruptcy, thanks to the mess made by our politicians in Indo-Pakistan relations.

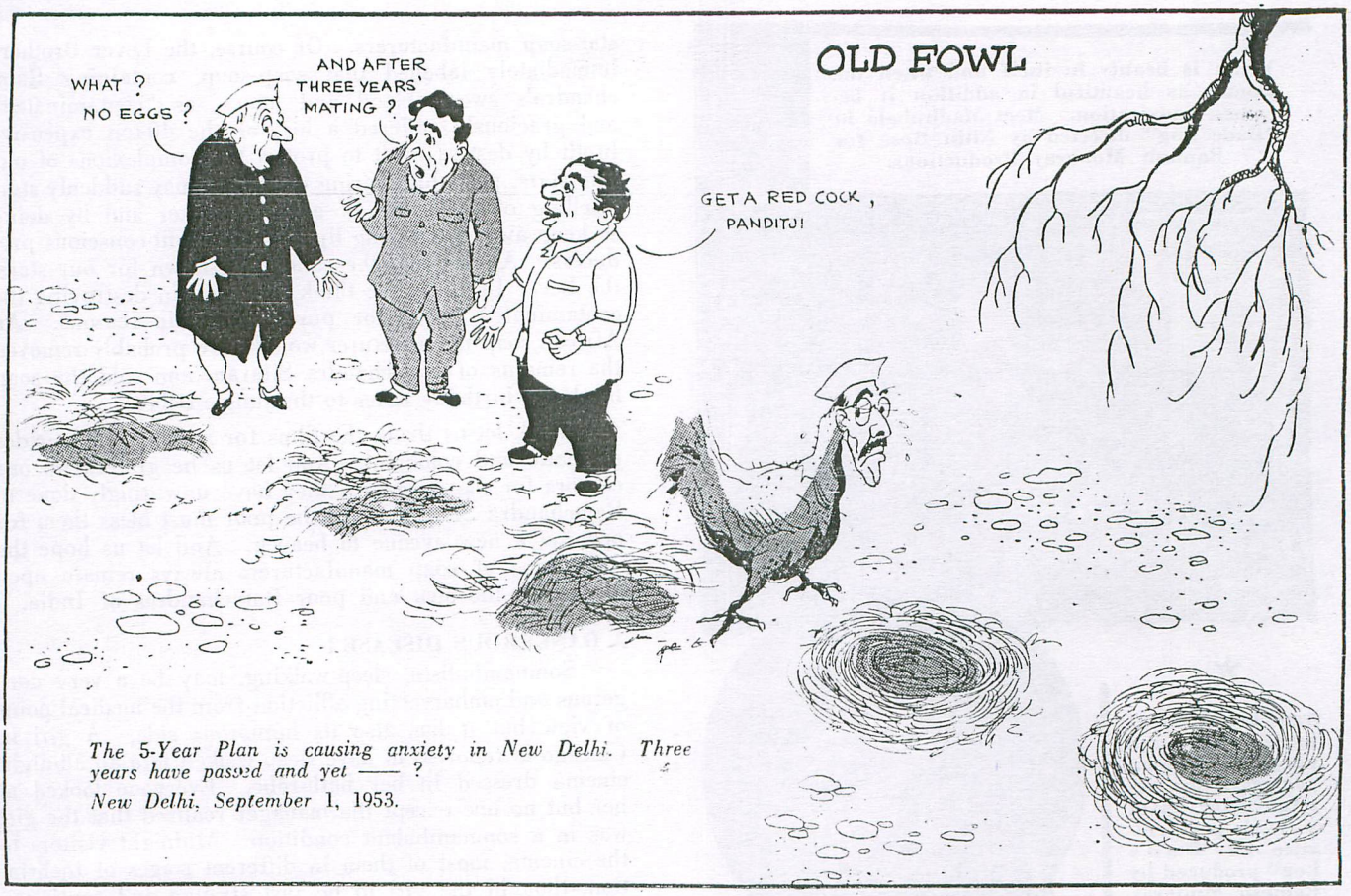
Shouldn't these poor producers be compensated by opening new markets which are now within the reach of our films? And when someone comes to our door asking for our films with money in hand, he is made to sit on his haunches and pray for three months.

Is that why we have made Keskar a minister paying him a salary which he had never before earned in his life?

TO HEAVEN THROUGH A SOAP PAN

Leave alone crime, even suicide is assuming a film complexion these days. Ramchandra Sitaram Dhandore, a worker of Lever Brothers, the people who manufacture Lux Toilet Soap and sell it with the help of film stars, committed suicide on September 8, by jumping into a 40-ton pan of molten soap.

The police think that Ramchandra committed suicide due to sickness and poverty—which means that this worker of Lever Brothers was not paid well enough to be saved from poverty and that he did not receive efficient medical aid and remained sick. Every one knows that the Lever Brothers are a foreign-owned firm. Every one knows the fabulous profits they make in India every year selling soap, vanaspati and what not. In earning these fabulous profits they use the benefits of our secular Constitution, the lack of enterprise on the part of their Indian competitors, the glamorous faces of our film stars and the toil and tears of Indian labour—all to their own excellent advantage. And yet with all the money the Lever Brothers make in India, Ramchandra Sitaram had to commit suicide due to poverty and sickness. Our Minister of Commerce and Industry, if we at all have



The 5-Year Plan is causing anxiety in New Delhi. Three years have passed and yet —— ?
New Delhi, September 1, 1953.

one such person in Nehru's Cabinet of cockroaches, must look into this matter, now that Indian blood has gone into making soap and profits for the foreigners.

This problem apart, Ramchandra Sitaram hit upon a most novel method of committing suicide by jumping into a 40-ton pan of molten soap. In India women have usually jumped into cold water wells to rid themselves of brutal husbands and nagging mothers-in-law. Those living on our coast line have walked into the sea and stepped into heaven. The Gujarati women who don't like such cold deaths set fire to their saris and manage to reach heaven clinging to the hot and scorching flames. In olden days Hindu women jumped on the burning pyres of their husbands to add more fat to the fire and lubricate joint travel heavenwards. Between the primeval dhatura poisoning and Gandhiji's prescription of biting one's tongue, Indians have left this world in a thousand different ways but not one had yet thought of using a pan of molten soap as the royal road to heaven.

Was Ramchandra Sitaram a genius to have invented this new approach to heaven? Our answer is "No"! Ramchandra Sitaram had seen "House of Wax", a 3 Dimensional picture produced by Warner Brothers and running at the Eros for several weeks, and in it he saw the villain, played by Vincent Price, falling into a pan of molten wax and dying. This was the first time that such a death was ever shown on the Indian screen and 3-D and Technicolor had made it so vivid and dramatic that poor Ramchandra Sitaram, the sick and poverty-stricken worker of the fabulously rich firm of Lever Brothers, could not forget it. Technicolor made it look a colourful death and 3-D lent it a depth of tragedy which struck its twin chord in the tragic life of Ramchandra Sitaram. How could the poor and sick worker resist the temptation of such a dramatic and colourful death? The picture "House of Wax" had presented a supreme solution of his life's problems. To Ramchandra, the poor worker of Lever Brothers, working under white-skinned sahebs, this picture had come from the fabulous land of the white sahebs. Didn't Ramchandra also deserve this dramatic and colourful death enjoyed by the white sahebs seeing that in the eyes of God the black and the white, the poor and the rich, the sick and the healthy were all alike and had equal rights in choosing, if nothing else, at least the manner of their own death?

Ramchandra probably argued with himself in this manner and gave his own Academy Award to the "House of Wax" by jumping into the 40-ton molten soap of Lever Brothers. This soap, which our film stars are supposed to use, washed him off this earth. Marvellous!

Our blind censors never saw Vincent Price falling into a pan of molten wax. And even if they had seen him doing so, they would never have thought that Ramchandra Sitaram, the sick and poor worker of the rich Lever Brothers, would see the picture and solve his life's problems in an equally dramatic manner.

Ramchandra Sitaram has gone to heaven now where only Gandhiji can interview him but mortals like us, who still live on earth, feel that motion pictures are ushering new fashions in suicide and in doing so giving an unnecessarily bad name to a rich, English-owned firm of

Youth is beauty in itself and when the woman is beautiful in addition it becomes intoxication. Meet Madhubala in "Bade Log" directed by Nitin Bose for Ramesh Mungray Productions.

★

Age gives talent more edge and purpose. Gajanan Jagirdar, our veteran actor, gives a classic performance in "Bade Log" produced by Ramesh Mungray Productions.

★

Love has its frowns and worries and even youth cannot face them with a smile. Madhubala is worried and Abhi Bhattacharya wonders in "Bade Log", a romantic theme directed by Nitin Bose.

star-soap manufacturers. Of course, the Lever Brothers immediately labelled that soap-soup, containing Ramchandra's sweat, blood and bones, as "contaminated" and graciously suffered a loss of the 40-ton expensive broth by destroying it to protect the complexions of our film stars, probably fearing that these may suddenly start smelling of the sweat of a poor worker and by doing so keep away the loving lips of our profit-conscious producers. Apart from the solicitude shown for our stars, the Lever Brothers, we think, did well in destroying the contaminated broth for purely hygienic reasons. An African soap manufacturer would have probably removed the remains of Ramchandra Sitaram and sold the soap blocks as birthday cakes to the jungle tribes.

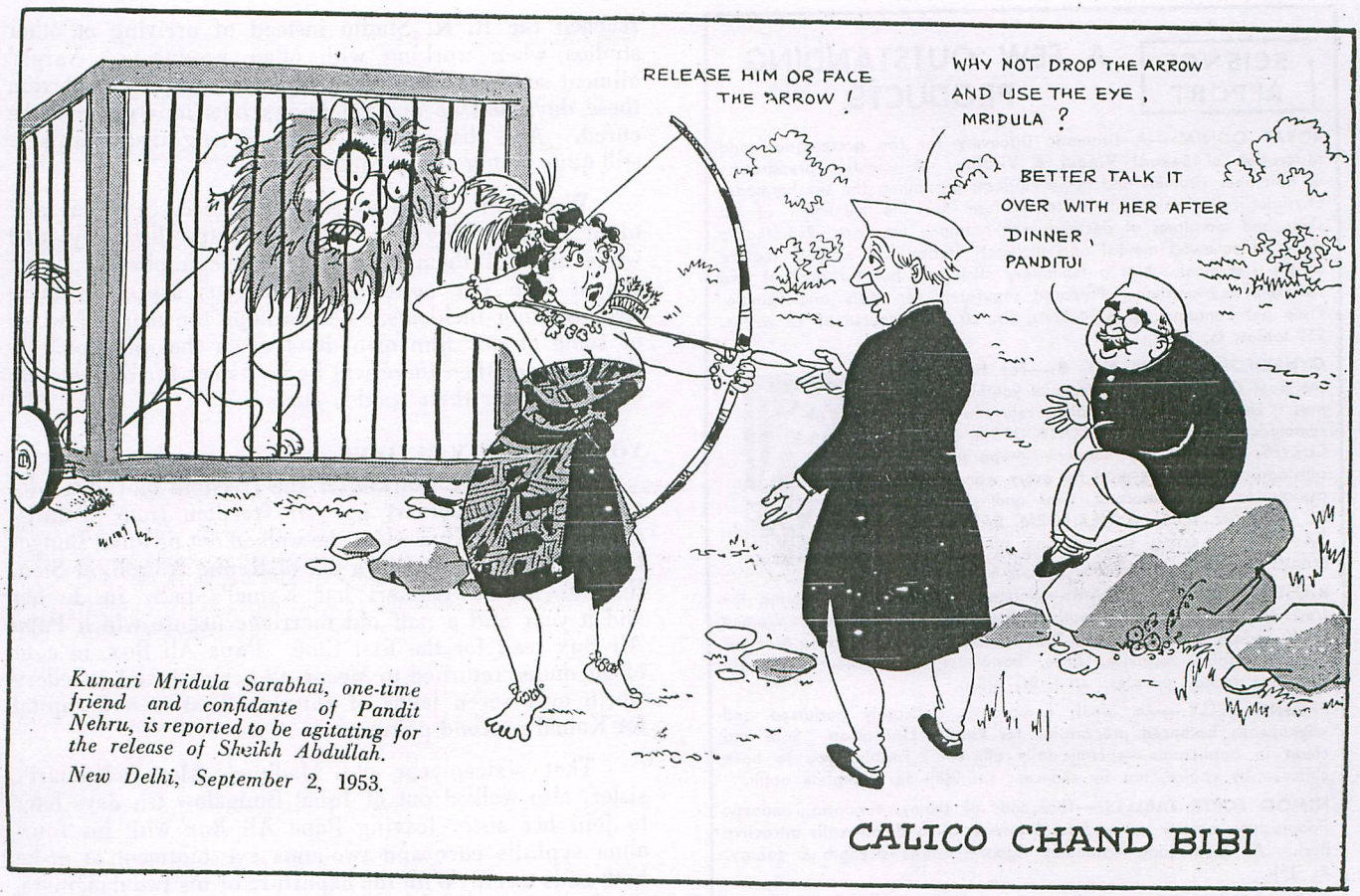
Well, let us thank the films for making our suicides dramatic and colourful. And let us be grateful to our censors for the good turn they have unwittingly done to Ramchandra Sitaram. All the poor must bless them for opening a new avenue to heaven. And let us hope the soap pans of soap manufacturers always remain open to receive the sick and poor Ramchandras of India.

A DANGEROUS DISEASE !

Somnambulism, sleep-walking, may be a very dangerous and embarrassing affliction from the medical point of view but it has also its humorous side. A girl in Chicago is reported to have sleep-walked into an all-night cinema dressed in her bath-robe. Everyone looked at her but no one except the manager realized that the girl was in a somnambulant condition. Midnight visitors to the cinema, most of them in different stages of inebriation, thought the girl to be just strange and continued with their entertainment but the manager asked a policeman to escort the girl home after the show. Next morning the girl remembered nothing of her journey to the cinema but recalled a part of the film and attributed it to a dream.

In the Indian film industry, somnambulism has been prevalent in almost an epidemic form. They say that Director Santoshi used to sleep-walk (or was it sleep-drive?) to Rehana's place for years and the gracious actress, realizing the risk of accidents in the return journeys and anxious to protect Mrs. Santoshi from early widowhood, often accommodated Santoshi in her guest-room and sent him home next morning wide awake and whistling. Santoshi, of course, thinks that real artistes like him should pursue their devotion to art under all conditions. Had we been living in a village, we would have wholeheartedly agreed with Santoshi but driving five miles in a somnambulant state is pretty dangerous to pedestrians and other car drivers in a crowded city like Bombay.

Then there is the very interesting case of our dancing actress Sitara, an expert in Kathak dancing. Sitara is credited with having given the rare performance of dancing over a long row of porcelain saucers without breaking even one of them. According to our dance critics this is supposed to be a feat of rare skill. Sitara must have burnt a lot of midnight oil perfecting this rare dance but it seems that both the hour and the saucers have got into her blood. For, even after several years she often gets up in the night and starts aiming saucers at Producer K. Asif whenever Asif feels lazy about going home after Sitara's friendly dinner and hospitality and


RELEASE HIM OR FACE THE ARROW !
WHY NOT DROP THE ARROW AND USE THE EYE, MRIDULA ?
BETTER TALK IT OVER WITH HER AFTER DINNER, PANDITJI
CALICO CHAND BIBI

Kumari Mridula Sarabhai, one-time friend and confidante of Pandit Nehru, is reported to be agitating for the release of Sheikh Abdullah.
New Delhi, September 2, 1953.

spends the night in the guest room. Though Sitara never remembers these scenes next morning in spite of the broken pieces of crockery lying all over the place, bless her memory, Asif wonders whether this strange case of allergy for porcelain can ever be cured by medical experts.

Another strange case was that of Dilip Kumar. For over two years he would virtually sleep-walk in bright daylight to a hotel in Juhu believing that his romantic scenes in "Nadiya-ke-Paar" were to be enacted there. And he wouldn't wake up to the realities of life unless his gracious leading lady Kamini Kaushal, actually went there and shook him out of his stupor and dragged him to the studio for actual work. It is lucky that these melancholic sleep-walkers usually get sympathetic fraternization from their leading ladies, otherwise they would be lost to the world.

Years ago when the great producer-director V. Shantaram was shooting his "Padosi", he also got a bad attack of sleep-walking. Whatever precautions Mrs. Shantaram took, the great director would still leave his house at midnight and sleep-walk to actress Jayashree's place a mile away. With shrubs and ditches on either side of the small ill-lit lanes around Prabhat Nagar in Poona and with snakes lying across the path, this was indeed a dangerous journey. After a lot of family conferences, it was at last decided to shift Jayashree to Shantaram's bedroom. Once the marriage took place, Shantaram stopped sleep-walking out of his bedroom. What all the doctors in Bombay and Poona couldn't do, Jayashree did merely by changing the address of her bedroom.

Another remarkable recovery from this strange affliction was that of producer-director Virendra Desai, the man who has recently announced a picture in three languages: Hindi, French and English. Years ago when this already married director was shooting "Radhika" for the National Studios, he would go into a sleepy trance every evening and drive Nalini Jaywant, the heroine of his picture, to different secluded spots in the suburbs instead of taking her straight to her home. Nothing which this brave little girl did could cure V. D. of this strange malady. In sheer desperation Nalini therefore decided to chain down V. D. in some sort of a home and married him. Within a week, Virendra began to drive Nalini straight to their common home.

Take the strange case of film actress Nargis. She has got a beautiful flat at Marine Drive in Bombay where she could spend her spare hours—and she has millions of them these days sitting on the shelf—in fine environment surrounded by her little nephews and nieces provided by her two brothers with full-hearted generosity. But this girl, they say, automatically sleep-drives during day and night and arrives at the R. K. Studios in Chembur, ten miles away, through heavy traffic and across a dangerous railway crossing. People say that even if Nargis wakes up in the midst of her journey she can still complete the rest of the journey blindfold. That may be very skilful but it is rather too dangerous a devotion to a studio, for Nargis is reported to have often

SCIENCE REPORT

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reached the R. K. Studio instead of arriving at other studios when working with other producers. Nargis' ailment seems to have taken rather a chronic complexion these days and no one yet knows how it is going to be cured. And that is a pity considering that Nargis is still quite young and attractive.

Well, there are many such strange cases of day and night sleep-walking in our film industry these days and while most of them have their tragic implications, one cannot help but notice the humorous aspect in these sleep-walking incidents. Let us hope the married wives of some of our film men don't catch the infection. If that happens then there will be no homes for old patients to return after their sudden cures.

YOU'LL HARDLY BELIEVE —

That full six years after the freedom of India, film actress Meena Kumari got her freedom from syphilis-curing Papa Ali Bux when she walked out of Iqbal Bungalow at Bandra to stay in a flat of Kamal Amrohi at Sion. Reason: Meena Kumari has Kamal's baby inside her and a year and a half old marriage license which Papa Ali Bux read for the first time. Papa Ali Bux, in a fit of goodness, returned to Meena all her cash and jewellery worth over seven lakhs of rupees. That is new capital for Kamal's second picture.

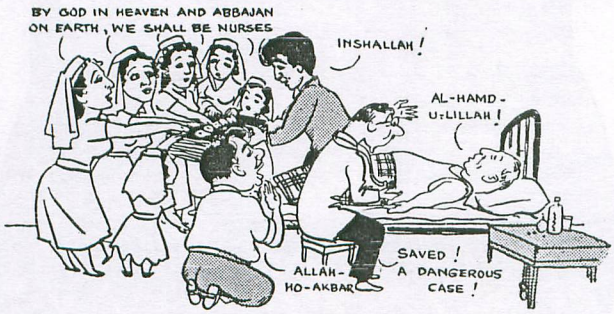
That sixteen-year old Madhuri, Meena Kumari's sister, also walked out of Iqbal Bungalow ten days later to join her sister leaving Papa Ali Bux with his four-anna syphilis cure and two-anna eye ointment to make both ends meet. With the departure of his two daughters, the long queue of Papa Ali Bux's patients has suddenly disappeared. Let us hope these enterprising girls have not jumped out of the frying pan into the fire.

JUB TUMHI CHALE PARDES LAGAKAR THES,
OH PREETAM PYARA, AB DUNIYAMEN KOUN HAMARA
HAT CHHOD SAKHI, CHAL SANG MERA
TOKE KANHA AAJ BULAWAT HAI

That the earthquake in Iqbal Bungalow caused tremors in the Arabian Villa where Papa Attaullah Khan lives with his brood of beauties. The Villa swayed from side to side for weeks and fearing the fate that fell Ali Bux, Attaullah Khan, the Pathan of Pathans, got an "heart" attack three times a day to keep pace with the doses of the mixture sent by the family physician.

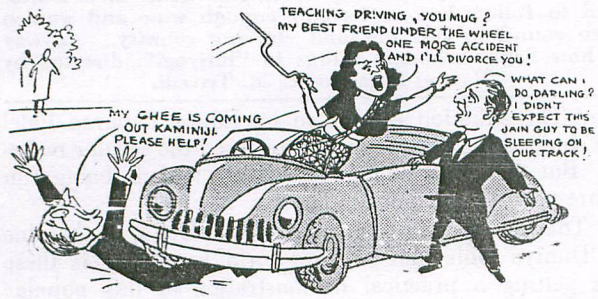
That the constant "heart" attacks of Attaullah Khan, the Pathan of Pathans, brought Dilip Kumar and Mehboob on the scene and when both of them traced the cause of the attacks to Iqbal Bungalow, the family physician suggested that all the six daughters should take a vow to become Florence Nightingales to nurse their "heart" diseased Papa. The prescription worked with the religious support of the Qoran and the Pathan of

Pathans is now once again normal. Poor Madhubala, and she was planning to nurse some Kamal of her own.



That another star-papa has now appeared on the horizon. He is writer-director M. D. Baig and sponsors the adult publicity of his ten-year old daughter Naaz. He has even made her a producer at this age probably to prove that his baby is a freak of nature. When the baby grows, let us see where the 'baba' goes.

That Kamini Kaushal has now realized that a chauffeur is a painful appendix to a star-owned motor car. She has therefore started taking driving lessons from her ever-standing-to-attention husband Rummy Brahma Swarup Sood. But Rummy is a rummy guy the way he is taking his star-wife the happy accident way. Well, it is never too late to learn, be it driving or making accidents.


TEACHING DRIVING, YOU MUG? MY BEST FRIEND UNDER THE WHEEL ONE MORE ACCIDENT AND I'LL DIVORCE YOU!
WHAT CAN I DO, DARLING? I DIDN'T EXPECT THIS JAIN GUY TO BE SLEEPING ON OUR TRACK!
MY GHEE IS COMING OUT KAMINIJI. PLEASE HELP!

That a Tibetan fan of film actress Kamini Kaushal considers this film actress as an expert on marriage and on the tactful handling of a husband and thinks that Kamini Kaushal should open a marriage advisory bureau to advise those who have no experience in handling their life partners. That is going to be a rummy business.

That Kumari Cohar played the formidable hostess at the premiere of Ranjit's "Papi" at New Empire and hit everyone with a panoramic smile that stretched from ear to ear. But the major attraction was, of course, the Black Chief. He was there in a tribal dress with his chief scalper Taimur playing the drum.

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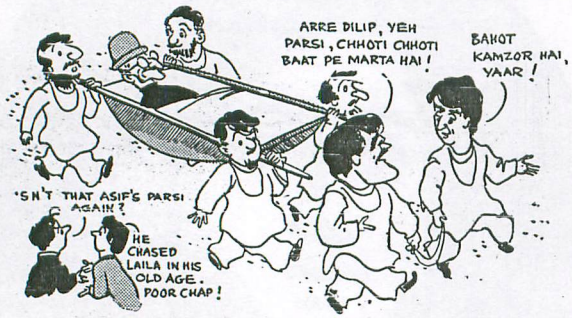
That Dilip Kumar and Raj Kapoor met each other after such a long time at the premiere of "Papi" that they rushed at each other and embraced each other without realizing that in doing so they crushed poor Nargis who happened to be in between. Nargis was so flattened in the collision of these two friends that she had to be dipped in a bucketful of water for an hour before she could restore her former swellings.

That our eternal producer K. Asif has once again left "Mughal-e-Azam" on the shelf after spending 20 lakhs on it and taken up "Laila Majnu" to teach Producer Prem Nath Arora a lesson of his life for his impudence in producing this Muslim love story. The race of these two mad Majnus is now on and let us see who wins Laila. Whoever wins we can't miss the Parsi's funeral.


ARRE DILIP, YEH PARSI, CHHOTI CHHOTI BAAT PE MARTA HAI!
BAHOT KAMZOR HAI, YAAR!
ISN'T THAT ASIF'S PARSI AGAIN?
HE CHASED LAILA IN HIS OLD AGE. POOR CHAP!

That the "Laila Majnu" controversy between K. Asif and P. N. Arora almost took a Kashmir complexion with six Muslim producers on one side and six Hindu producers on the other facing each other during arbitration. The situation was saved by Editor Baburao Patel who shuffled the producers and restored the secular make-up. But the production race, we are told, is being run in pre-partition colours. That is a pity!

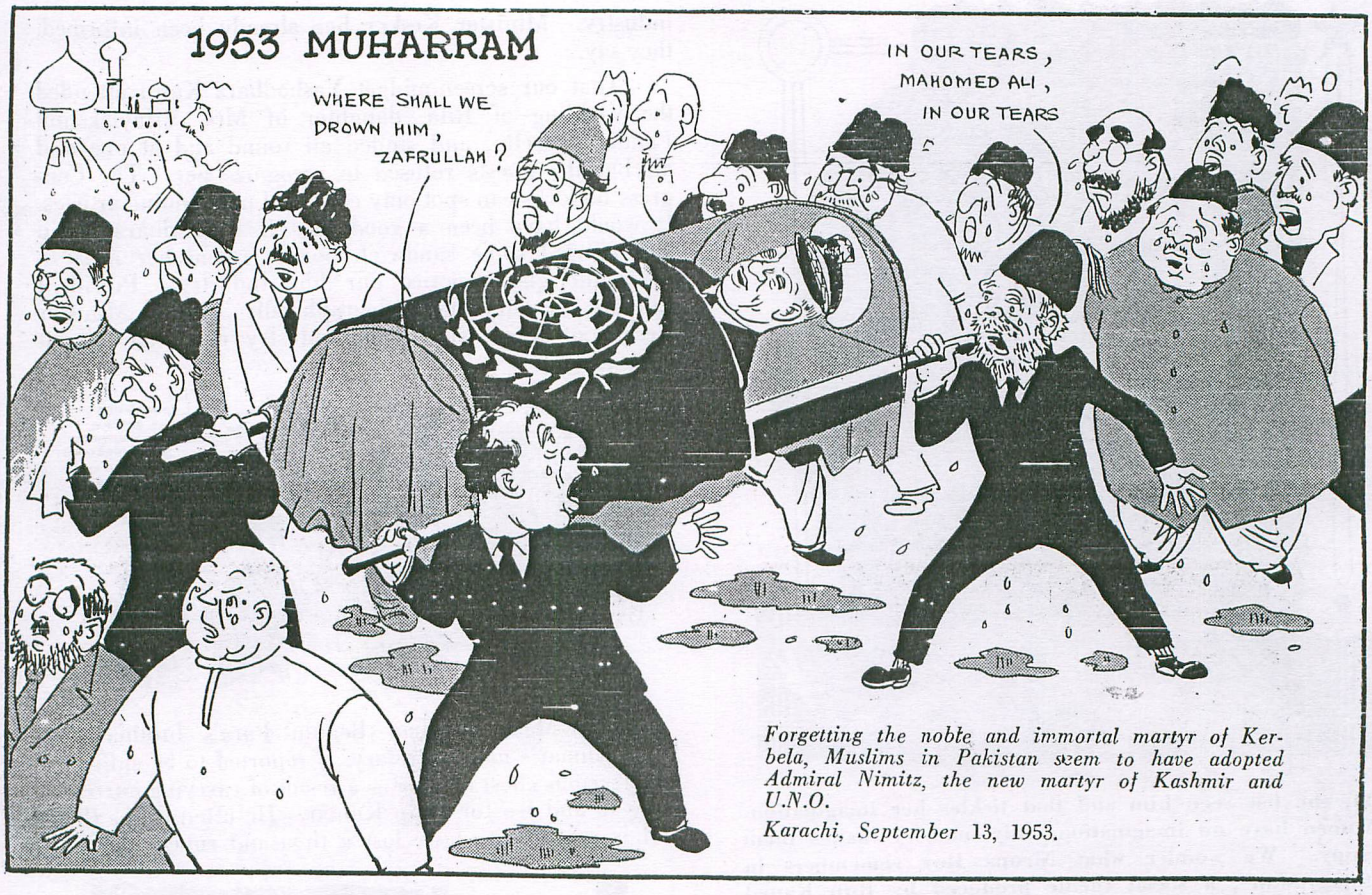
Even in suspicion, some women look pretty. Shyama attracts in all moods and designs in "Rajgadh", a royal romance directed by P. Jairaj and produced by Ravi Shankar for Three Star Movies.

All Rajyogis become fat with the wine and women around them and yet they attain spiritual salvation. It is a nice creed to follow but we haven't enough wine and women to go round in this dry and starving country. Anyway see how Sapru manages things in "Rajyogi", directed by Raman Desai for C. M. Trivedi.

That the Bengali film actress Anita Guha, the heroine of "Duniya Gole Hai", (The world is round) is these days getting a practical demonstration of this popular maxim with Comedian Om Prakash going round and round her all the time. If the girl gets too dazed with Om's "Gole" movements, it will be a good idea to bring the serious-faced, bespectacled Mrs. Om Prakash on the scene.

That Dev Anand, our soft boy, once wept in Ahmedabad when a male fan kissed his hand. You can't blame the filmgoer for treating the actor with this courtesy reserved for ladies. The man was a gallant Muslim and Dev looked so charming and graceful. We advise Dev to keep away from the crowds to avoid such embarrassing moments. Prevention is better than crying.

That Dilip Kumar, who often brags of his prowess



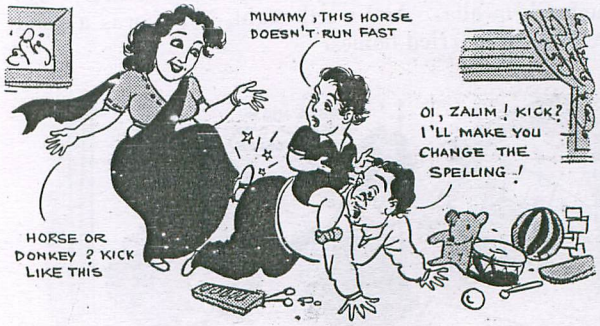
Forgetting the noble and immortal martyr of Kerbela, Muslims in Pakistan seem to have adopted Admiral Nimitz, the new martyr of Kashmir and U.N.O.

Karachi, September 13, 1953.

in slapping women on and off the screen, got a taste of his own medicine when Madhubala knocked him down eight times, every time with a neat slap, whilst shooting an exciting scene in Mehboob's "Amar". The happiest man on the set was, of course, Mehboob who always felt that a little thrashing would do a world of good to the swollen-headed glamour boy. Dilip, of course, returned to work after four days, carrying his jaw in his hand. Tough manhood, that!

That what success could not do, the slump has done. Faced with the grim prospects of unemployment even Madhubala has become more sensible and co-operative with her different producers. As a goodwill gesture she attended the public premiere of "Arman" for the first time in her life. Though she wore a 'burqa', Papa Attaullah didn't wear one and people identified the cloaked dummy as Madhubala. But some people maliciously say that Papa Attaullah had brought his new chauffeur in the burqa and that there was no Madhubala inside the silk hood. Well, one burqa is as good as another.

That film actor Pradeep Kumar, the Salim of "Anarkali", is fast becoming a good baby-sitter. His keen interest in Bulbul, film actress Sumitra's little son, has been so touching that all the neighbourhood has been in tears for months watching Pradeep's affectionate attempts to humour little Bulbul.

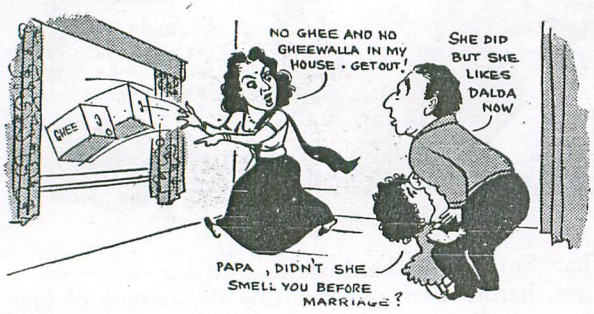


That Suraiya, a hard-working artiste once—now, of course, hardly working—realizing the fatigue of film work seems to have turned her Lonavla bungalow into a health-recouping camp for tired artistes, directors, producers and technicians. While Santoshi stays there like the man who came to dinner, Talat Mahmood had to recover from the shock of playing the hero in "Dil-e-Nadaan" by lying on his back for a fortnight. While we appreciate Suraiya's tender regard for our film workers, we don't like the way our film people turn

Oh, she has seen him and that tickles her imagination. Women have no imagination, only memory makes them happy. We wonder what Nirupa Roy remembers in "Bhagyawan", a social theme produced by Rup Kamal Chitra.

her hospitable home into a wayside inn while on their way to the Poona Races. Anyway, that is some social service.

That doctors have told film actress Shashikala to keep away from 'ghee' to keep her figure in trim condition. She seems to have misunderstood the prescription and now wants to keep away from Hubby Om Prakash Gheewalla. And we thought, 'ghee' was a good grease even in married homes.

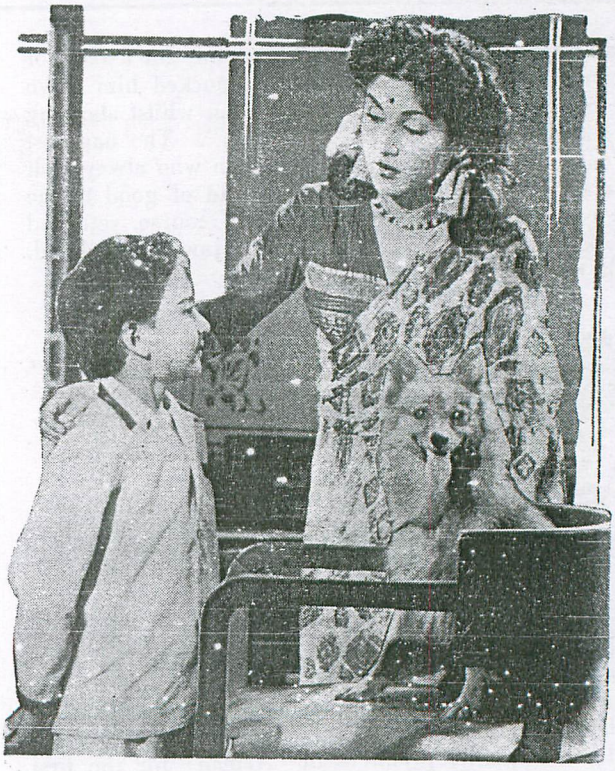


That all producers of Bina Rai have to meet the different Nath Brothers—Rajendra, Shambhu, Prem etc —and win their approval before they can take her for the day's shooting. As the rules of the I.M.P.P.A. don't provide any safeguards against this cruelty to the producers, President Jaimini Dewan is calling an all-India convention to discuss this new in-law menace to the industry. Minister Keskar has already been informed, they say.

That our screen-midget Yashodhara Katju attended the wedding of Rita, daughter of Mrs. Vijaylakshmi Pandit in Delhi, and smiled all round and at one and all but the guests refused to recognize her. The Congress bullocks can spot only cows and not genuine artistes. It would have been a good idea if Yashodhara Katju had carried some sandwich boards round her neck to make the guests notice our film industry. President Jaimini Dewan must telegraphically inform Minister Keskar of this insult. The industry must not take it lying down.

HULLO!
ALL UNMARRIED MAIDENS BECOME CRAZY ON WEDDING-DAYS! POOR GIRL, WONDER WHO SHE IS!
SHE LOOKS CRAZY!
I AM MANGY MANORAMA'S SISTER
HULLO!

That Mazhar-ul-Haq, Begum Para's brother and Dilip Kumar's male secretary, is reported to be suffering from serious chest trouble as a result of carrying currency notes to and fro for Dilip Kumar. He often drops them and is reported to have lost a thousand rupees one day



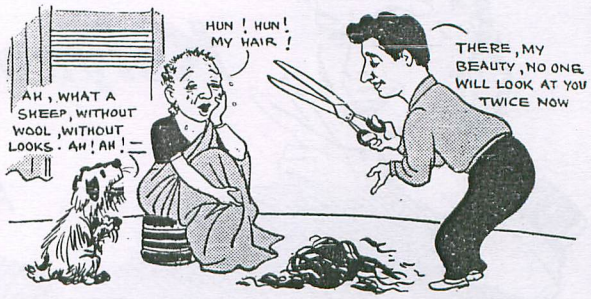
It is a child, mother and a dog situation and the dog looks the most intelligent. Meet Purnima, Ginger (dog) and Master Romi in "Toote Khilone", a social theme directed by Nanabhai Bhatt for Pragati Pictures.

while on his way to pay a hospital bill. Dilip should take another donkey to carry his burden of wealth.

That Maharashtrian actress Usha Kiran (now Kiron) is indeed very versatile. During her recent visit to Calcutta, she surprised her Bengali fans by speaking to them in excellent Bengali. The rossogolla eaters didn't know how well and quickly Amiya Chakrabarty can teach Bengali to girls. He initiated even a Tamilian girl into the emotions of the Bengali language so well that she escaped further torture by marrying Amiya.

That Producer-director-actor Kishore Sahu has gone to Paris, this time without his formidable wife, to secure "some wipes, dissolves and special effects" for his Gevacolour picture "Mayurpankh". Let us hope the "special effects" of Paris won't wipe out and dissolve the moony-eyed actor completely.

That Iris Park, Juhu, the residence of Dev Anand, was in deep mourning the other day when film actress Kalpana Kartik agreed to get her long tresses cut to thistle length for the picture, "Taxi Driver". Now that Kalpana has lost the jungle, we wonder where she will hide her fast blushing face when she meets inquisitive strangers.



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EDITOR'S Mail

(In this section, the editor himself replies to queries from the readers. As thousands of letters are received every month —some anxious and several frivolous—it is neither possible nor convenient to attend to all. Selected letters are usually treated in an informative and humorous strain and no offence is meant to anyone.)

Not all women have those distinctive but dangerous eyes. They make an explosive combination with an attractive face. We do not yet know what havoc Anarkali is going to play on the screen but we are almost sure she must have left behind a trail of broken hearts. And those eyes look heartless enough not to turn round and look back.

J. B. WILLIAM (Bangalore)

"We generally go by the measurement of the chest and not by what is inside the bosom", said Mahavir Tyagi to the armed forces. Do you know what he meant?

He probably had in mind the swelling caused by masquerade pads in army wives.

K. V. GOPAL (Secunderabad)

Are Morarji's assets mounting?

With his son Kantilal fast becoming an insurance nuisance the family fortune is going up but money doesn't affect Morarjibhai. He respects people with money but never had a penchant for collecting it himself.

Has Nehru pigeon-holed S. K. Patil till the next elections?

It is a shelf-and-pyre friendship. One will be on the shelf till the other is not on the pyre. Politicians often borrow their glow from the burning bodies of their rivals.

SANTOSH BURLEIGH (Fort Cochin)

In your daily prayers will you please pray for my "sole"?

Stop using Flex shoes, use your feet like Vinoba Bhave and join some Community Project. I don't want to mortgage my soul for your soles.

I hear that Dr. Radhakrishnan is a philosopher who will fail in the limelight of politics?

I don't think the old Doctor is a philosopher any more. Philosophizing politics is telling half-truths.

In the last general elections I voted for the Congress, thinking it to be a lesser evil. Am I right, sir?

Yes, sir, it is still the lesser evil.

ISHWAR V. MAHBUBANI (Bombay)

Which branch of Defence Services would you advise us to join: Army, Navy or Air Force?

In India, join the Army. Our soldiers will never be in a war. They are destined to die of boredom. The Navy is a risk with old tubs floating in stormy waters. Death by drowning is a misadventure. Joining the Air Force is suicide with our fighting planes losing their breath in mid air so often. The Air Force is, however, good for those disappointed in love. For a patriot, of course, all the Services are good.

Meena Kumari knows how to light Papa Jagdish Sethi's "hookah" in "Ilzam" produced by R. C. Talwar.
And she also knows how to light up the heart of Kishore Kumar. But Jagdish Sethi is worried.
Randhir, ofcourse, comes like a snake in the Garden of Eden to tell fairy tales to Meena Kumari in "Ilzam", produced and directed by R. C. Talwar.

MRS. AMEN REDAK LUDBA (Bombay)

After three months of courtship with a handsome man, a girl found that he had a wooden leg. Now she doesn't know what to do?

Ask her to marry him! With her two legs, the family will have three legs to stand on. Besides a wooden leg that has served well during three months of courtship, can easily stand the strain of a life-time. One advantage with a wooden leg is that it doesn't get rheumatism.

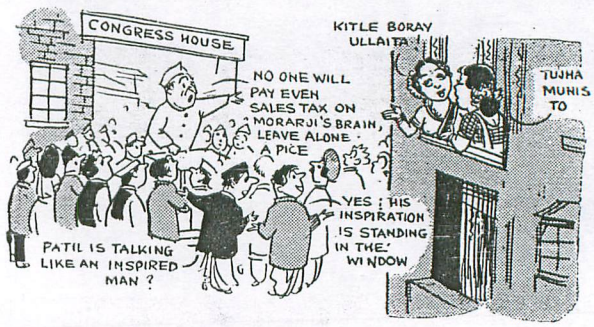
After ages of search none has yet found God. Why?

It is the eternal search that makes life a poem of devotion. Those who find Him cease to be human beings.

R. L. NAKRA (Jullundur)

A Congress M.L.A. found in a prostitute's house at Allahabad?

What's wrong with that? I am happy to find that there is at least one Congressman who has not become completely impotent yet. Let us pray that at least prostitutes succeed, where the press and the people have failed, in making our Congress legislators more manly.


CONGRESS HOUSE
NO ONE WILL PAY EVEN SALES TAX ON MORARJI'S BRAIN, LEAVE ALONE A PICE
PATIL IS TALKING LIKE AN INSPIRED MAN ?
KITLE BORAY ULLAITA
TUJHA MUHIS TO
YES ; HIS INSPIRATION IS STANDING IN THE WINDOW

It is reported that "The Moral Wonder" of Bombay, Morarjibhai, told people "how wicked and sinful life had become in the city of Bombay?"

Morarjibhai has evidently been meeting the wrong people. I wonder whether he is trying Gandhian experiments in sex-control.

I have heard women saying: "There was a time when woman was considered socially a doll, economically a parasite, politically an ignoramus and romantically a flirt". Dear Patel, now that the times have changed, as they say, have the women undergone any change in any of the above-said spheres?

The top ladies are almost the same with the only difference that their newly-acquired pseudo-intellectual approach to the different problems of life have made them a greater nuisance. But the working class women have changed. They are neither dolls, parasites, fools nor flirts.

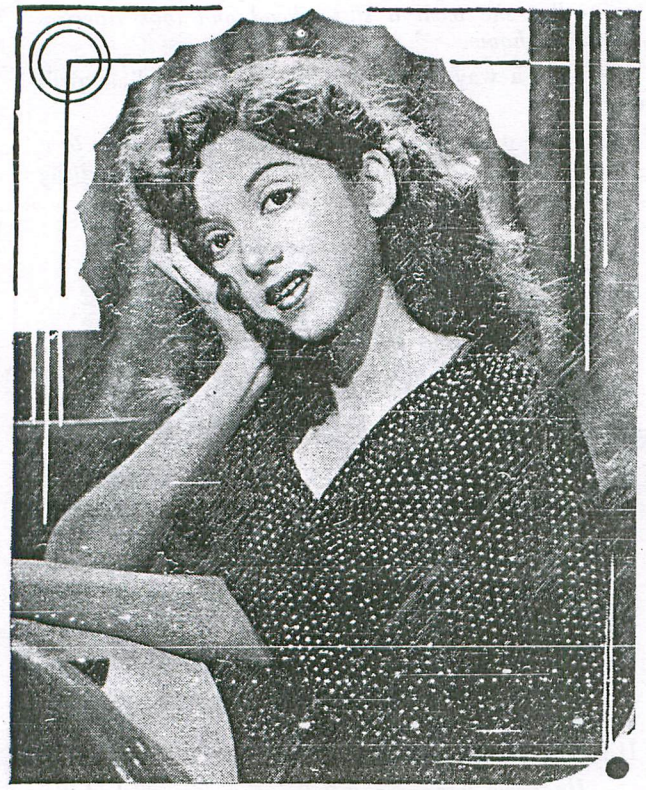
SHEIKH MOHIDEEN JAMIL (Madras)

A man has seen "Anarkali" more than sixty-eight times. What do you think of him?

Man or Muslim? This distinction has to be made where motion pictures are concerned.

MISS SHAKUNTALA T. MOTWANE (Bombay)

I think you have completely forgotten me?



Giving us a glimpse of Suraiya, Chitra, a newcomer, adds charm and sex-appeal to "Andhkar", a social theme directed by Adarsh for Movie Entertainers.

Oh, no, dear ! But why did you leave Khar and go to Churchgate without informing me?

P. N. DESAI (Kolhapur)

"Hatred is the second name for a woman", said Snehaprabha Pradhan at a local gathering.

It is a pity that an intelligent woman has had such a tragic experience. But there are millions of women who symbolize love and they are the mothers of our nation. Snehaprabha's mother was one.

J. V. BHAGWAN (Surat)

What does a Parsi girl like most?

A peaceful home, a well-employed husband, food from the Tata Industrial Home, an American movie once a week, fresh sea air every evening, obituaries from "Jame Jamshed" and a chronic disease to nurse.

D. S. MISRA (Saigon)

Humble pies! You say you have eaten a lot of them. Their role in your life, Mr. Patel?

Even humble pies have nutritive qualities. They tone up the soul.

S. KANWAL (Simla)

Where does this new beauty, Anarkali, hail from?

They say she is from Bhopal.

If you see Bapu in your dream?

I never get bad dreams.

MAHABIR PRASAD (New Delhi)

What does the Kashmir valley echo?

The great martyr's last word 'Maa', calling all mothers to light up in their wombs the divine flame of patriotism.

TARA KUMAR NEOGI (New Delhi)

What will you call the beggar who refuses a pice that is offered to him?

A Congress worker ! Have you ever tried to get rid of a Congress worker with a token contribution?

JAGDISH JAIN (Hapur)

Where is Kardar's heart?

In the Safe Deposit Vault.

What is your opinion about Acharya Narendra Dev?

A useful man living a harmless life!

Why should we be afraid of putting our hand on the trigger?

Because we have no bullet in the barrel. Bluffing with a gun is a dangerous game in politics.

What is 'Nira'?

That is toddy in its virginity. It lends vigour to a white-capped Congressman's imagination.

Who will be the first man to receive Esther Williams if she comes to India?

Butani, the manager of the Metro Cinema! He has always an eye on the knickers of all Hollywood stars. He likes to auction them.

TWA
ESTHER, I WANT TO AUCTION YOUR KNICKIES BUT HOW CAN I DO TH- NOW?
DON'T WORRY, BUNNY, I HAVE STILL THE SKIN WHICH PART DO YOU WANT ?

T. A. RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

Will Kashmir now accede to India?

No !

What are Hiray and Gadgil waiting to deliver?

Maharashtrian politicians conceive and abort. They never deliver.

The "Times of India" has no circulation here !

That is why they stopped the Calcutta edition. Anyway as long as the paper lasted the rossogollas had good packing material.

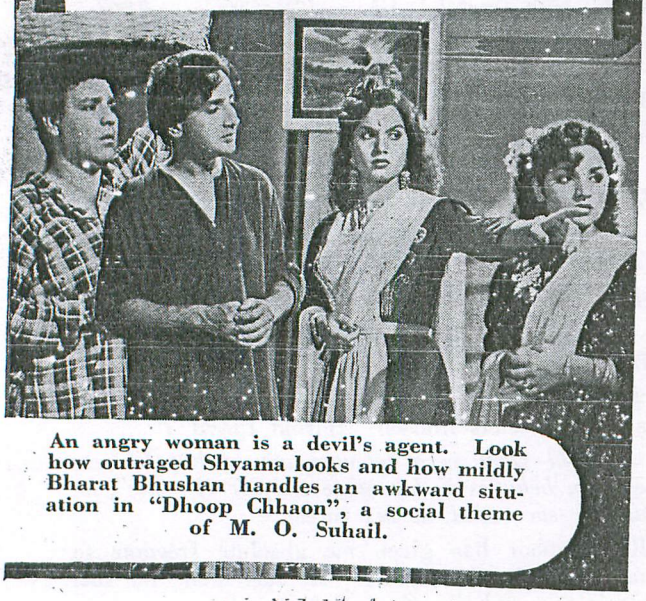
Janki Dass calls himself "Harold Lloyd"?

Janki Dass is a talented artiste but because he often behaves as his name is spelt "D—ass", he has not succeeded in his career.

"Raj Kapoor has given me absolute freedom to do what I like in this studio. He has made me feel that this is my studio". So said Nargis !

All women wait like cats patiently for the rats. Shamim Akhtar and Shyama are both waiting in "Dhoop Chhaon", a social theme directed by S. M. Raza for Suhail Art Productions.

With the best of smiles, a woman can still manage to irritate a man. See how Shyama has put out Bharat Bhushan in "Dhoop Chhaon" produced by M. O. Suhail and directed by S. M. Raza.

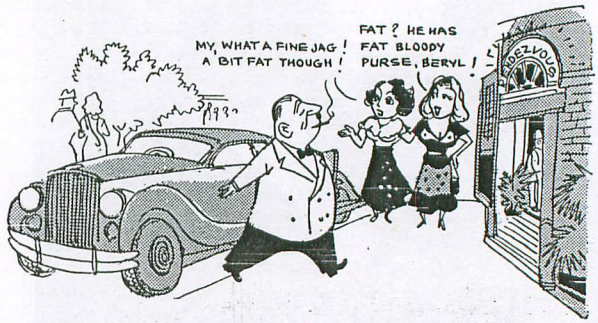


An angry woman is a devil's agent. Look how outraged Shyama looks and how mildly Bharat Bhushan handles an awkward situation in "Dhoop Chhaon", a social theme of M. O. Suhail.

But she went a step ahead and took liberties with his home.

Tell me a way to enter into an Anglo-Indian girl's heart?

Buy a car and ride in it with your purse to a dance hall. It is an infallible method of getting a winner every time.



What is Zahur Raja doing?

He is reported to be negotiating with K. Asif for the title role and direction of "Janwar".

I never heard of O.P. Datta's arrival here?

It was a still-born arrival. He never opened his eyes in Calcutta.

If David had wings?

He grew wings recently and flew to Tel Aviv to get a glimpse of the promised land.

Who's Gene Tierney?

Ali's new mare !

Who's Pranlal?

Son of Devkaran Nanjee, a banker who looks like a prosperous sweet-meat seller.

Why don't you pay a visit to Kashmir?

You seem to be fed up with me or do you want to add another shawl to our national collection?

Poets say love ends in smoke. How does it begin?

With a cigarette lighter !

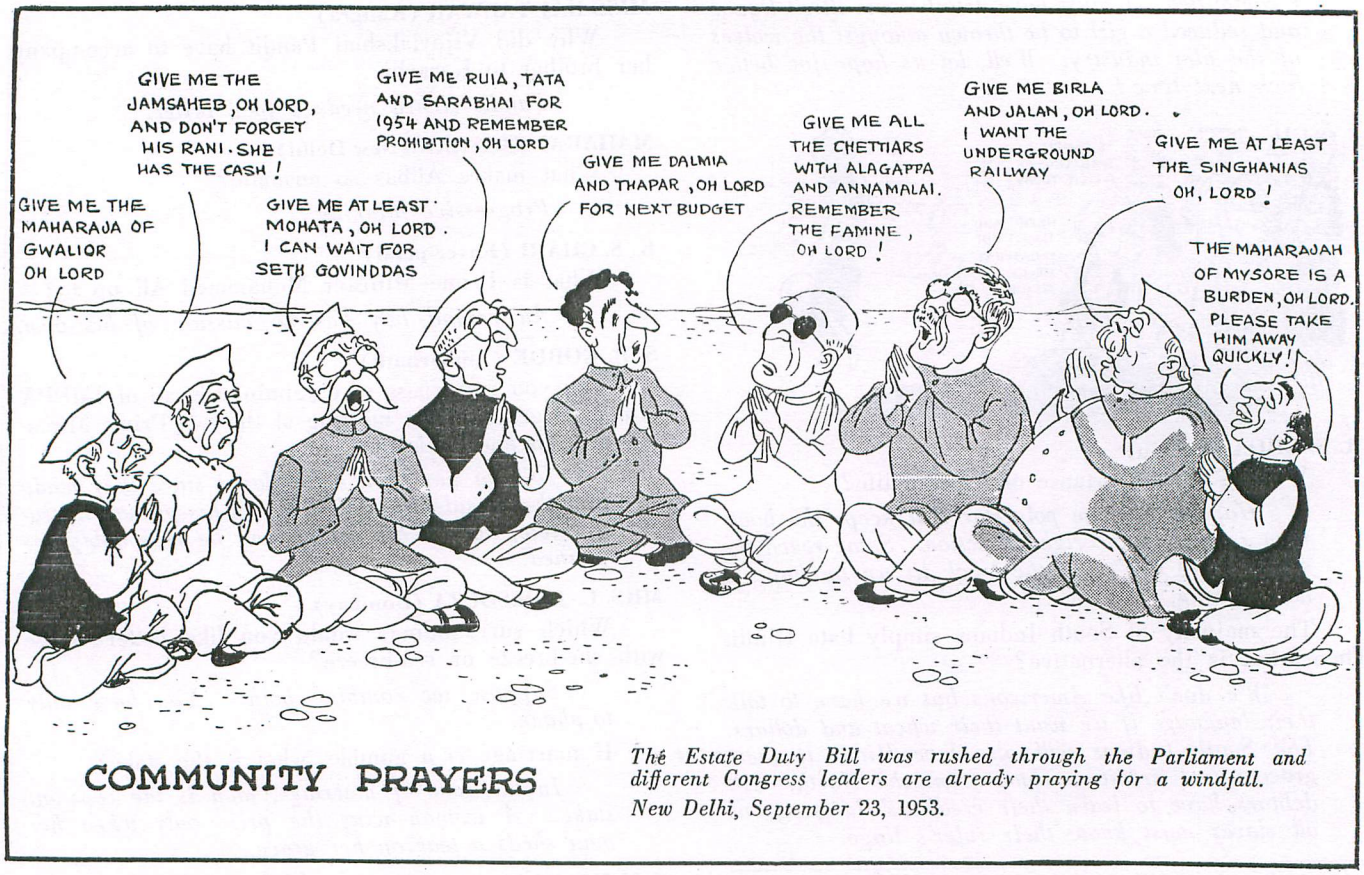
Who named him Devadas?

Gandhiji ! The old man anticipated the Birla Temple.

Of what use is Azad's beard?

He brushes his teeth with it after every bite he takes in India.

Who blows Raj's trumpet?


GIVE ME THE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR OH LORD
GIVE ME THE JAMSAHEB, OH LORD, AND DON'T FORGET HIS RANI. SHE HAS THE CASH!
GIVE ME AT LEAST MOHATA, OH LORD. I CAN WAIT FOR SETH GOVINDDAS
GIVE ME RUIA, TATA AND SARABHAI FOR 1954 AND REMEMBER PROHIBITION, OH LORD
GIVE ME DALMIA AND THAPAR, OH LORD FOR NEXT BUDGET
GIVE ME ALL THE CHETTIARS WITH ALAGAPPA AND ANNAMALAI. REMEMBER THE FAMINE, OH LORD!
GIVE ME BIRLA AND JALAN, OH LORD. I WANT THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY
GIVE ME AT LEAST THE SINGHANIAS OH, LORD!
THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE IS A BURDEN, OH LORD. PLEASE TAKE HIM AWAY QUICKLY!

COMMUNITY PRAYERS

The Estate Duty Bill was rushed through the Parliament and different Congress leaders are already praying for a windfall.
New Delhi, September 23, 1953.

Raj is a self-made man. He does everything himself.

What is "Golconda"?

That is the name of a picture intended to prove the proverb: A fool and his money are soon parted.

MISS KARIN SCHMACHTEL (Hamburg, Germany)

I am in possession of a June 1952 edition of "film-india". The film "Aan" has now been screened in Hamburg under the name of "Mangala" and this change made me look at this booklet again. Could you please tell me what the hammer and sickle part of the sign for Mehboob Productions Ltd. indicates?

The hammer and sickle trade-mark shows that Mehboob, the producer, is a working man. The name was probably changed by the European distributors of "Aan" but in doing so a copyright case might arise in India where another picture with the name "Mangala" is already in circulation.

G. INDIRA DEVI (Kazhakuttam)

Where is the adopted daughter of America nowadays?

Isn't she on the lap of her foster-parent these days?

All the powers of the world are praising Nehru. But in India you people are criticising him. Why?

The Five Year Plan is a guaranteed market of 2069 crores for the foreigners who want to sell us different goods. They cannot sell these goods unless they praise the customer. Can they?

S. V. RAMANAYYA (Visakhapatnam)

Who is Mr. M. A. Fazalbhoy?

That is the R.C.A. Photophone Chief in India —a man of soft and gentle words with new and aggressive ideas of business.

What precautions do you take against cold?

I avoid the woman with a cold.

Suppose you tell Leela Chitnis she is pretty old?

That is superfluous information. She knows it.

What is party discipline?

That is a mortgage on freedom and honesty of thought.

When does a woman change her manners?

When she acquires interest in another man.

What is Bombay's biggest problem?

Morarji Desai! The people want to bathe him in whisky to improve his complexion.

Do you know what you were in your previous life?

According to the Briha Samhita, I was a very learned Brahmin Pandit in Prayag giving discourses on religion and philosophy on the banks of the Ganges near Triveni Sangam. From a Brahmin to a Banjara is a great fall. The famous book doesn't, however, say anything about the sins

I committed. I must have drunk some illicit liquor and seduced a girl to be thrown amongst the wolves of the film industry. Well, let us hope for better luck next time !

R. S. GROA (Cochin)

What is the importance of hope in life?

Hope is the one pole star that keeps the boatman rowing in the right direction. Some reach the shore, some don't but the track lit up by hope is never wrong.

The majority of South Indians simply hate Hindi. Then what is the alternative?

We don't like Americans but we have to talk their language if we want their wheat and dollars. The South Indians will also love Hindi if their grocers and creditors come from the North. All debtors have to learn their creditors' language as all slaves must know their ruler's lingo.

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MISS RAJ TALWAR (Kangra)

Why did Vijaylakshmi Pandit have to accompany her brother to Karachi?

Pandit Nehru needs a food taster.

MAHARAJ KRISHAN (New Delhi)

What makes Abbas so anaemic?

Progressive thinking !

K. S. CHARI (Kaveripetai)

What is Prime Minister Mohammed Ali up to?

An errand boy has no mission of his own.

S. B. GORDE (Ambarnath)

Can you just guess why Jaimini Dewan of IMPPA sent a telegram on the meeting of the two Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan?

Jaimini has been a bit dazed since they made him the president of IMPPA. In his present neurotic state, not all his actions can be reasonably explained.

MRS. L. J. DESOUZA (Bombay)

Which surroundings would you like better: those with she-breeze or sea-breeze?

Suppose we combine both? You have only to phone.

If marriage is a gamble, what is the stake?

In the race of marriage, man is the constant stake. A woman wins the prize only when her man sheds a tear on her grave.

C. V. VASUDEV (Bombay)

Any comments on D.V.C.?

The river Damodar is not a shareholder in the Corporation.

Did David ever fall in love?

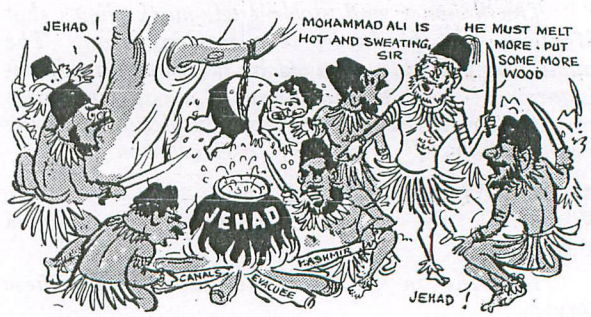
He did headlong and came out bald.

What do you think when you see a funeral procession?

I get the glimpse of a lucky man on his one-way journey out of this cruel world and salute him for his early escape.

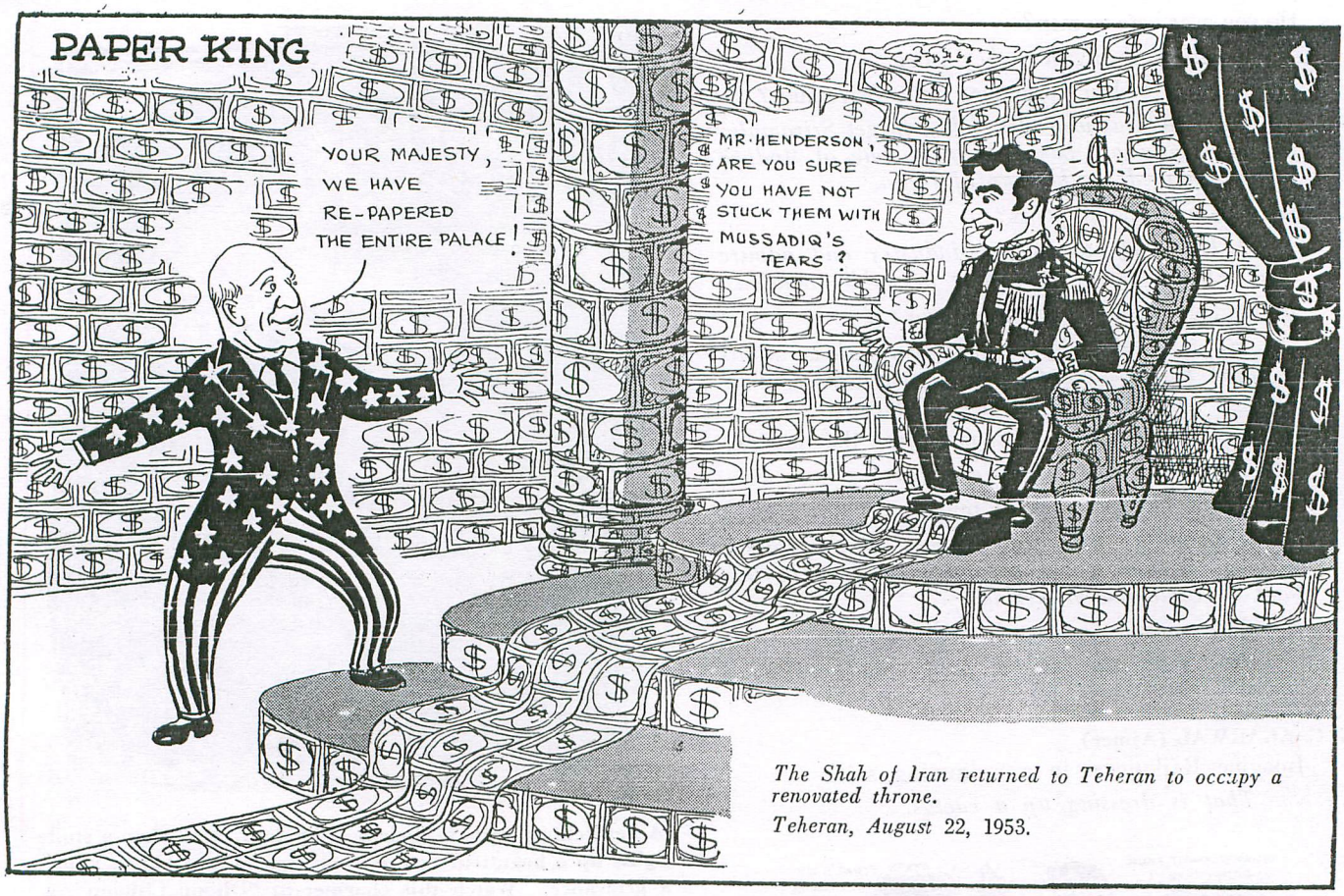
Has Pakistan a frozen future?

With the heat of "Jehad" constantly on, how can anything freeze?



Do politicians love women?

Saints, sinners, soldiers, politicians—all love women. This world has been built round man's love for woman and be it a battle of bread or a


PAPER KING
YOUR MAJESTY, WE HAVE RE-PAPERED THE ENTIRE PALACE!
MR. HENDERSON, ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVE NOT STUCK THEM WITH MUSSADIQ'S TEARS ?

The Shah of Iran returned to Teheran to occupy a renovated throne.
Teheran, August 22, 1953.

war of ambitions, the seed of all struggles springs from the little bed of a woman and from that bed man has taken through ages, daughters, sisters, mothers and prostitutes to suit his different emotional needs.

Does a film actress need a husband?

Yes, another woman's husband every time.

If we lose Kashmir?

We'll save money and bitterness.

They say you are Krishna Kapoor's godfather?

I am a godfather of every married girl who wishes to turn her home into a temple of love.

Do you make a good husband?

My wife says so but I don't believe her.

What has Noor Jehan been doing in Pakistan these days?

She has opened a milk bar, they say, and rich men are becoming little babies.

What happens when S. S. Vasan and Chandulal Shah meet?

They lie to each other and try to kill each other with smiles.

Is Kamini Kaushal's hubby sleeping?

He is sleep-walking.

I never see you anywhere with folded hands. Why?

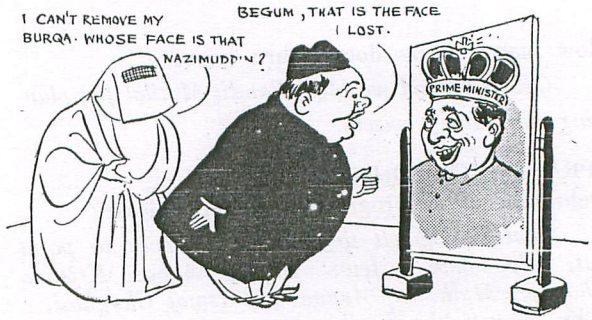
I keep the hands working and never use them for flattering.

Does Baburao enjoy being called a hundred names?

Among the Hindus even God is called by a thousand names !

What does Nazimuddin see in his mirror?

He sees Prime Minister Mohammed Ali's face and doesn't like it.



What do you see in wrinkles?

Mathematics of age and dissipation !

Can Kashmiris sing martial songs?

Yes, if someone else will do the fighting for them.

Is Jaya Prakash talking sense these days?

Not yet !

Why does Vinoba look so glum these days?

Gandhiji is rushing him.

Do you ever hate women?

I dislike them when they weep.

Has Pandit Nehru forgotten Potti Sriramulu?

The Andhras won't let Nehru forget Sriramulu, the man in whose blood the new state of Andhra will be painted on the map of India.

Do you love the Kapoors?

I like their talent and industry and admire their consistency of behaviour in public relations.

Is Jagdish Sethi a good astrologer?

He is good in giving bad predictions in his inspired moments. But being a good-hearted Punjabi he has too many inspired moments.

Why is Nehru always anxious to face the camera?

A photo a day keeps Nehru gay.

Do Parsis have a sense of humour?

Humour is the racial disease of the Parsis. Without it they would not have survived in this land of communal bickerings.

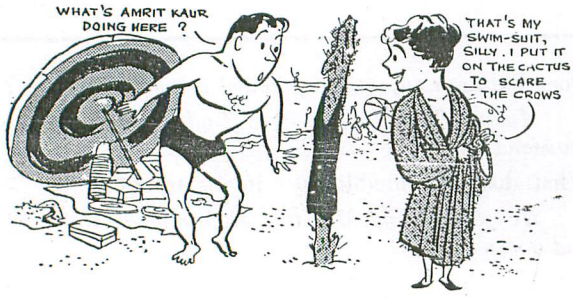
Should women take part in politics?

No! Women are too honest and emotional for this dirty game.

G. C. AGARWAL (Ajmer)

Imagine Rajkumari in a swimming suit?

That is dressing up a cactus.



How many sisters does Nehru have?

Only two and we bless Pandit Motilal for planning his family wisely.

MRS. PRAKASH (New Delhi)

Definition of a 'progressive writer', please?

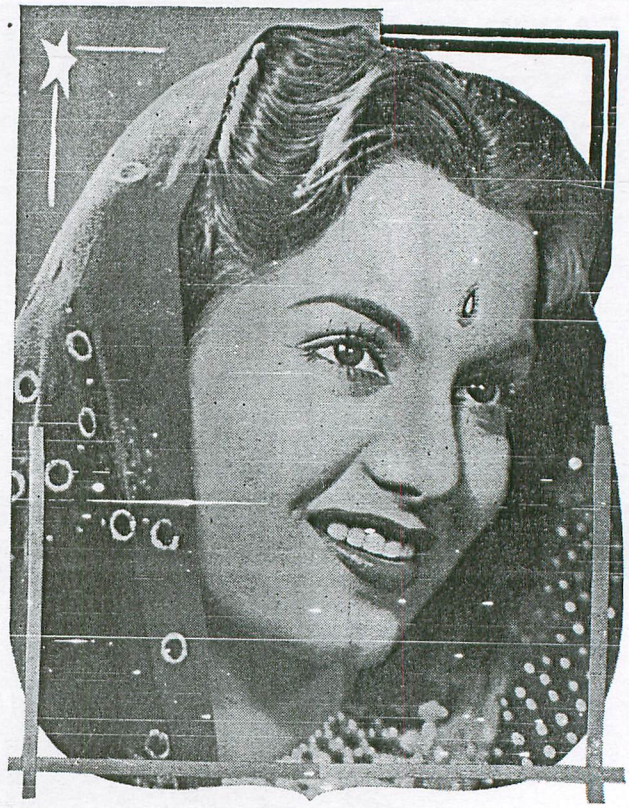
That is difficult to define but easier to point out. To name a few: Ahmed Abbas, Krishna Chander, Mulk Raj Anand and Ismat Chughtai.

Why do you like Sindhis so much?

Aren't they of our flesh and blood? And aren't they facing their misfortune bravely? When you transplant old trees in a new soil the old leaves die and the new ones appear with great reluctance. The struggle between the old and the new leaves is a tragic stage and kills many a tree.

Prithviraj Kapoor has the body of a wrestler and .....?

And also the brain.



A bewitching smile is their best apology. And when a smile lights up a beautiful face like Shyama's, men forget many a grievance. Watch this charmer in "Dhoop Chhaon", a social theme directed by S. M. Raza and produced by Suhail Art Productions.

They say these Assamese ladies know magic!

A friend of mine who is married to one says the Andhras know a few tricks more.

Mr. Editor, I wish I could also receive as many letters as you do!

Well, here is your address: Mrs. Prakash, 48 Minto Road, New Delhi 1, and may the readers keep you busy.

K. D. HINGORANI (Bombay)

Does winking at a beautiful woman in the street constitute an intellectual assault?

Winking is a crude and insulting physical approach. Only a prostitute finds an invitation in a wink.

Define an idiot?

Why waste words on a definition? You can meet a crowd of them at any A.I.C.C. meeting.

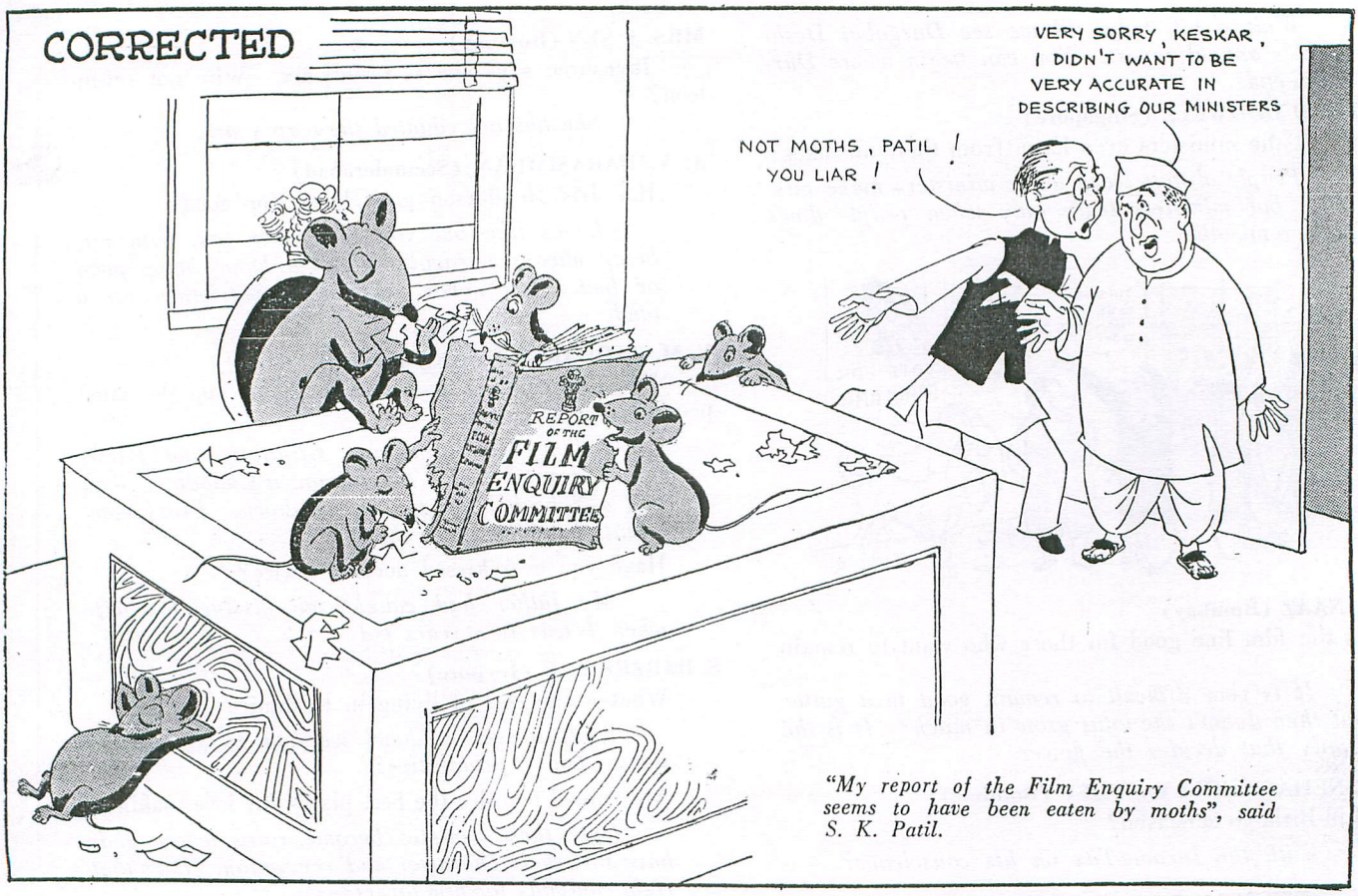
K. PUTLI (Bombay)

What are Nehru's plans about foreign pickpockets in India?

They are Nehru's bandsmen. If they are driven out who will give him chits and claps?

If I adopt you as my big brother, Mr. Patel?

I would strongly object. I have too many sisters all over India. On the last "Raksha Bandhan"


CORRECTED
VERY SORRY, KESKAR, I DIDN'T WANT TO BE VERY ACCURATE IN DESCRIBING OUR MINISTERS
NOT MOTHS, PATIL ! YOU LIAR !
REPORT OF THE FILM ENQUIRY COMMITTEE

"My report of the Film Enquiry Committee seems to have been eaten by moths", said S. K. Patil.

Day I was virtually bandaged with "rakhis" from different towns.

I HAVE BROUGHT THIS FOR MY SAFETY, MRS. PATEL
SAFETY ? WISE GIRL !
NO MORE SISTERS ! I WANT PALS ! FOR SAFETY GO TO AN INSURANCE COMPANY!

If Nehru becomes dumb overnight?

We can get our ears cleaned and begin a new career of free men.

Is journalism a gentleman's profession, sir?

No ! There has never yet been a gentleman in it nor has it yet made anyone a gentleman.

Have you tried to analyse the talents of your wife?

Once you marry a woman, you must accept the synthesis with grace. Analysis ruins a married life.

Name one advantage of building castles in the air?

You light up a pole star in the sky.

MRS. H. K. RANGANAYAKI (Sholapur)

Dr. Katial undertook a 3 weeks' fast for self purification. What next?

He got purified but what he sought to purify remained corrupt. Dr. Katial should now go back to England. There is no place in Indian politics for a sincere man.

J. N. SAHAI (Dehra Dun)

What do you think of Karanjia's prosecution in connection with the photostats published in the "Current" and of the appeal that was filed by the State against his acquittal?

The Government of Bombay must change its legal advisers. They give advice that wastes a lot of public funds.

V. BALASUBRAMANIAN (Madras)

What will Baburao Patel do if I press his neck and ask him for a loan of Rs. 200?

You don't have to operate on my neck for money. If you convince me that your need is greater, and if I have the money, it is yours.

PRABHAKAR S. GADGIL (Nagpur)

'Bhoodaan', 'Godaan', 'Sampattidaan', 'Vidyadaan', 'Grihadaan' ..... Is there no end to this?

You forget 'matadaan' which brings the crooks into power. India is soon going to be a land of multipurpose beggars.

KUMARI MOHINI PRABHU (Poona)

Don't you think it is high time for us ladies to take the upper hand in politics and clear off the muddle created by you men?

Wait a bit, lady, till we see Durgabai Deshmukh's annual report. You can begin where Durgabai ends.

WILFRED DODWELL (Singapore)

Don't the ministers even learn from their mistakes?

People always learn when ministers make mistakes but ministers learn only when people don't make a mistake.

VOTE HERE
THIS GOAT IS BETTER THAN THAT GOAT
YES YOU CAN AT LEAST CUT AND EAT IT. THE OTHER GOAT WE HAVE TO FEED
VOTE FOR MAULANA

BABY NAAZ (Bombay)

Is the film line good for those who want to remain good?

It is very difficult to remain good in a gutter but then doesn't the lotus grow in muck? It is the family that decides the flower.

MRS. SNEHAPRABHA VASUDEV (Bombay)

Will Birla go to heaven?

With the Income-Tax on his conscience?

A woman with a short nose often has a short temper but Smriti balances the temper by being vivacious in "Kali Raat", a romantic story produced by A. K. Rangoonwala for A. C. Films.

MRS. J. SEN (Bombay)

Jayashree says she is twenty-six. Why not seventeen?

She has not counted the leap years.

A. V. NARASIMHAN (Secunderabad)

Has Iris Henderson gone home for good?

Looks like but you can never say, with Iris being always particular about a home being good or bad. Iris never believed in patriotism for a land.

V. M. RADHAKRISHNAN (Bombay)

You love Sindhis deep in your heart and the same people suspect you now?

I love Maharashtrians, Gujaratis and Parsis also and yet I had a Shantaram, a Chandulal Shah and a Sohrab Modi to run me down. Every community has some black sheep.

Have you ever kissed another's wife?

My father had caught me kissing his wife when I was two years old.

S. BABZEE BAB (Jeypore)

What is the cost of living in Kashmir?

Well, to get a shawl we had to give Syam Babu. Isn't it prohibitive?

Are ruined temples the best places for love making?

Only those temples become ruins whose gods have lost their character and reputation. Isn't that right company for film lovers?

S. VITTAL RAO (Madras)

Who deserve to be dismissed from our Indian cabinet?

All except Kidwai and Deshmukh !

How sad that Morarji Desai lost a young daughter of 22?

Yes, and she was the only smiling soul in the family. The rest scowl. Since Sardar Vallabhbhai reached heaven, I think they badly needed someone there with a sweet and innocent smile.

When is a Governor's wife inspired to do some work?

When news photographers agree to be on the scene of the accident.

THE CAMERAMAN WILL COME NOW. SHALL WE BEGIN SWEEPING, YOUR LADYSHIP?
LET HIM COME ! WHERE'S THE HURRY ? I'VE SEEN THAT DIRT THERE LAST 12 MONTHS

Did you receive any appreciation from Lady Jogmaya Debi for your editorial in the August issue of "filmindia"?

Yes, mother sent me her blessings through her younger son, Uma Prasad.

What do you think of the Appaiah-Cripps wedding?

Malan will stop importing Black and White whiskey from England.

VASHDEV G. DAYALANI (Bombay)

Have you become so very modest as to say "My life is not so important or interesting as to become a book"?

Has there been anything new in my life? It is the same old story of poverty, frustration, unemployment, starvation, hard work and struggle. Isn't that the daily tragedy of our 360 million people? Why do you want to read this in a book when you can hear the sighs all around you? Or have I become a superman because I am now lucky enough to be a bit successful?

What do the young ladies whisper when they see you at some social gathering?

I don't go to any social gatherings and therefore don't see or hear any whispering young ladies. The loss is entirely mine.

My wife wants your photograph to be removed from my table.

Listen to her. She is your better half. I am prepared to remove myself from my home if my wife so desires to maintain harmony in a home.

So you have friends too !

Yes, Moti, Iris, Mickey, Boxer, Chumpy, Whisky and all those who wag their tails and win my heart. And I am in mourning these days because I lost a pal recently. His name was Spottie. He spent his life in my easy chair. These are friends that cannot be replaced.

TIRTH K. KESWANI (Bombay)

Are you on the approved list of Morarji?

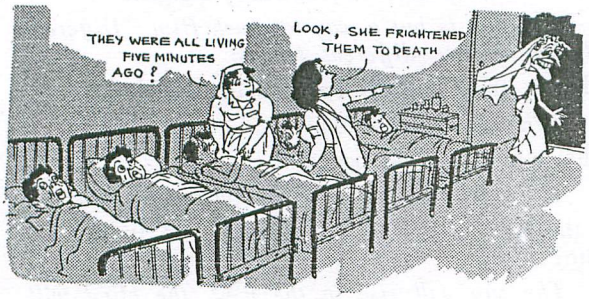
I am on the black list of all Caesars.

If Nimmi sleep-walks into your "Girnar"?

She did once and discovered that Ambalal Patel had invited her for dinner. Natural instinct made her run to the Patel whom she thought to be safer.

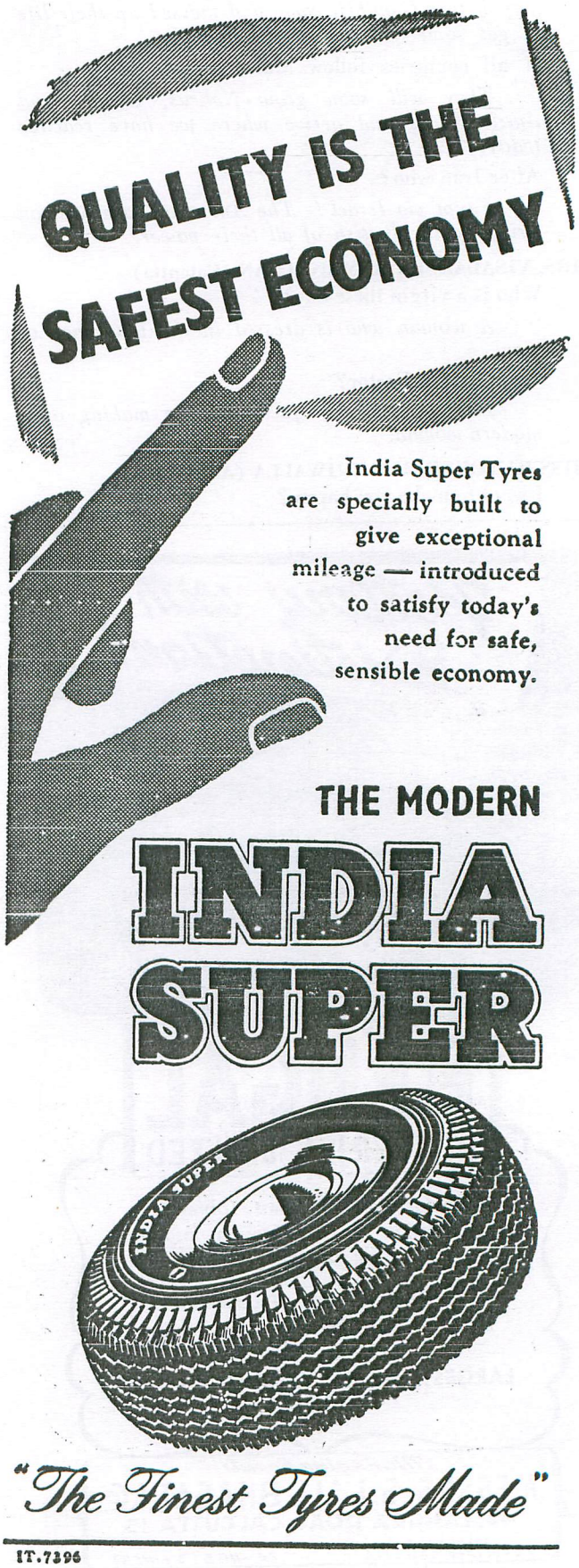
If Rajkumari Amrit Kaur appears in hospitals during nights in disguise?

We will require more morgues.



Who looks after Harijan colonies after Mahatma Gandhi?

Harijans do. They always believed in self-


QUALITY IS THE SAFEST ECONOMY
India Super Tyres are specially built to give exceptional mileage — introduced to satisfy today's need for safe, sensible economy.
THE MODERN
INDIA SUPER
INDIA SUPER
"The Finest Tyres Made"
IT.7396

help before Gandhiji came and messed up their life to get some publicity for himself.

If all countries follow Mahatma Gandhi?

They will soon grow Nehrus, Bhaves and Amrit Kaurs and arrive where we have reached today.

After Iran who?

Egypt via Israel ! The Americans are bent on stripping the British of all their power.

MRS. VISALAKSHY RAMANATHAN (Calcutta)

Who is a virgin these days?

A woman who is dressed in the ignorance of man.

What is Max Factor?

That is the main factor in the making of a modern woman.

MISS HUTOKSHI F. BHUJWALLA (Ahmedabad)

I want to make you happy?

Good, then improve your handwriting.

R. ARORA (Lucknow)

If I could please Khan Attaullah Khan?

You can choose your destiny. There are six to choose from.

UDESH MADAAN (Simla)

Who won in Korea?

Death won the first round. They are now getting ready for the second.

BIPIN RAY (Bombay)

Is Dange a decent citizen?

Why not? He takes his bath at the Mahatma Gandhi Swimming Pool every day.

What magic does Pandit Nehru practise on foreigners?

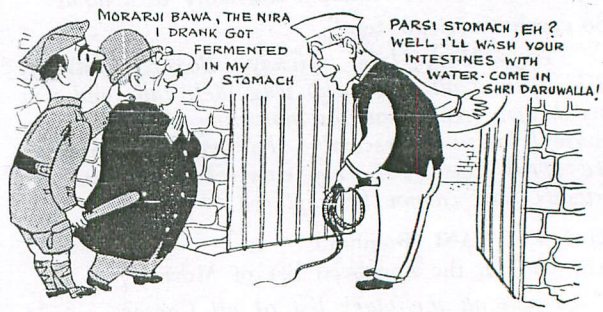
He shows them our 2069-Crore Five Year Plan and their mouths start watering.

Do good ideas rule the world?

Peace is a good idea chasing which the world is in ruins today.

Are there no bars in Bombay?

We have prison bars for Prohibition offences.


MORARJI BAWA, THE NIRA I DRANK GOT FERMENTED IN MY STOMACH
PARSI STOMACH, EH ? WELL I'LL WASH YOUR INTESTINES WITH WATER · COME IN SHRI DARUWALLA!

MISS MOHINI GUL (Bombay)

I met Morarji Desai. He has a very high opinion of you.

You are a liar.

C. MOHAMMED ALI (Madras)

What will happen to Iran?

It will remain an American colony temporarily till it finally becomes a people's republic.

If God is only one, why so many religions?

Religion is but a way to reach Him. Different pilgrims choose different tracks.

What is the Congress Party without Nehru?

A Hindu organization.

What is marriage to a beggar?

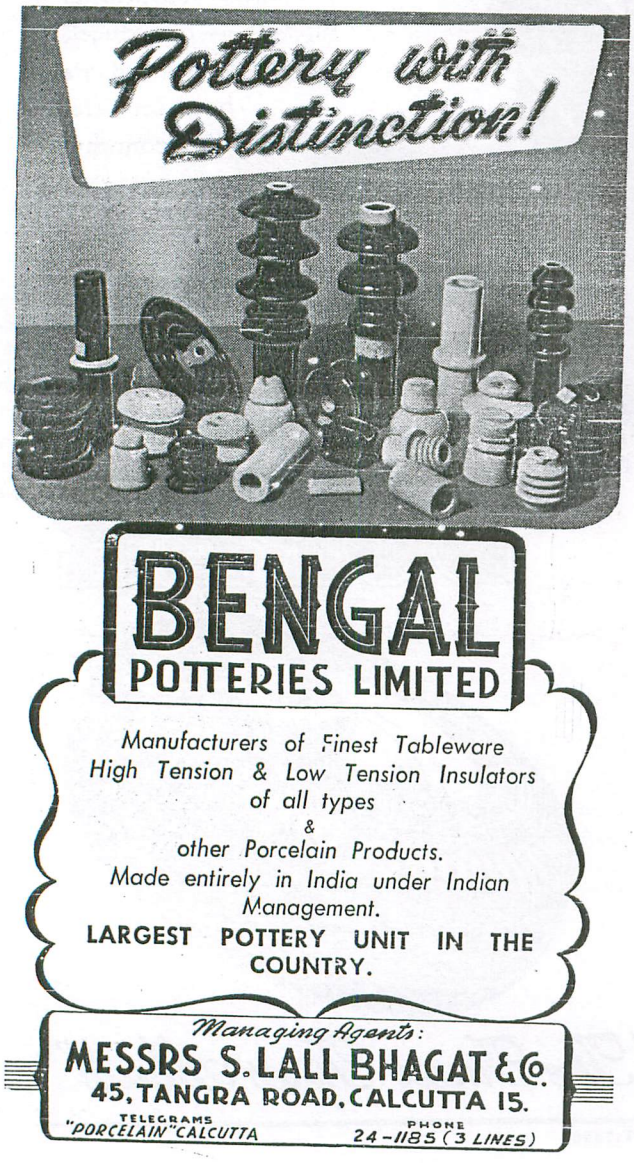
A community project for business extension.

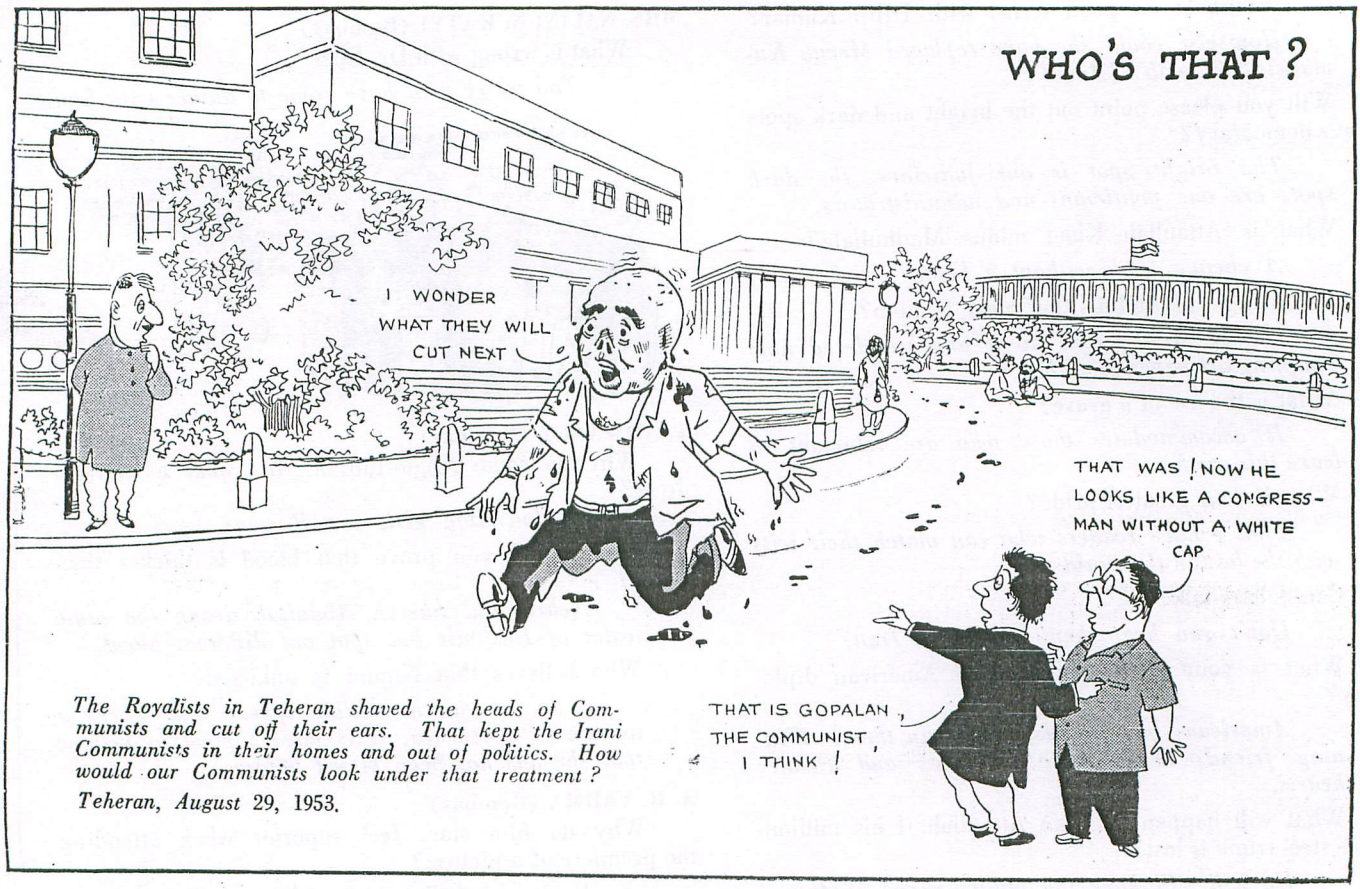
If the Kashmiris vote for accession to India in a plebiscite?

The sun will rise in the west, the blind will get eyesight and the Five-Year Plan will succeed. Pray for that day, Mohammed Ali !

Do you approve of Hindu-Muslim marriages?

No !




WHO'S THAT ?
I WONDER WHAT THEY WILL CUT NEXT
THAT WAS ! NOW HE LOOKS LIKE A CONGRESS-MAN WITHOUT A WHITE CAP
THAT IS GOPALAN, THE COMMUNIST, I THINK !

The Royalists in Teheran shaved the heads of Communists and cut off their ears. That kept the Irani Communists in their homes and out of politics. How would our Communists look under that treatment ?
Teheran, August 29, 1953.

When an actress says she is a virgin?

Don't believe her and continue your search.

A Hollywood film actress has remarried her ex-husband after divorcing her second one. Comments please?

Isn't that an Islamic way of doing things?

NISHA SAHAI (New Delhi)

What happened to Chandulal's "Papi"?

People don't like autobiographical pictures.

Hi Babs !

Hi Baby !

B. R. DATTA (Hirakud)

Out of a total number of 21-lakh Congress members in Bihar, 10 lakhs are bogus, says a news item. Any comments?

That is lies ! I think all the 21 lakhs must be bogus. Godse killed the first and last Congressman.

E. R. SRINIVASAN (Hyderabad-Dn.)

Who is Mr. Feroze Gandhi?

He is our son-in-law.

Do you welcome Rajaji's new education scheme?

It is an experiment worth trying. The old system brought us only an harvest of unemployment and starvation. I believe in radical changes.

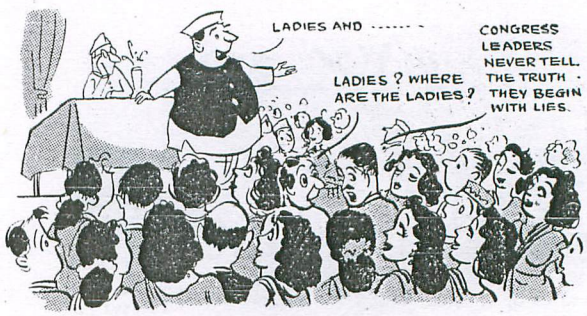
P. A. VISWANATH (Calicut)

Why no "Miss India" in this year's "Miss Universe" Contest?

The universe has not yet recovered from the shock of seeing the last year's contestant.

A speaker always begins with 'Ladies'. Why?

He likes to believe what he doesn't see and in return he expects his hearers to believe what he doesn't mean.



ARJAN D. BHARWANI (Bangalore)

What is J. R. D. Tata doing these days?

He is licking his wounds. The nationalization of our air services hurt the pioneer rather badly.

What is your frank opinion of the average American?

The average American is a very nice fellow—friendly, hard-working and helpful.

Is Madhubala on good terms with Dilip Kumar?

How else could she have replaced Meena Kumari in Mehboob's "Amar"?

Will you please point out the bright and dark spots of our democracy?

The bright spot is our judiciary, the dark spots are our politicians and administrators.

What is Attaullah Khan minus Madhubala?

A cheque book without a bank.

Is kissing "filmindia" the latest fashion?

I have seen people do it and wondered how tempting art paper could be.

What is the use of a grave?

It accommodates those who are reluctant to leave this earth.

What is your greatest pride?

That I have readers who can match their wits with the best in the world.

Can dollars talk?

Don't you hear them scream in Iran?

What is your latest definition of American diplomacy?

Americans buy friends, never win them. Winning friends needs more sacrifices and cleaner hearts.

What will happen to Mian Attaullah if his million-rupee steel trunk is lost?

He will still have the million-rupee Madhu.

What is your latest opinion of Baburao Patel?

There is a slight improvement since the Government started enforcing the Prohibition strictly.

Say something about Chintaman Deshmukh?

I thought he had some taste and intelligence.

What is the chief hobby of the sissies?

Raising hopes in girls and not rising to the occasion.

THAKUR DAS (Bombay)

How is Sir Alexander Korda's "Taj Mahal" progressing?

He has just found his Mumtaz, so the Taj has to wait.

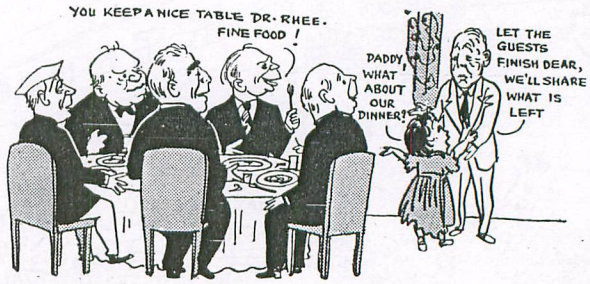
What is D. F. Karaka yelling for?

Recognition and applause!

MRS. NALINI N. KATVI (Bombay)

What is wrong with Dr. Rhee?

Too many men have come to dinner with him.



T. ADWANEY (Bombay)

Why do some Anglo-Indian girls wear a Punjabi dress?

Anglo-Indian girls are Romans.

How would you prove that blood is thicker than water?

Nehru and Sheikh Abdullah drank the same water of Kashmir but spat out different blood.

Who believes that Nimmi is unkissed?

I do. I am a gullible type. And where a woman is concerned, it is always good to believe that she has not been kissed before.

A. R. VARMA (Bombay)

Why do film stars feel superior when attending the premiere of a picture?

Don't the balloons fly high at the fairs forgetting the strings that hold them to earth? It is the gas that does it.

A. N. NARAYANA RAO (Mysore)

Where do they sell passports to Heaven?

Rayalaseema!

Two German world trotters who had come to Bangalore recently told reporters that nowhere in the world have they seen such beautiful girls as at Bangalore?

Which means that the local hotels entertain their guests well.

Salazar says he will not yield even one square inch of Portuguese India?

The Nizam had also said the same thing but the man who heard the Nizam and called the bluff is no more with us.

Mr. Patel, do you like to be drowned in a deluge of love?

I have forgotten my old strokes, Narayan Rao. At 50, I can only risk waist-deep love.

Nehru can talk with everyone but always brings the argument back to the same point?

He is the tube well of politics.

Posterity will say: "Many years ago there lived in India a Prince Hamlet called Nehru"?

Fairy tales don't hurt as much as living tragedies.

RAM N. GURSAHANI (Bombay)

Has Nargis found her man?

Yes, but she is only a mortgagee in possession.

Are Sood and Dilip bosom friends?

No, Sood withdrew his bosom and Dilip now looks longingly at other bosoms.

Do you always trust your eyes?

Since the Americans introduced masquerade pads in India I never believe what I see.

AMERICAN ? WELL, DILIP, DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THE MILK TILL YOU SQUEEZE AND SEE
THIS IS AN AMERICAN COW, BABU-RAO ! SHE HAS PLENTY OF MILK

Are you one of those lucky people who love every moment of their life?

Love needs spare time. I require all the time I can get for my work.

What is America doing in India?

Publishing "The American Reporter" and trying to bamboozle three per cent of our population while 97% go about with hungry stomachs.

JIWAN LAL (New Delhi)

Delhi will soon have television !

That will bring Hamlet into your home.

Aren't the studio tailors fortunate?

No ! Producers take the measurements.

Can the parents' blessings change a man's fate?

Only if they are accompanied by a substantial cheque ! Mere blessings don't buy bread.

MISS S. BIMBLA BAI (Fort Cochin)

My heart bleeds when I see nothing but naked injustice rife around me?

Isn't naked injustice better than the cloaked one? Anything naked has at least an honest complexion.

MRS. S. LAMBA (Poona)

On what address should one send you the questions?

All questions should be sent to my office address where special arrangements are made to stamp, sort and arrange the letters. Letters sent on my home address are always delayed and often lost.

K. A. K. AYYANGAR (Madras)

Why do you give such ticklish answers?

That is my technique of picking pockets. The game is universal but the style of playing it has to be individual.

Who is your barber?

The Income-Tax authorities change the officer

The sweets that go into Parry's London Assortment are the best in India. They are made only from the purest ingredients obtainable, hygienically wrapped in cellophane, and packed in a new hermetically sealed tin which guarantees their fragrant freshness.

It is worth that little extra to obtain the best, so ask for

Parry's

LONDON ASSORTMENT

Manufactured by The East India Distilleries & Sugar Factories Ltd., Nellikuppam, S. India.

Managing Agents :

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every year. His name doesn't matter but his game is the same—giving me a clean shave once a year.

D. H. KARTAR (New Delhi)

How can we see more of you?

If I join a road-show like Nehru, who will write filmindia?

K. DEVANATHAN (Secunderabad)

"To make a gift of Kashmir is in the Hindu tradition", said Mohammed Ali. Any comment?

It is a gift-or-rift ultimatum of little brother Mohammed Ali.

K. B. LALL (Indore)

If Odette Fergusson becomes our editor's private secretary?

Your editor has a better taste than a producer.

What is missing in Christian missionaries?

The spirit of religion! They are becoming politicians.

If Raj Kapoor embraces Islam?

His vice becomes a virtue.

How does a cow distinguish between a Hindu and a Muslim?

She gives her urine to the Hindu and her life to the Muslim. And the Hindus worship this ungrateful creature in the hope of getting milk.

N. R. JETHRA (Bombay)

After being accused of dishonesty by a Sindhi, has your opinion about Sindhis changed?

One foul wind no more makes a winter, than one swallow makes a summer.

Do you know that Jai Narain Vyas, Chief Minister of Rajasthan, was twice defeated and only got elected to the Assembly after the third attempt?

Seems to be a Robert Bruce of Congress politics!

BIPIN RAY (Bombay)

Can you tell me why J. C. Jain is running after actresses?

He is the editor of a film magazine and his technique of editing is different. Our Constitution allows this freedom.

DR. LAL P. GURNANEY (Poona)

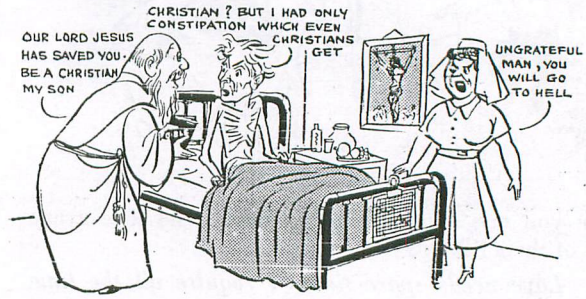
How often have I wished in my dreams that I could present you with one crore of rupees?

And do you know what we would do, doctor? Together we would burn the incense of science at the altar of pain and pray on our knees to bring relief to suffering humanity. People would call it a hospital but for us it would be a temple of service. But that is a dream, doctor. We both do not know how many zeroes are needed to write a crore of rupees on paper.

K. BALACHANDRA NAIDU (Lakkavalli)

Are not the Mission Hospitals better than those conducted by the Government?

Yes, they also minister to the soul and change its tint.


CHRISTIAN? BUT I HAD ONLY CONSTIPATION WHICH EVEN CHRISTIANS GET
OUR LORD JESUS HAS SAVED YOU. BE A CHRISTIAN MY SON
UNGRATEFUL MAN, YOU WILL GO TO HELL

MISS KOSHALYA (Jullundur)

Is Begum Abdullah really a very sincere woman?

Yes, the Pakistanis tell us so.

S. S. NARAYAN (Bangalore)

Mr. R. K. Karanjia visited the State of Mysore and was given a royal reception by the government. Why don't you come over, sir, and enjoy our hospitality and climate?

Karanjia publishes your Chief Minister's photo in the Blitz and calls him a Lion of Mysore even though Karanjia's lions often turn out to be hyenas. I like neither lions nor ministers.

NAGENDRA SINGH (Ajmer)

Lord Mountbatten once referred to Pandit Nehru as the greatest statesman that he had met.

Mountbatten has not visited China and Russia.

SUBASH J. RELE (Bombay)

Seth Birla seems to be an intelligent man?

The Estate Duty Bill is his acid test.

Do you think the U.N.O. will succeed in bringing peace to this world?

Hasn't it ushered peace in Korea?

Does Habib Hussein of "Liberty" like blondes?

Only Jewish blondes from Nagpada.

All the Kapoors of College Street are reliable, they boast?

Ask their wives!

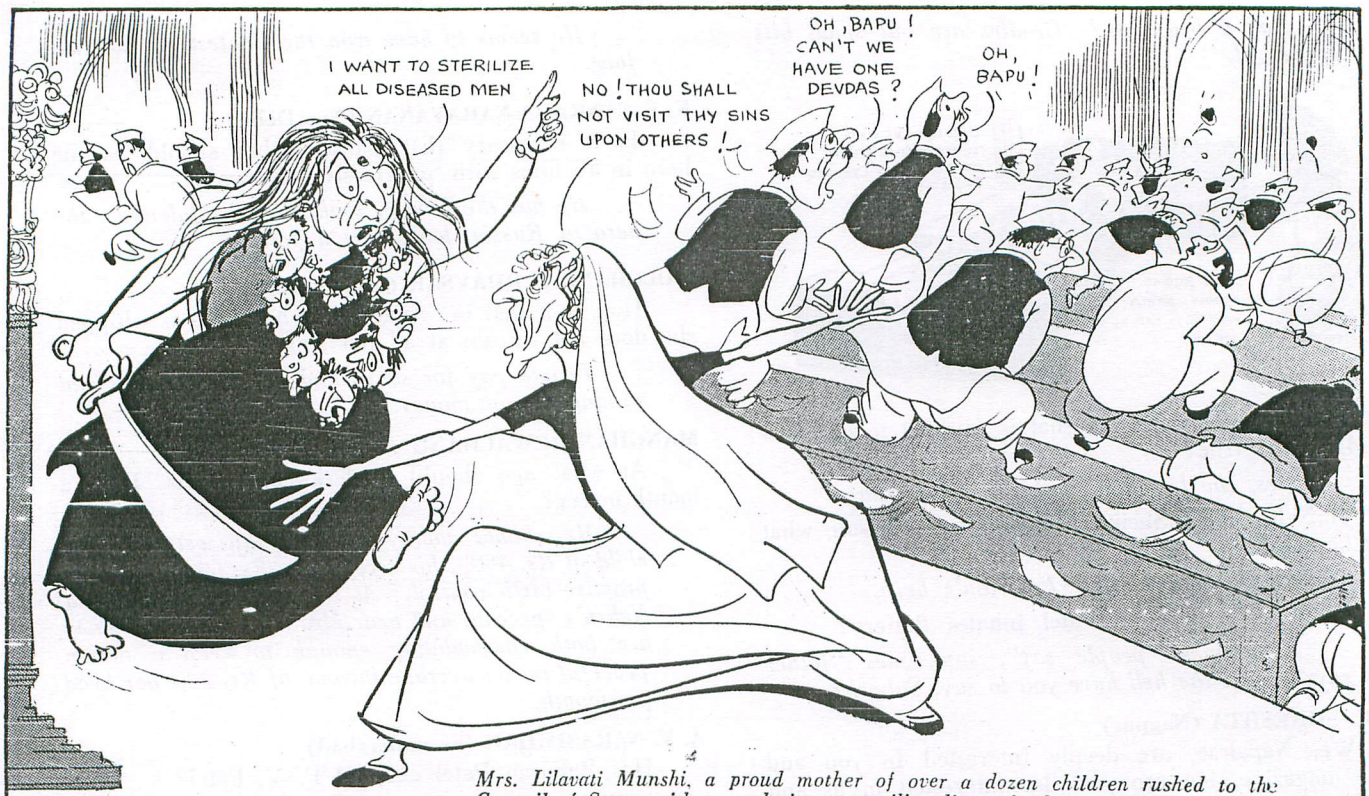
What sort of a love does Miss Henderson indulge in?

The same old one that lays eggs.

What do you expect from Chintaman Deshmukh?

A resignation! That man has turned out to be more tough than I had expected.

What future has Dabboo?


I WANT TO STERILIZE ALL DISEASED MEN
NO ! THOU SHALL NOT VISIT THY SINS UPON OTHERS !
OH, BAPU ! CAN'T WE HAVE ONE DEVDAS ?
OH, BAPU !
JAI KALI !

Mrs. Lilavati Munshi, a proud mother of over a dozen children rushed to the Council of States with a resolution to sterilize diseased adults. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, the only virgin amongst our ministers, defended the faithful.
New Delhi, August 25, 1953.

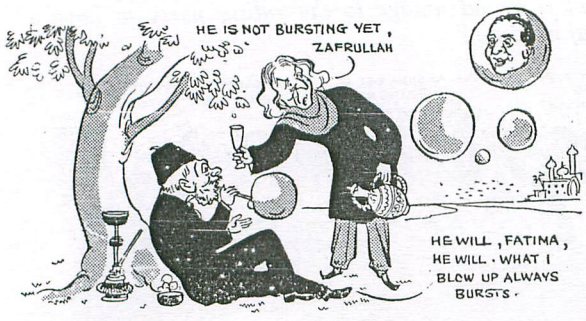
Dabboo is as intelligent as his father. I only hope he gets a decent education before he starts acting and producing.

Do Russians like you?

Russians don't like me because I write against Communism, Americans don't like me because I write against dollar imperialism and Indians don't like me because I write against Congress corruption. I don't know where to go.

What is Zafrullah's latest hobby?

Blowing up Mohammed Ali's bubble.



Do you think Sheikh Abdullah loves Hindus?

All butchers love their goats.

Why are the Sahus irritable?

The Sahus are intellectual snobs and their faces are not built for holding smiles.

My father says Morarji is a shameless liar.

Your father has been saying a lot of things. Make a book of his sayings and in the meantime ask the old man to stop drinking illicit liquor.

Why is Suraiya still a spinster?

She doesn't like interference in her profession.

Does Chintaman Deshmukh make a good husband?

Durgabai has not published her six-monthly report yet.

When did Guru Dutt discover that he could act?

He developed the talent shuttling between two Geetas.

Is Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed a self-made man?

All leaders in Kashmir are self-made at our cost.

Has Miss Gohar any adopted brothers?

Chandulal Shah is her famous adoption.

Whom will Nehru embrace now?

He still has the bearded Maulana for domestic practice.

I hear that Mehboob has a second wife in England?

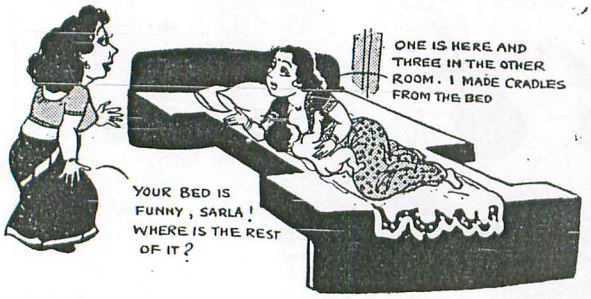
No, he has both of them on Marine Drive.

How many film stars from Bombay like J. C. Jain?

All those who want coloured handbills for their free publicity rush to sing and dance for Jain.

Cradles confuse me, sir?

Buy a bed first! Cradles are but small bits of the bed.



People say Kamini Kaushal is faithful to her husband. Is that true?

Yes, she lets him bank all her earnings.

If Nehru frees Sheikh Abdullah from prison, what will happen?

Bakshi will become Pakistan's hero.

People say Baburao Patel inhales flattery?

Sometimes "people say", sometimes "father says", what the hell have you to say, Subash?

M. K. SHRESHTA (Nagpur)

We, Nepalese, are deeply interested in you and your magazine, but are you also interested in us and our Nepal?

Isn't our Prime Minister interested in your King Tribhuvan? We follow our Prime Minister even to Timbuktoo.

G. ANNAJI RAO (Kothagudium)

Mr. Patel, here in our office we have a lady steno aged 22 years with chiselled eyebrows, large sparkling eyes and rosy complexion, at once alluring and domineering, the sort of a girl who would sweep you off your feet and send a chill down your spine at the same time. Well?

That is the description of Wadia's Hunterwalli. What is she doing at the typewriter?

Pray, your blessings for the new Andhra State!

Blessing is the privilege of God. I can only offer a prayer.

MOHAN SINGH S. (Bombay)

Shri Morarji Desai says that even if only ten per cent of the members of the Congress Assembly Party express lack of confidence in him, he would retire from politics. Any comments?

Morarji knows the exact percentage of impotency found in his party. That man has always been good at statistics.

B. L. SRINIVASA MURTHY (Bangalore)

Usha Kiran has stolen my heart. Shouldn't I file a suit against her for thieving?

Wait till I recover mine.

M. D. BUTANI (Bombay)

What happened to Sahadev Rana, the K.K.T. Contest winner?

He seems to have won the Contest but lost his face.

K. S. SANKARA NARAYANAN (New Delhi)

Is it necessary that Balraj Sahni should be the hero in all films with 'progressive' themes?

He has the hungry look, though Malenkov, the hero of Russia, looks like a potato.

MULCHAND C. BHAVSAR (Ahmedabad)

How is it that in "Anarkali" when Bina is whipped she does not scream at all but sings?

People pay for songs and not for screams and producers want money.

MANGHAN REWACHAND (Bombay)

At what age should a clerk earning Rs. 150|- a month marry?

He should marry at Rs. 300|- get his first child at Rs. 450|-, his second one Rs. 600|- and then practise birth control. At Rs. 150|- he should read Nehru's speeches and hear Morarji's sermons. They are both emasculating enough to keep a nation peaceful on an average income of Rs. 22|- per head per month.

A. V. NARASIMHAN (Secunderabad)

Has Baburao Patel excelled P. V. Patel?

No! My father is still the top man in his field. I have made more noise but noise is not excellence.

C. N. V. NATHAN (Kozhikode)

What is this so-called depression in the film industry?

Shortage of whiskey due to the strict enforcement of Prohibition in Bombay!

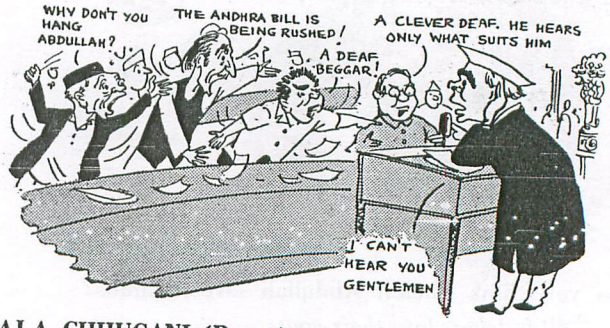
RAM CHARAN (New Delhi)

Americans always talk in billion dollars?

They give a poor character to the world and think that they can buy anyone and anything. They never buy anyone and often lose their money.

Do you know Dr. Kailash Nath Katju is deaf?

That is the main complaint of the Opposition. Isn't it an advantage to the ruling party to have a deaf minister?


WHY DON'T YOU HANG ABDULLAH?
THE ANDHRA BILL IS BEING RUSHED!
A DEAF BEGGAR!
A CLEVER DEAF. HE HEARS ONLY WHAT SUITS HIM
I CAN'T HEAR YOU GENTLEMEN

RAJ A. CHHUGANI (Poona)

Has Abdul Gaffar Khan any hopes?

Let him go to hell! Haven't we enough Gaffars and gaffers in India?

What makes Vijaylakshmi Pandit popular in foreign countries?

Her sleeveless blouse, I suppose !

N. ANANTANARAYANAN (New Delhi)

"God's in His heaven and all's right with the world". What sort of a saying is that, Mr. Patel?

That is Rafi Kidwai's national slogan on the food front.

K. SACHIDANAND (New Delhi)

The dismissal of Sheikh Abdullah from the premiership of Kashmir, declares "Dawn" of Karachi, is a challenge to Pakistan and "Dawn" wrote exactly the same thing when Sheikh Abdullah was appointed premier saying that it was a challenge to Pakistan. What kind of journalism is this?

That is hooking both right and wrong to the appetite. Well, anything can happen under the Crescent.

B. N. HIMMAT (Poona)

What has happened to the Jain-Morarji controversy?

Jain's publications continue to lose government advertisements worth Rs. 12,000|- every month.

A. HAMEED MALIM (Kuala Lumpur)

Do you know anything about the new premier of Kashmir?

He has several brothers doing big business in Kashmir.

S. A. DILJEET (Nizamabad)

Please let me have the address of Dr. R. N. Cooper?

Charak Clinic, Laud Mansions, Queen's Road, Bombay.

J. B. WILLIAM (Bangalore)

What happens when a millionaire dies?

From next year the death of every millionaire will be a day of national celebration.

If a girl winks at you what will be your reaction?

I will give her the address of our best eye specialist.

HERE, M'SS, GO TO DR. BANAJI · HE IS OUR BEST EYE SPECIALIST
BUT BABURAO, I JUST NARROWED DOWN AN EYE TO SEE WHAT THE BEAUTIFUL SUSHILARANI FOUND IN YOU. IT WAS INVESTIGATION, NOT INVITATION-

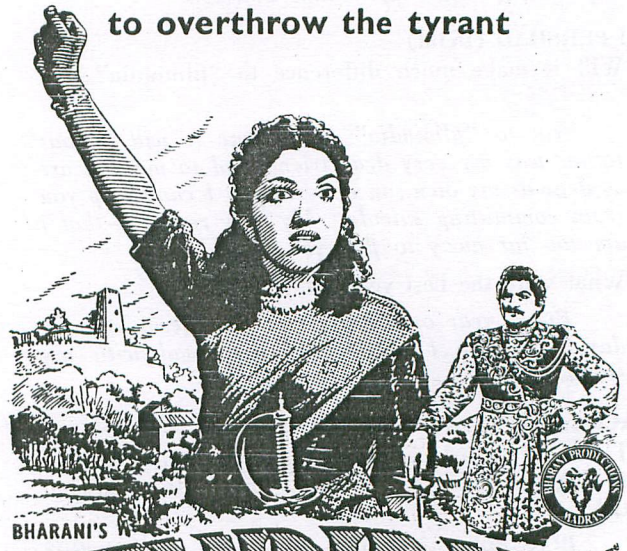
MANU G. BHAGAT (Bombay)

Sumitra Devi so close to you! Grand! But excuse me, sir, why is there some embarrassment on your face?

There were ten other women watching me, not counting my wife. I am a shy type.

She roused the people

to overthrow the tyrant



BHARANI'S

CHANDIRANI

IN HINDI

a sensational story of twin princesses

Starring

BHANUMATHI

RAMA RAO

RANGA RAO

& AGHA

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Dialogues

PANDIT

SUDARSHAN

Songs

VISHWAMITRA

ADIL

DIRECTION

BHANUMATHI

PRODUCER

RAMAKRISHNA

★

NOW SHOWING

THROUGHOUT INDIA

What is the future of Vinoba Bhave?

A grand funeral, touching obituaries and a day's mourning. After that oblivion!

BISH PERSHAD (Delhi)

Will it make much difference to "filmindia" if I die?

Not to "filmindia" but to me it will. Your father was my very dear friend and to me you are as dear as my own son even though I can't stop you from committing suicide. My only regret is that I am too far away to flog you.

What were the best years of your life?

Every year of my life was best because every day of my life I have salted my bread with my sweat.

A. ZACHARIAH (Trivandrum)

Tass, the notorious Russian agency, reported that a dead dog has come back to life. Thanks to a Russian scientist!

Why didn't they use the scientist on Stalin? I knew the Communists were wasting time and talent on saving dogs.

MRS. RAJANI DEVI (Bombay)

Will Sheikh Abdullah go to heaven?

All Muslims go to heaven but the bad ones stay on earth too long.

SHAKUNTALA MALHOTRA (New Delhi)

How sweet is the memory of the dead to a living man?

Nehru remembers. Syama Prasad Mookerjee with an affection that seems to deny justice to the dead.

S. S. MAHAJANI (Bombay)

Tensing, the "Tiger of Nepal", deserves a blank cheque from 'filmindia" signed by Baburao Patel?

I am not a film producer to sign a cheque without a bank balance. I respect my signature.

MRS. SUNITA M. DESHPANDE (Bombay)

How I wish I should have been able to exchange my brain with yours?

You wouldn't have passed your B.A. with Honours.

It seems you love your pets more than your own children. Is this not inhuman?

My dogs are orphans. They need a friend. My children have their parents.

MOHAN LAL MOHAN (Sambalpur)

What is your opinion about Gulzarilal Nanda, the Central Minister?

That is Jack trying to be a giant killer.

M. ANNAMALAI (Papanasam)

Who can climb to the leadership of the Praja Socialist Party?

There are no Everests in a sand desert.

Mr. Morarji Desai told a press conference in Bombay that his Government would not give any advertisements to any communal, Communist or yellow papers. How do you like this policy?

I like the policy but who classifies the papers? In my opinion, papers which cringe for Government advertisements are also yellow.

Rs. 1000|- EVERY MONTH !
IN 27 PRIZES !

The following prizes will be awarded every month for questions which are considered interesting or elicit interesting replies in the "Editor's Mail".

1st Prize: Rs. 290|- and one copy of "Grey Dust"; 2nd Prize: Rs. 190|- and a copy; 3rd Prize: Rs. 90|- and a copy; 4th Prize: Rs. 70|- and a copy; 5th Prize: Rs. 40|- and a copy; 6th Prize: Rs. 30|- and a copy; 7th Prize: Rs. 20|- and a copy and 20 Consolation Prizes of one copy of "Grey Dust" each.

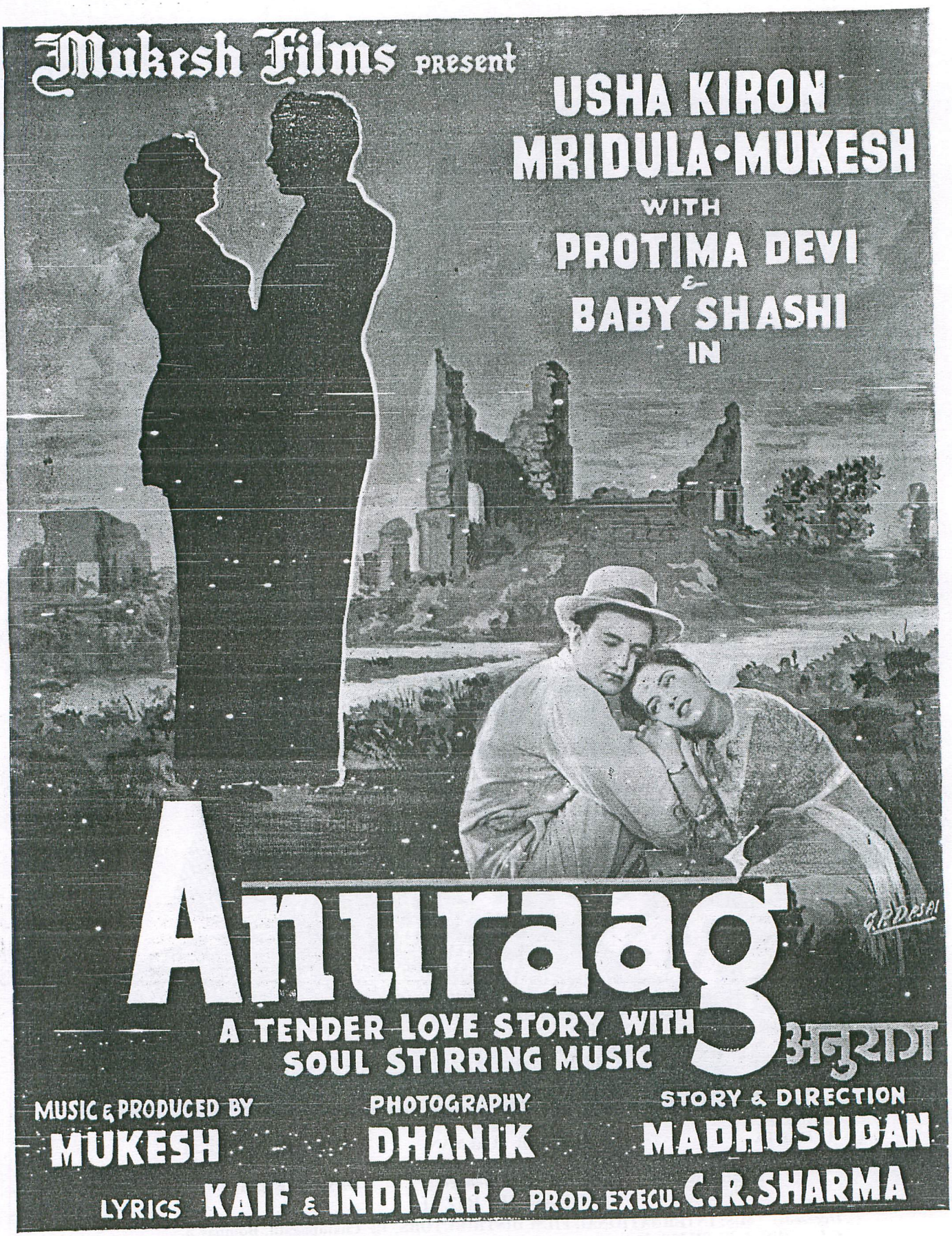
A reader can ask as many questions as he likes. Questions should be neatly written or typed if possible. Unless the letters are signed they won't be considered.

In awarding prizes the Editor's decision shall be final and absolutely binding and no correspondence will be entertained.

The names of the prize-winners will be announced in "filmindia" every month and the prize money will be remitted by money orders while the copies of "Grey Dust" will be sent by registered post.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR OCTOBER

1st Prize to C. V. Vasudev (Bombay); 2nd Prize to Dr. Lal P. Gurnaney (Poona); 3rd Prize to J. B. William (Bangalore); 4th Prize to Vashdev G. Dayalani (Bombay); 5th Prize to G. C. Agarwal (Ajmer); 6th Prize to R. L. Nakra (Jullundur); 7th Prize to G. Annaji Rao (Kothagudium) and 20 consolation prizes to the following:—Mrs. Amen Redak Ludba (Bombay); Sheikh Mohideen Jamil (Madras); P. N. Desai (Kolhapur); J. V. Bhagwan (Surat); D. S. Misra (Saigon); Mahabir Prasad (New Delhi); G. Indira Devi (Kazhakuttam); Miss Karin Schmachtel (Hamburg, Germany); Santosh Burleigh (Fort Cochin); A. R. Varma (Bombay); Nagendra Singh (Ajmer); M. K. Shreshta (Nagpur); K. Sachidanand (New Delhi); Bish Pershad (Delhi); Kumari Mohini Prabhu (Poona); Miss Hutokshi F. Bhujwalla (Ahmedabad); C. Mohammed Ali (Madras); S. S. Narayan (Mysore); V. Balasubramanian (Madras) and J. N. Sahai (Dehra Dun). Money Orders and copies are being sent to all the prize winners.



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Save Yourself From Insurance Racketeers!

Free, Confidential Service To Readers!

By: Baburao Patel

Banking and insurance are two important pillars of a nation's wealth and prosperity. In America, the world's richest country today, over 70 per cent of the nation's total wealth is concentrated in these two businesses. American banks and insurance companies utilize their fabulous wealth in several nation-building activities which provide better irrigation, improve agriculture, develop industries, build roadways and bridges, supply housing and amenities and promote numerous community projects all of which contribute to a better life for the average American citizen.

The story in India is entirely different. Leaving banking for some other occasion, let us take a bird's-eye survey of the insurance business as found in India today. We will leave the story of our insurance pioneers to the historians. We do admit that our insurance pioneers did fight an uphill battle in the early years to establish our insurance industry in the teeth of opposition from their foreign rivals and a foreign government.

These pioneers were great men—mostly influential knights, barons of business and industrial magnates who filled their pockets with the profits of capitalism outside their homes and filled their cradles with a brood of useless children inside their homes. These pioneers were shrewd men of business. Realizing that their children had not inherited their own spirit of enterprise and pioneering, they established more and more insurance companies as they filled more and more cradles with their useless output in their homes.

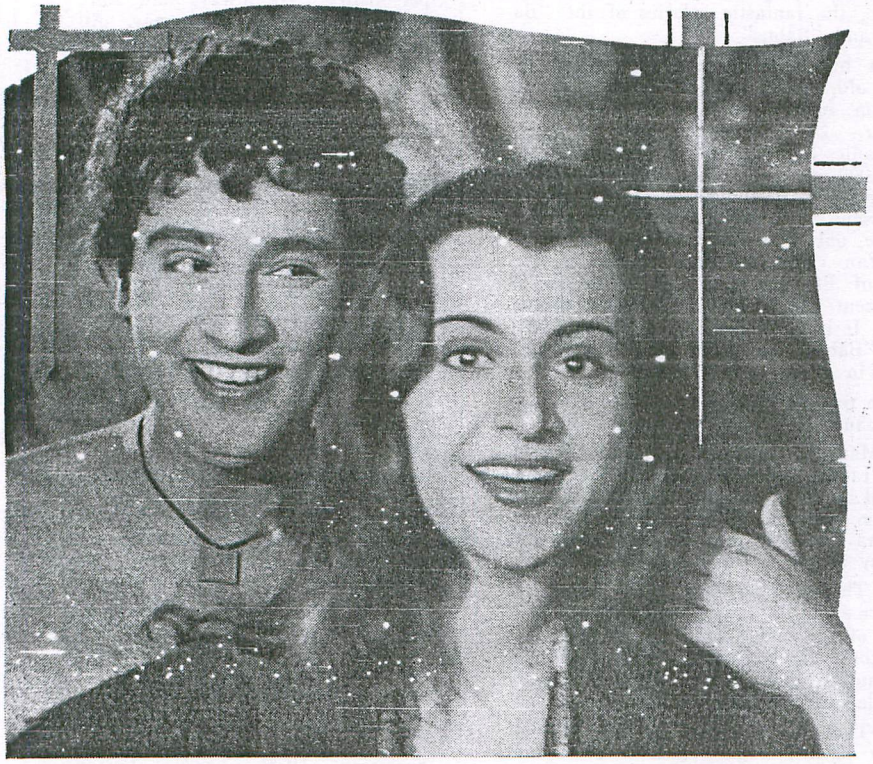
This method of providing for a useless family became very popular and seeing several idiotic sons of brilliant insurance barons suddenly looking wise and intelligent in the different well-paid sinecures of an insurance company, quite a number of other trade magnates, whether they dealt in the export of cloves or in the import of ammonium sulphate, decided to establish new insurance companies to instal their stupid sons in cushy and secure jobs to prove their doting parentage. No one ever thought of the insurance business as a vital factor of social security and progress in the life of our nation. It was merely used as a means to the end of making permanent family provision for the usually stupid brood born in a rich man's cradle.

The result of this astute family planning has been that we have now a heritage of over 300 insurance companies most of which are run by the sons, sons-in-law, cousins and other useless relatives left behind by the rich and doughty pioneers.

Most of these family-ridden insurance companies have therefore shown practically no progress during the last 30 years. The insurance industry is a highly intelligent and enterprising business but the "Babas" and "Babus" from rich cradles have oversimplified this industry by establishing a simple routine of dozing in their comfortable managing chairs, playing games in clubs and engaging agents on commission to do all the sweating in the field. Once the agent catches a client, the rest is office routine like typing and signing policies.

"The insurance business has become a racket," says Baburao Patel, which means that it needs honest and ruthless criticism if at all it is to play its vital role in the life of our nation.

We once closely watched the managing director of a life company at work for over a month. He was, of course, a "Baba" from a rich cradle. He usually arrived at the office at 11 A. M. while the managers of foreign insurance companies are seen in their office chairs at 9 A. M. sharp. In spite of his morning meal—"Baba" being a Gujarati didn't have a breakfast—he ordered a cup of tea on arrival at the office. Pan and betel nut on a silver tray, of course, followed. Round about 11-30 A. M. he looks from a distance at the day's mail opened and kept ready for him and then lights a cigarette for himself. After a few puffs, he touches the mail with a tired, involuntary mutter of "Aa badhoon shoon chhe?" (What is all this?), then he turns round and tells us that he had too much work in the office and did not know how to cope with it. We, of course, sympathise with him. In another two minutes, he runs his eyes through the whole pile of letters, rings a bell and hands over the papers to the peon. There was evidently someone who attended to the day's mail but "Baba" had evidently finished with it. Now "Baba" turns to us and says: "Bolo, soon nawa juni?" He evidently wants some gossip from us. The telephone bell rings. We don't know who is at the other end but we hear the following words at our end: "Hullo!", "Kon?" "Ha", "Bolo", "Ha", "Ha", "Nahin", "Ha!", "Ha", "Saroon!", "Ha!", "Ha!",



Love is an exciting game. It thrills both man and woman and when it is fresh and youthful it is always a happy and smiling sport. Mahipal and Nigar Sultana seem to enjoy themselves in "Madhur Milan", a thrilling tale of an island romance produced and directed by K. G. Punwani for Film Show Productions.

This is a house coat with the accent on simplicity. The touches of satin stitch embroidery add to its grace. Above all, it shows your figure to advantage. What more can a young girl desire ?

"Nahin! Nahin!" "Ha!" "Ha!" "I'll talk to you in the club in the evening. I have too much work now". "Saroon", "Ha!" "Ha!" "Sahebji".

"Baba" now turns round to us and with a martyr's tone says: "Funny people! They think we don't have any work here!" We agree in silence. Baba again asks: "Bolo, soon nawa juni?" He again wants gossip but before we open our mouth, the telephone bell rings again. Baba is now definitely in agony. He mutters, "What a nuisance!" and picks up the receiver. Once again we hear the sounds: "Hullo!", "Bolo Seth!", "Ha!", "Ha!", "Ha!", "Ji", "Ji!", "Ji-ha!", "Ji", "Ha!", "Ha!", "You leave it to me. I'll manage it!" "Ha!', "Ha!" "Ha!", "Ji!", "Ji!", "Sahebji!". The receiver is put down and "Baba" tells us in confidence: "That is a big client. Five-lakh policy, you know? He wants the medical examination at home. These agents are stupid. They must accommodate the client."

After an hour's useless talk, interrupted by more telephone calls, the peon's visits with more letters, "Baba" gets a dry throat and we walk out of the office for the afternoon tea and biscuits at some fashionable restaurant. More useless talk! We return to the office at 4 P.M. Some more glancing through papers before they are handed over to the peon. Some more useless talk and Baba goes for a wash and change to be ready for the club. At 5-30 P.M. we drive away to the club. The club story is usual.

This is the average working day of a managing director in a family-ridden Indian insurance company. There may be exceptions but they must be very few.

On October 7, 1952, we had 324 insurance companies and at the end of 1951 these companies had 31,79,000 life policies in force in India amounting to a total of Rs. 6,77,02,00,000|- and with a premium income of Rs. 33,32,00,000|- every year. The assets of these Indian companies, on December 31, 1951, amounted to Rs. 2,49,82,-00,000|-.

This is a lot of money in the hands of "Babas" and "Babus" from rich cradles. The expense ratio of our Indian companies in relation to the annual premium income for 1951 is as high as 26.8%, which means that for every rupee that comes in, the companies spend a little over 4 annas as organization expenses. That includes, of course, the fantastic salaries of the "Babas" and "Babus".

Our big insurance business is over 80 years old, though quite a few small family pension funds were formed many years earlier. In eighty years, our insurance companies have succeeded in insuring only 31,79,000 people. Assuming that each policy caters to the needs of a family of 4 persons, in a population of 360 million people, only 3 per cent of our total families can claim the security and protection of life insurance. That means 97 per cent go without any such protection. It is thus obvious that the "Babas" and "Babus" have not made much progress in all these 80 years.

The reasons for this sorry state of affairs are many. We quote only a few here:

1) Many companies are family provision rackets with a majority of shares owned by either one family or two or three closely related families. The other shareholders and the policyholders have thus no say at all in the management.

2) The top men of such companies receive fantastic salaries and consume over 30% of the total salaries paid. The fact that these highly paid officers don't do any substantial creative work is not exactly a trade secret.

3) That many companies are full of bogus agents, bogus agencies and chief agencies all nominated by the managing directors for their own benefits. There have been many instances where over a business brought by the personal influence of a managing director, the commission has been paid to his wife who is only a nominated agent for technical purposes. The managing director is thus paid double and several times over for his work in the company.

4) A lot of money is misused under different excuses such as commissions, rebates, travelling expenses, agents' bonuses, bad debts, etc. with practically all this money going into the pockets of the managing director or his nominees.

5) The system of voting by proxies keeps the sincere shareholders and policyholders always out of the game and the same clique of directors goes on ruling the roost for years without changing.

6) The entire agency system is based on lies and misrepresentations and the man who wants to buy life insurance is often mislead by false promises and wrong expectations.

7) Several managing directors have become rich by misusing the reserves funds of the companies for private gambles on the share and cotton markets under the excuse of finding lucrative investments for

CALLING ALL ARTISTS

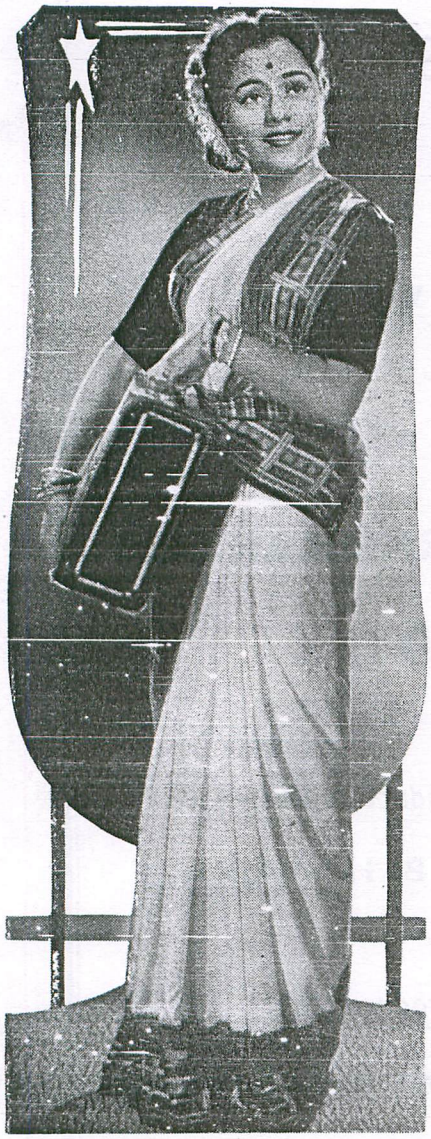
All industrialists make money but very few use their opportunity to discover new men to go behind machines and organizations, new thinkers to experiment with new ideas, new talent to make an enterprise more interesting.

Lala Shri Ram, the Delhi industrialist, is in this respect a unique personality. He always had more interest in men than in money. All his life he has been searching for new men and picking the right ones. And the right ones have not only made money for him but also made industrial history. Early in his life Lala Shri Ram realized that any industry that aspires to serve the nation cannot be a one-man show. It must be an enterprise of many men and many minds harnessed to a single purpose.

Lalaji's hunt for new talent is still on. Realizing that the world wants something novel and colourful every day, the Shri Ram-owned Delhi Cloth and General Mills have decided to sponsor a textile design exhibition to be held in January 1954.

This exhibition is open to artists, art students and textile designers all over India. The underlying idea is to give improved designs and patterns. Entries from different artists and designers are invited in five sections: Saree Borders, Prints, Furnishing Fabrics, Shirtings and Miscellaneous items and cash prizes ranging from Rs. 100|- to Rs. 1900|- are offered.

Those who are interested may write for further particulars to the Secretary, DCM Textile Design Exhibition, the Delhi Cloth & General Mills Co. Ltd., P. O. Box No. 1039, Delhi. Mention Filmindia for special attention.



Oh, no, she is not going away. Usha Kiran is coming to the screen in "Tanhaai", and wants to meet you all alone in this romantic thriller directed by Ram Gabale for Tribhuvan Productions.

the funds. Short, overnight gambles which bring profits are rarely recorded in the books of the company, while losses are conveniently entered in the books of the company which are kept open for months.

8) The Board of directors, usually composed of partners in crime, sanctions all such deals without a pinch of conscience and thus legalises what must be called a crime against the shareholders and the policyholders.

9) In Annual General Meetings, the Chairman usually disallows inconvenient questions either by a shareholder or a policyholder. The conspiracy of exploitation thus continues without a challenge.

10) The auditors, mere mathematicians in figures, certify items of expenditure guided by the sanction of the Managing Director and by the technical provisions of the law. No one cares to find out whether a certain item of expenditure was at all necessary to promote the progress of the business.

11) Balance sheets are creations of surrealist art. If someone locates the eyes, he cannot complete the face. Valuation reports are usually kept out of sight. 90% of the directors of an insurance company do not know how to read both. They are in the game because they had money to buy the qualifying shares.

There are many frauds in the insurance business, especially in the family-owned companies. Some insurance cases currently appearing in the papers show which way the wind has been blowing all these years.

This is a disgraceful state of affairs in an industry of such vital national importance. And this becomes an immoral trade when we realize that the life savings of millions of middle-class people are involved in this sly and dirty game of exploitation.

As the law exists today, nothing can be done to improve the tone and organization of several insurance companies in India. But those who want to insure can take the necessary precautions by choosing the right company to deposit their savings.

Between the Insurance Law and the Company Law—and both in the hands of clever people—the highly technical aspects of the insurance business cannot be easily understood by the layman who wants to purchase a small policy to provide for his family.

Filmindia has nearly 20,00,000 readers who need the protection that life insurance offers for their families. To serve these readers, we have decided to give them free guidance in selecting the right insurance company for their personal life insurance policy.

This service will be entirely free and confidential. Readers who wish to take advantage of this service are therefore requested to send the following particulars:

1) Name and Age 2) Present salary 3) Type of work done 4) The amount of provision intended 5) Family responsibilities 6) And any personal particulars he thinks necessary.

These particulars should be addressed to "The Insurance Department, Filmindia, Fort, Bombay", enclosing a two-anna stamp for reply.

We have made special arrangements to scrutinize these requests by experts in the insurance trade who will give the right advice about the manner and period of insurance and the choice of the right company. This service will be strictly confidential under the personal supervision of Editor Baburao Patel.

Even those readers who have already got a life-policy in force can seek our advice about the present status of the company in which they are insured. It is quite likely that a company which might have been a good business proposition some years ago may now be in difficulties owing to the indiscretions of its directors or management. In such cases, the insured can cut down his risk by demanding a paid-up policy for the premiums actually paid and reinsure himself with another concern with better status and stability.

Above all, readers must remember that life insurance is a vital factor in our national life. Every man who earns something, however little or big, must insure himself to provide protection for his dependents. Doing so will not only secure the future of a small home and family but also add to the progress and stability of our nation. For after all a happy and prosperous nation is nothing but a proud assembly of millions of happy and prosperous homes.

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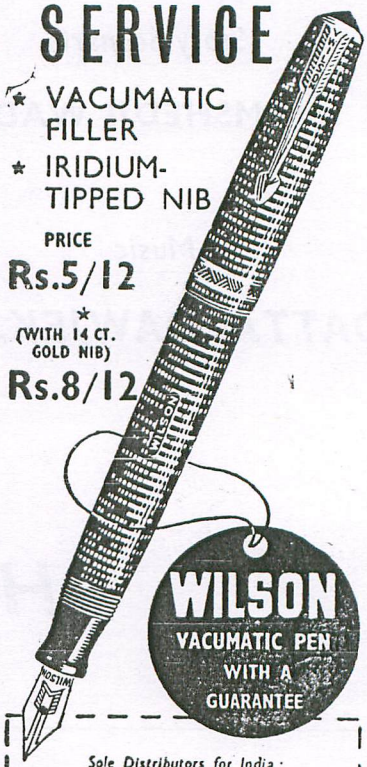

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& POORNIMA

Story Scenario	*Dialogue*	*Production Designed*
JAMSHEDJI WADIA	**RADHAKISEN**	**J. B. H. WADIA**

Music	*Produced by*
DATTA DAWJEKAR	***BEHRAM BHARUCHA***

Directed by

HOMI WADIA

Contact : **SHALIMAR FILMS** 26A, Pursottam Bldg., Bombay 4.

OR

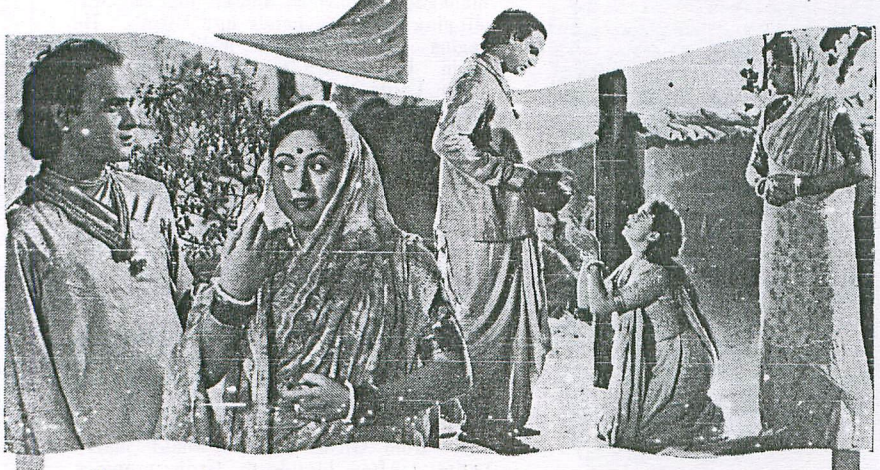
Mr. **HOMI WADIA,** c/o Basant Studios, Chembur (Bombay)

Bimal Roy Fails Again In "Parineeta"!

Ashok Kumar's Impudent Portrayal Of The Hero!

Abhi Bhattacharya and Kamini Kaushal make a romantic team in "Rami Dhoban" of Nav Kala Niketan.

Kamini Kaushal and Sulochana Chatterjee do a little heart-searching in "Rami Dhoban" directed by Hiren Bose.



Men are important as motion picture lovers. Every woman makes love to them and falls at their feet. Abhi Bhattacharya enjoys this privilege from two women in "Rami Dhoban", a social theme produced by Ramesh Vyas for Nav Kala Niketan.

Ashok Kumar Productions' maiden offering "Parineeta" is adapted from a story by Sarat Chandra Chatterjee. It is quite a good story as most Sarat stories are and is ideally suited for the Indian screen because it ends surprisingly, one can almost say unbelievably, happily. In fact, one begins to wonder if Sarat Chatterjee wrote this romantic story with the Indian film audiences in view.

So when Ashok Kumar Productions picked this story for the screen, they only did what Indian producers should have done long ago. Selecting a good story is winning half the battle and director Bimal Roy was half victorious even before he had taken his first shot. But more than what he gained in the story was lost when the bulky, rotund, middle-aged Ashok Kumar foisted himself on the picture as the 25-year old hero of the story. This corporeal change in the story took away half of its interest, charm and plausibility. Because strain as one may one's imagination, it is difficult to identify in this man of 60 inches girth and 180 lbs. weight the 25-year old youthful hero of Sarat Babu.

Sarat's hero is a youth from a well-to-do Bengali family, fresh from the college, who loves intensely but being young and living under a strong-willed and domineering father does nothing about it. He falls in love with a girl in the neighbourhood, exchanges vows of marriage with her and then impotently waits for a miracle to bring them legally together. When the girl seems to be slipping out of his life he becomes jealous, angry and frustrated and accuses the girl of being unfaithful and insincere but when he finds that she has accepted him as her husband and would go to no other man than himself, he feels troubled and even begins to worry if it would be possible to get rid of her, being afraid that she might blurt out the secret of their love and an unsolemnized marriage and his parents might come to know of this—a situation he was not at all prepared to face. It is the portrait of a young theoretical lover who finds it difficult to resist the first impact of the realization that he is in love with a girl but who remains weak, vacillating and cowardly in practice until the very end when he manages to find some courage and articulation to openly admit that he was in love with the girl and wished to marry her. He is not a traditional hero of popular fiction but he is very much a living human being. Though this character may not have appeared very sympathetic even when the story was originally written, today it is very difficult even to appreciate or believe this character because conditions of life have changed since Sarat's times and the office of the Registrar of Marriages is accessible to all.

But when one sees an elderly, pot-bellied, big-buttocked, blubbering booby in place of a 25-year old youth, he cannot but feel irritated at this character who looks big and strong enough to go to his father and declare that he was in love and wanted to marry legitimately the girl of his choice. In the picture he looks capable not only of this but also of telling his father not to make any noise. And even though this character speaks the same words and does the same things which Sarat wanted him to speak and do, he looks an entirely different character from what Sarat had created because the words and deeds no longer fit this character. Thus because of his physical metamorphosis and because the director fails to provide the psychological reasons for his impotent behaviour, this character looks muddled and mutilated on the screen. And thus while losing the original appearance of the hero, the story loses much of its value and vitality.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR

Lalita is the young niece of a poor bank clerk, Gurucharan, who has little resources and many children. She is a pretty, dutiful and well-behaved girl. Gurucharan is proud of her but sad and worried that he cannot find a suitable husband for her. Gurucharan's house adjoins the house of Navinchandra, a rich zamindar and there is ample friendship and fraternity in the two families in spite of the fact that Gurucharan's hereditary house is mortgaged to Navinchandra.

Lalita is greatly attached to Navinchandra's wife and spends much of her time with her. One of her daily self-imposed duties is to visit Shekhar, the second son of Navinchandra, tidy up his room and do his sundry jobs. Shekhar and Lalita hold each other in common affection and their attachment dates back to many years. She now and then takes money from him without bothering whether it was charity or remuneration for the work she did for Shekhar. She thinks it to be a loan which she will some day pay off. Anyway, she almost believes she has a claim on Shekhar's purse, because she regards him as an elder member of her own family. The director, of course, fails to make all this clear in the picture and the audience

simply wonders how could Lalita head straight for Shekhar's cupboard and take money out of it.

At this stage enters Girin, brother of Manorama, a cards-playing woman in the neighbourhood, whose daughter is Lalita's friend. Lalita often used to go to play cards at Manorama's house and she comes to know about the new arrival Girin, a handsome, rich youth. Manorama decides to go to the theatre with her family and invites Lalita also. Dressing herself neatly, which she rarely did, Lalita goes to Shekhar to get money. When Shekhar asks with whom she was going, she mentions Manorama and others, all of whom Shekhar knew. She also mentions Girin and when Shekhar learns that she knows fairly well about Girin, he feels jealous and with a show of temper indicates that he did not like her going to the theatre in that company. Lalita is surprised but it being beyond her dream to displease Shekhar she quietly goes back to her house and stays behind. Next day Shekhar taunts her but when he learns that she had not been to the theatre, he feels pleased in his heart.

Life flows on; Manorama keeps on playing cards; Lalita keeps flitting in and out of Shekhar's room and Gurucharan keeps worrying about his debts. One day the greedy Navinchandra, who had an eye on Gurucharan's house, warns him that he should at least pay the interest on the loan unless he desired to face drastic steps. Gurucharan sinks into his chair and begins to brood because that is all he can do. In the meantime, Shekhar, after emerging out of an unsuccessful match-making ordeal, begins to realize that the ill-clad Lalita who had flitted about under his nose for years was a beautiful girl and gradually his affection for her begins to turn into something deeper and sharper.

The long looming crisis over Gurucharan's head suddenly swoops down when Navinchandra gives him an ultimatum to pay his debts within a week or else face the forfeiture of his house. When broken under distress, Gurucharan reveals his plight to Girin. The rich sympathetic youth offers him interest-free loan to pay off the debt and Gurucharan heaves a sigh of relief and sheds a few tears at this windfall. When Gurucharan goes to Navinchandra and pays off all his debts in one lump, far from being happy Navinchandra starts burning with an impotent fury, for, with the repayment of the debts vanish all Navinchandra's dreams of annexing Gurucharan's property. He insists that Gurucharan reveal the source from where he got the money but Gurucharan refuses to reveal the name of his benefactor, thus making Navinchandra all the more furious.

GAME OF GARLANDS

Gurucharan now asks Girin to find a suitable husband for Lalita and Girin assures his help half-knowing in his heart that he himself was slowly falling in love with Lalita. When Shekhar's mother decides to go on one of her usual climate-changing tours with Shekhar, he expects that as usual Lalita will accompany them. But he is disappointed to learn that Lalita was staying behind because Gurucharan was looking for a husband for her and wished to get her married soon. He further learns that it was Girin who had helped Gurucharan out of his difficulty and becomes more jealous of Girin. When Lalita comes to pack his luggage he taunts her and then realizes that he was in love with her. So when Lalita jocularly throws a garland around his neck, he gives the incident a serious complexion and tells Lalita that according to tradition she had accepted him as her husband by garlanding him. At first Lalita resents this thinking that Shekhar was being humorous but realizing that he meant what he said she blushes and runs away. But when she returns Shekhar asks her to let him complete the incomplete work and putting the same garland around her neck, declares that he loved her and that she was his. Lalita is overwhelmed and an innocent girl matures in a moment into a woman.

Leaving the keys of his room with Lalita and after reminding her that they had done something which could not be revoked, Shekhar goes away to accompany his mother on the tour. Shortly after his departure, Navinchandra finds out that Gurucharan had taken the money from Girin and that he had joined 'Brahmosamaj'—a cult that disregarded the caste system. Navinchandra asks Gurucharan to come to his place and then before a gathering of orthodox Hindus ridicules and condemns him on his conversion and accuses him of selling Lalita to Girin who had designs on her. Not prepared to hear anything against Girin, Gurucharan retorts forcibly and goes away angrily. To satisfy his spite Navinchandra ostracizes Gurucharan and orders a wall to be immediately erected on the roof separating the two houses and the two families.

Shekhar returns with his mother to learn all that had happened. He drops in at Gurucharan's place and finding them all happy and Girin talking intimately to Lalita, he gets another fit of jealousy and when Lalita tries to explain things and assure him of her love, he pays no attention to her and somehow manages to convince himself that she was slipping from his hands into Girin's. He begins to burn with jealousy against Girin but refuses to do anything even when Lalita assures him that as far as she was concerned she regarded herself as married to him.

Finding that Gurucharan's health was failing, Girin suggests that they all take a trip to Girin's home-town. Before starting on the trip Lalita comes to take leave from Shekhar and then goes away. Shekhar becomes troubled but remains too feeble to do anything. On arriving at Girin's home-town, things begin to happen fast. Shekhar's father, Navinchandra, dies and when Gurucharan hears the news he becomes genuinely sorry and takes to the death-bed himself. Just before his death, however, he takes a promise from Girin that he would marry Lalita. After his death Girin proposes to Lalita saying that it was her late uncle's last wish. Lalita shocks him by declaring that she was already married and that she would return to her husband whenever he called her.

At Calcutta, the frustrated Shekhar believing that Lalita was already married

When foiled and frustrated a woman lies on her bed, distress on her face and murder in her heart. The man has escaped and designs have gone wrong. Is it a moment for suicide? Oh, no! She returns to the charge with new fury and God help the man who faces it. Anarkali has a face of many expressions—some sour, some sweet—but all feminine and dangerous.

to Girin, informs his mother that he was ready to marry whenever and wherever she pleased. A marriage is soon arranged and just on the wedding day he learns that Lalita and her family have returned. Lalita tries to talk to him but he scorns her away. At last when accidentally he learns from Girin that he was married to Gurucharan's daughter and not to Lalita, Shekhar rushes to Lalita and dragging her near his mother introduces Lalita to her as his wife. After overcoming the first shock, Shekhar's mother gives her consent to their marriage and blesses the couple. She then hurries to inform everybody that the bride had been changed.

DIRECTION FAILS

This is Sarat's sensitive love story. Bimal Roy has transferred it to the screen in a mediocre fashion. He automatically appears intelligent where he sticks to Sarat but where he uses his own imagination he stumbles. He completely fails to establish the exact relationship between Shekhar and Lalita and the warmth and freshness of their love which are felt in the pages of the book seem missing in the picture. The transformation of a long affectionate association into intense mutual love is neither traced nor established on the screen. In the book Sarat shows Gurucharan asking Shekhar to find a suitable husband for Lalita and Shekhar promises to do so. This emphasizes the fact that Shekhar never dreamt of Lalita as his beloved. Perhaps finding it difficult to portray this slow and sleeping love, Bimal Roy shows Gurucharan making that request to Girin. He then overdramatizes the incident of the separation of the two families symbolized by the erection of the wall on the roof and even creates some ill-placed humour at the cost of Navinchandra. And we also don't see any point in his changing the order of deaths and sending Navinchandra to death before Gurucharan's death. A minor and immaterial change, no doubt, but what is the point? The coincidence of Lalita's reunion with Shekhar on the wedding day of Shekhar's scheduled marriage can be considered permissible for the sake of a dramatic happy ending. Bimal Roy, however, disgusts when he thrusts in a stage show and lets a beggar execute some silly gyrations and gesticulations fashioned after the proverbial eunuchs of Lucknow. Thus because of wrong casting of Shekhar's role and because of the director's inability to portray this love story with warmth and clarity, the picture misses being a sensitive love tale. It remains, however, an otherwise quite interesting picture, thanks to the fact that Bimal Roy adhered to Sarat as much as he did.

Technically the picture is not bad. Photography and recording both are satisfactory. Sets are quite good. Dialogue is mostly Sarat's original and even when it is not it is quite good. Some of the lyrics are well written while the music is good, a few songs being specially attractive. Bimal Roy's direction fails to meet the demands of the story.

The casting does not seem to be very happy. Ashok Kumar as Shekhar does his best in a role which does not suit him at all and only succeeds in letting the whole story be misunderstood. Meena Kumari as Lalita is not bad though we wish Bimal Roy had toned down some of the sex she reveals every time she turns her back to the camera and draws attention to her obtrusively swaying pair of hips beneath an unnecessarily hugging garment. A crude touch at best! In a sublime love story like this, this inadvertent (or was it inadvertent?) element of sex looks completely out of place. Ashit Baran as Girin does well as an affable, good boy. Badri Prasad as Navinchandra manages to be quite noisy and unsympathetic. Nazir Husein as Gurucharan carries well a monotonous expression with a monotonously aggrieved voice. Manorama as the cards-crazy woman is irritating. She seems too crude to ever look a Bengali character. From the rest, Pratima Devi is her usual soft-spoken self while Baby Sheela as Gurucharan's little daughter Annakali, is excellent. This little girl gives the best performance in the picture.

In short, "Parineeta" fails to be a sensitive screen portrayal of a sensitive love story. However, those who have not read the original story, can find it quite interesting in spite of it being confusing here and there.

PARINEETA

Producers :	**Ashok Kumar Productions**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story :	**Sarat Chandra Chatterjee**
Dialogue :	**Navendu Ghosh**
Scenario:	**Bimal Roy**
Lyrics:	**Pt. Bharat Vyas**
Music:	**Arun Kumar Mukharji**
Photography:	**Kamal Bose**
Sound:	**Sherali Pabani & J. M. Barot**
Cast:	**Ashok Kumar, Meena Kumari, Ashit Baran, Badri Prasad etc.**
Released At:	**Roxy, Bombay.**
Date of Release:	**21st August 1953.**

Directed By:
BIMAL ROY

OUR REVIEW

"Papi", A Boring, Unholy Trash!

Chandulal's Vain Attempt To Be Intellectual!

"Papi" is an abortive attempt of an uneducated producer to look intellectual in his old age. The picture is an unholy mess of borrowed ideas punctuated by stupid cliches of some pedestrian philosophy. And yet Chandulal Shah describes it, even before its release, as: "Acclaimed as a great picture from the great motion picture creator". How could a motion picture be acclaimed as a great picture even before it is released?

But that is Chandulal Shah, a man who is used to acclaim the winner of a race even before the horse reaches the winning post.

The only polite thing about this loud and hackneyed picture is the credit title of the director in which the "great motion picture creator", evidently too ashamed to show his face, shows us the back of his head probably to impress upon us the shape of the nut from which all the mess came on the screen. Or has Chandulal Shah at last become conscious of his technicolour cartoons appearing in Filmindia? If so, we welcome the dawn of modesty in this man of loud tone and flimsy intelligence.

The key situation in "Papi", of a sinner changing clothes with a saint, has been lifted from Devaki Bose's "Ratnadeep" with the difference that Chandulal Shah keeps both the characters living in their changed clothes to give his theme a pedestrian complexion, while Devaki Bose, with his intelligent approach to life and its intriguing themes, lifts his theme to a philosophical level by killing the saint and keeping the sinner unchallenged, except by his own conscience, to seek his own salvation. But then there must be a world of difference between Chandulal Shah and Devaki Bose. It cannot be otherwise.

IN TIMBUCTOO

No one can say where the story of "Papi" takes place—not even Chandulal Shah. You cannot call the place either a village or a city. It is sometimes one and sometimes the other and at times both. But the place has at least one building of several storeys with a five-feet wide staircase and a palatial loft at the top in which lives Chandulal's unemployed, vagabond hero. The place has only one policeman —in a sub-inspector's uniform—prowling all over the place all the time and sleeping, perhaps, in the balconies of other people's bedrooms. He is dressed and ready all the twenty-four hours and is there where you want him and everywhere where he wants to be. Indeed, a wonderful policeman whom Morarji Desai should not miss.

The place has a cigarette seller, a perfumery merchant and a flower girl—all selling their goods on credit to a vagabond. That is the place where the Ranjit Studios should have been built. The place has also a milkmaid who sells milk and pays all her lover's debts and yet maintains a big home, a huge stable and an old blind aunt. She, however, doesn't pay her own debts which threaten to land her maidenly body into a wrong bed.

And the place has in its vicinity a temple on the top of a hill—a "mandap" of pillars—where the vagabond saint lives in the same dress—sort of a saint's evening dress—day and night pacing the floor all the time without food or water and without any other human being to attend to his needs. And it is only due to some economy in settings that an identical "mandap" on an identical hill also happens to be somewhere else, miles and miles away from the place where the heroine lives.

The twin "mandap", of course, appears a little earlier in the picture.

And the place has again a public hall, which looks like a bad copy of Blavatsky Lodge, where young men suddenly gather to shout rudely at the saintly preacher and vent their spleen on the present government—a popular sport these days—to permit the author to air his pedestrian philosophy picked up at gambling tables and the racecourse. And sometimes even school children rush into this hall which has inside it a setting which looks suspiciously like a court room.

In such a place lives Raju, a young vagabond, who sponges on other people with gay abandon and loves Lachhi, the milkmaid, who herself looks like a milch cow with drooping udders.

The picture opens with the usual professional religious preacher giving the usual sermon on good deeds on earth qualifying a man for a good place in heaven. Chandulal Shah objects to this through his hero and we hear Raju doling out some favourite Communist cliches on the right way of living on earth by doing something. Raju, however, doesn't seem to believe in this because he himself lives the life of a parasite.

CALF LOVE ON MILK

Now we go to some calf-love in which the milkmaid and the vagabond sing old Ranjit songs and feel perfectly happy as they dodge each other on an odd-looking studio-made hill.

The girl, of course, insists on Raju working and the vagabond soon borrows ten rupees from his milkmaid, buys some bangles and starts selling bangles to the rhythm of a street song. Because bangles bring fair hands into Raju's hand, Lachhi destroys the assets of the business and the vagabond is once again unemployed.

The crisis is soon reached when Kalu, the creditor, demands his loan of Rs. 5000/- from Lachhi's old auntie within three days failing which he demands the hand of her niece in marriage. These three days are subsequently stretched till the end of the story like Chandulal Shah's old promise to pay a bonus to his staff.

The milkmaid now stimulates the vagabond, who, failing to get Rs. 5000/- as a loan, soon commits a theft and is chased by the solitary policeman who was probably sleeping in the verandah of the man who was robbed. But Raju escapes in a train with the booty. And we thought the money was needed to pay Kalu to save his sweetheart from going to a wrong bed.

In the train Raju meets his double—a preacher in saffron robes. The train rushes on as they get talking and it must have travelled quite a few miles before it meets with an accident. We don't see the accident but we are asked to identify it as a bad train accident with the help of two wheels and some rubbish and with the two important passengers lying unconscious.

Raju somehow picks himself up and thinking the preacher to be dead, changes clothes with him. By the time the guard arrives, Raju looks the preacher and the preacher looks the criminal.

Raju, dressed as the preacher, is put in a relief train and arrives at some station where there are more police constables than passengers waiting on the platform. The police constables were, of course, waiting for Raju, the thief.

Dressed as a preacher, with the books of the original preacher in his possession, Raju gets an ovation and soon launches himself into a new career.

The original preacher, in Raju's dress, is removed to a rescue camp from where Lachhi brings him to her buffalo shed. And we are not supposed to ask how far this rescue camp was from Lachhi's home for her to appear there so quickly and even before the police arrived on the scene. And we always thought that the police arrived on all scenes of accident and rescue earlier than even the relatives. But then the police were posted with the plans of Chandulal Shah and they dared not interfere with "the great creator" of motion pictures.

In the buffalo shed, believing the preacher to be her Raju, Lachhi becomes aggressive in her love-making and Chandulal

Imagination in choosing the right colour to suit an occasion is an art in itself. Use a lemon coloured crepe for the choli and do satin stitch embroidery with green silk on it. Wear a lemon chiffon sari and see the dreamy effect every young girl longs for.

begins to entertain the masses with contrasting situations with Raju playing the preacher and delivering some hackneyed phrases of pedestrian philosophy. This pseudo-intellectual dingdong goes on for some time till the audience gets completely bored.

Having exhausted the audience, Chandulal decides to show some mercy and makes Lachhi spot the devil in the saint. After identifying Raju, Lachhi, under Chandulal's guidance, also begins to vomit some pedestrian philosophy and we have another interlude of the mental confusion prevailing in Chandulal's nut.

Lachhi, however, soon loses her patience and decides to end this bogus picture of Ranjit. She reports the whole affair to the solitary limb of law and after the usual explosions and some more talk, Raju walks into the jail and walks out after a camera fade-out to be received with a song by the milk-maid.

And the audience goes out thoroughly disgusted with the colossal stupidity exhibited by a man who was ashamed to show his face.

ROTTEN DIRECTION

The production values are as poor and erratic as the story. Photography is good only in the close-ups of Raj and Nargis. The cameraman seems to be a portrait photographer. The panoramic screen with its excess width and less height plays havoc with the already poor shot composition. The sound recording is not so bad for Ranjit but one wonders why even the recordist did not object when people from the crowds shouted rudely at Raju while playing the preacher. The sets are grotesque. We have seen them before and we shall see them again in subsequent Ranjit pictures. The Ranjit sets have long life. They last three generations of filmgoers.

The lyrics don't mean a thing. They are neither good poetry nor even good prose. The songs have old Ranjit tunes—tunes we have heard before and they remain as familiar as the sets. The dialogue is old junk. Chandulal Shah's direction is disgustingly rotten and we cannot accuse him for the flashes of good work done by Raj and Nargis, both of whom are seasoned artistes.

Raj plays Raju and the preacher and though he overacts a bit, he does pretty well. Nargis looks a pretty old milkmaid with her drooping figure and long face. She, however, acts quite well and seems to enjoy her love scenes with Raju, the vagabond. Dulari looks quite juicy as the flower-girl. The face of law as shown by Kailash fails to make any impression. The man remains only a walking uniform. The rest are neglected and escape Chandulal's special attention. That saves their reputation.

In fine, "Papi" is a trash—pure and simple and though the first half of the picture entertains a bit with its frivolous moments, the latter half provides killing boredom.

It is a picture to be avoided on health grounds.

P A P I

Producers :	**Ranjit Movietone**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story, Scenario & Dialogue :	**Chandulal Shah**
Songs :	**Mehdi A. Khan & H. Jaipuri**
Music :	**S. Mahindar**
Photography :	**Vasant Buva**
Recording :	**H. D. Mistry**
Cast :	**Nargis, Raj Kapoor, Dulari, P. Kailash etc.**
Released At :	**New Empire, Bombay**
Date of Release :	**20th August 1953.**

Directed By :

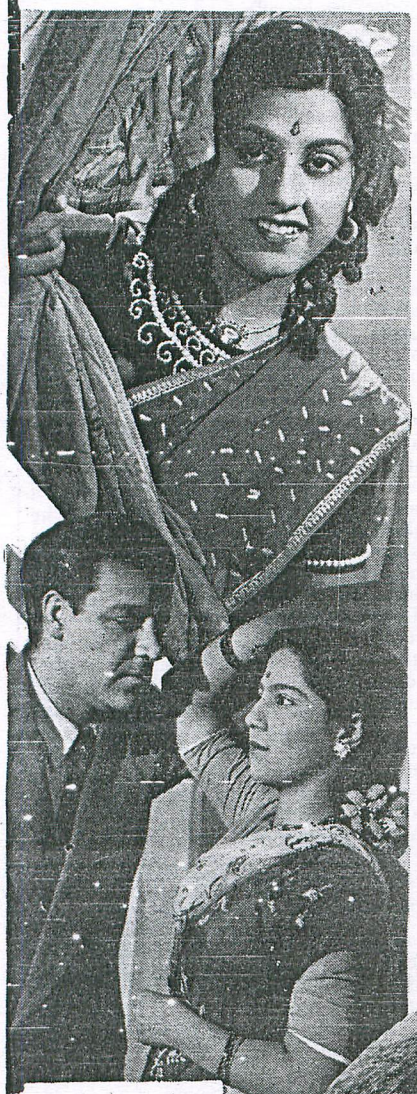
CHANDULAL SHAH

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ *OUR REVIEW*

"Rahi" Wanders Without Destination !

K. Ahmed Abbas Kills A Good Theme !

A new girl for a new picture ! Krishna Kumari brings to the screen a scared smile in "Naya Rasta", produced and directed by Jayant Desai.



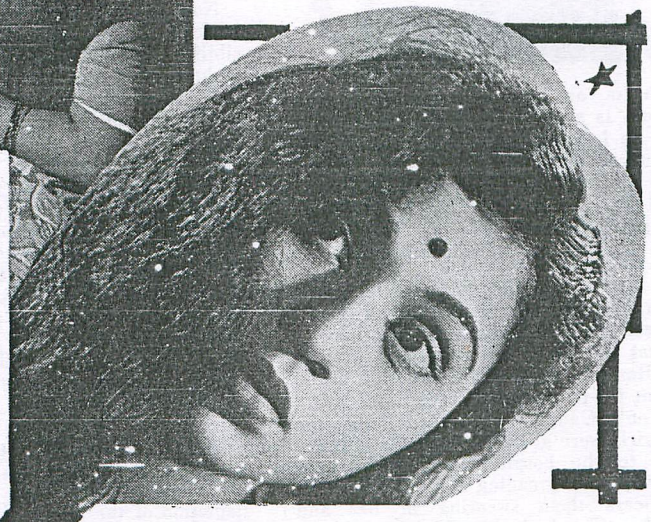
The tragedy of the Indian film industry is that those who are conscious of the scope and function of films in society do not know how to use the medium of the film effectively and those who can claim some basic skill and craftsmanship in this plastic art are ignominiously ignorant that films can have purpose too. Khwaja Ahmed Abbas has some pretty solid ideas on the role films should play in life. According to his own light and capacity he tries to attach some purpose to his films. But most of the time his purpose is lost on the audience because he is a poor and amateurish film maker. Lacking the necessary knowledge of a tangible film technique, he fails to put across on the screen effectively the robust social ideas with which he is credited as a progressive. He fails once again in "Rahi".

Naya Sansar's "Rahi" must be rated as an utterly ineffective film because one neither feels awed with its purposefulness nor thrilled by its contents. Producer-director Abbas still seems to be groping for the basic principles of film making. One can almost see him tottering from scene to scene with technical uncertainty and as the picture somehow drags towards a climax his artistic awkwardness and technical limitations become more pronounced. His direction of the picture appears patchy, synthetic and forced rather than artistic, emotional and harmonious and it once again proves that an otherwise intelligent person does not necessarily make an intelligent director. It is not sufficient for a director to be conscious of the social function of films, he must also know how to mould his material into an effective motion picture. Before knowing how to make a purposeful film, one must know how to make a film and Abbas will do well to pursue first things first.

★

Agha is always serious about some girl. This time it is Charubala, a chubby 'baby' who will be seen in "Naya Rasta" a social theme.

★



Captain of the old guard, Nirupa Roy can not be missed in a Jayant Desai picture. Here she is with her long hair and large eyes attracting fans in "Naya Rasta", a romantic tale.

The story of "Rahi", which is claimed to be based upon a novel by Mulk Raj Anand, had big possibilities and with all the germs of conflict, emotion and drama in it, it could have been easily turned into a vigorous screen experience by any director knowing his job. But in the hands of Abbas "Rahi" just becomes a pretty kettle of fish. Apart from Abbas' technical limitations, one cannot escape the feeling that Abbas is fast becoming a cautious and compromising film merchant who with one hand beckons revolution and with the other box-office receipts. Nobody would be foolish enough to suggest that purposeful film makers should not desire their pictures to be commercially successful or that the criterion of a good and purposeful film is that it should fail at the box-office. On the contrary they have better reasons to deserve success than the others who see in film production merely another way of making a living. But it comes with ill grace when a progressive producer chooses to be dictated by box-office standards while throwing covert glances at profits. It is one thing to expect success and profits after creating a faithful creation but quite another to be guided by thoughts of success and reward during the creation. It may be a shrewd method but it is not a progressive artist's way of doing things. It is this blending of profit-consciousness and technical amateurishness with his social-consciousness in Abbas which, we believe, renders him a poor film-maker and an ineffective champion of the progressive cause on the screen. And it is this intriguing film sense of Abbas which makes us wonder whether "Rahi' is a bitter social study or just a romantic tragedy with nudged-in social commentary and a superimposed theme.

TALE OF TEA-PICKERS

The story opens with Walker, the British manager of a tea estate in Assam, speeding in his jeep. As he enters the private road to the estate, he finds a young man with a knapsack trudging along the road. In the traditionally gruff manner of the ruling Britishers in India, Walker hurls a few threats at the youth for trespassing but when he learns that the young man is an unemployed ex-soldier looking for a job, Walker looks pleased and offers him a supervisor's job in the tea plantation. And Ramesh, the youth, who had introduced himself with some general but bitter comments on life, war and unemployment accepts the job with little surprise.

Ramesh jumps into Walker's jeep and soon Walker explains the nature and significance of the supervisor's job by just handing over to Ramesh a long lash. He asks Ramesh to use it and get good work out of the workers at the tea plantation. Ramesh promises obedience and is given a room to live in. At night he is visited by Kallu and another fawning employee at the plantation who manage to extort some bribe out of him calling it their legitimate 'commission'. Ramesh parts with the money with contempt and apart from conveying that he was uncomfortably aware

of the brutal and diabolic nature of his job he also manages to give a glimpse of some internal conflicts in his heart.

The next morning he arrives at the tea gardens with the whip in his hand and begins to keep vigil over the hordes of tea-pickers. Suddenly he finds a woman-worker, Ganga, sitting idle and smacks her back with the whip. With a squirm and shriek the girl turns her face to Ramesh and explains that she was only taking a thorn out of her foot. When he still scolds her she turns her partly bared back with the whip mark on it to Ramesh to signify that she had received ample punishment. Ramesh encounters Ganga again in the weighing department where the workers' day's pickings are weighed. When Chanda, another woman-worker who hides her young child under the fresh leaves to be weighed, is denied her day's wage by Ramesh for cheating, Ganga steps forward and offers her own wage to Chanda. Ramesh is impressed both by the spirit and physique of the girl.

The same night while going to his quarters Ramesh overhears Ganga's drunken father shouting at his daughter for not bringing home any money and cursing the man who whipped his daughter's back. Ramesh then watches Chanda singing a lullaby to her child and he enters his room with a troubled mind only to hear the strains of Ganga's song which he instantly orders to be stopped as it begins to wake up his own memories. His troubled mind becomes more troubled when Chanda's child dies of snake-bite one day in the gardens and as Ramesh rushes to whip the crowd that had collected into activity, Ganga thrusts before him the snake-bitten child and bitingly asks him to lash the child, the real cause of the stoppage of work. Ramesh drops his wavy whip near the dead, coiled snake and goes away to brood. The bereaved mother goes mad with the shock of her loss.

While returning from a local fair late in the day Ramesh and Ganga meet on the way to the plantation and get their first opportunity to hatch a romance. They are still in the jungle when darkness envelops them and the fear of wild animals sends them to spend the night together atop an old hunting 'machan' built on a tree. Nothing happens during the night except that Ganga and Ramesh begin to know each other better and when at dawn they come down they are thickly in love.

MEMSAHIB ARRIVES

The morning after this love-night, however, doesn't begin so well for Ganga, for her drunken father who was stumbling back home from the fair manages to receive in his leg a bullet which the British bosses had spent on a tiger. The wounded man is taken to the hospital where the kind and sympathetic Dr. Thomas saves his life by amputating his leg.

Meanwhile Walker's sister Sylvia arrives from England and exhibits the usual foreigner's curiosity about local life and people. Once this curiosity sends her too near the local people who celebrate the gay and frolicsome festival of Holi by spraying each other with colour. As she takes photographs of the singing and dancing people, fully conscious of the sanctity of a foreigner's aloofness, the local girls rush towards her and soon make her one of them, splashed and disfigured with colour. Sylvia becomes furious and when Walker hears about the incident he orders that all the plantation girls responsible for manhandling Sylvia be severely beaten. The cringing Kallu and his Bengali associate readily agree to avenge the insult of their white boss's sister. Kallu collects a group of lathi-armed brutes and proceeds to tackle the errant girls. Meanwhile, on learning what was going to befall the girls, Ramesh hurries to drag Ganga away from the rest of the girls and enacts a love scene with her.

Ganga returns home happily from her lover and finding that her lame father had returned from the hospital she joyously

Youth is an age of challenge and Shyama is at that age where the world stops to have at least one look. This attractive girl comes to the screen once again in "Dhoop Chhaon", a social theme directed by S. M. Raza and produced by M. O. Suhail for Suhail Art Productions.

greets him. But the man bursts into a temper and tells her how the other girls had been severely beaten. He also informs her that the entire community of workers held Ramesh responsible for the brutal incident for they believed that Ramesh had saved only Ganga while he knew that the other girls were going to be beaten. Ganga rushes to the hospital to find the beds filled with her groaning companions. She also hears them swearing at her and Ramesh. She finds herself boycotted by the community.

The incoherent anger of the workers at the beating incident takes the form of a strike at the inspiration of Dr. Thomas who seems to know as much of politics as of medicine. The strike is retorted with the closure of water supply, ration shops and other amenities by the employees. Ramesh does not want to join either side in this struggle and asks Ganga to run away with him. But Ganga is rather disillusioned in him and regretting that he should have saved her from the beating she declines his offer.

When the hardships of the workers become unbearable, they decide to march in a procession to the manager's bungalow to present their demands. Ganga, who had reconciled with other workers, agrees to lead the procession. In his bungalow, Walker looks disturbed and sits ready with a gun to receive the procession. The torch-light procession starts on its route. Ramesh makes some last minute efforts to dissuade Ganga from joining the procession but finds her too determined and returns to Walker's side. He takes a revolver from Walker and both of them wait for the strikers. With Ganga in the lead when the procession arives at the foot of the huge steps of the bungalow Walker tells Ramesh to ask the workers to disperse and return. The workers defiantly refuse to budge. Ramesh then lends voice to the employers' sentiments and begins a long speech emphasizing the danger and distress that awaited the strikers. As he speaks he begins to descend the steps till he comes down to where the processionists were standing with burning torches in their hands. He then suddenly turns around and facing the gun-clutching Walker with a revolver in hand tells him that he was on the workers' side. Walker finds Ramesh's sudden somersault too much to bear and aiming his gun at Ramesh pulls the trigger. But before the bullet can touch Ramesh, Ganga jumps in front of him to protect her lover and sinks to the ground. As she dies, Sylvia arrives on the spot with the police who take Walker into custody. In the end, with knapsack on his back Ramesh is once again seen on the road, going away from the tea estate.

UNCERTAIN AND SHIVERING

Nobody will deny that the story was basically interesting and had dramatic possibilities. But the way Abbas has handled it, he has reduced it to just a good-looking, slow, rambling and sometimes ranting picture. The theme is so clumsily handled that one finds it difficult to say what it really is. The romance between Ganga and Ramesh is enlarged to proportions where it dominates the entire picture. The life of the plantation workers is amateurishly portrayed through disjointed scenes and fails to constitute either the background or the inherent part of the picture. The various elements of the picture are never fused together into a dramatic harmony with the result that in spite of all location photography, the life which is portrayed in the picture appears to lack realism and fails to convince. And the way Abbas has tried to arouse sympathy for the poor tea-pickers in his usual theatrical fashion through his long-winded dialogue makes this queer depiction of the plight of the workers look like a most ineffective and superficial appendage.

Abbas committed his first mistake when he selected Dev Anand and Nalini Jaywant to play those two parts. Nobody can accept the glamorous Nalini Jaywant with her face decked up with lip-stick and

R A H I

Producers:	Naya Sansar
Language:	Hindustani
Story & Dialogue:	K. A. Abbas (based on a novel by Mulk Raj Anand)
Screenplay:	Mohsin Abdullah, V. P. Sathe & Abbas
Lyrics:	Prem Dhawan
Music:	Anil Biswas
Photography:	Ramchandra
Sound:	S. N. Dhuri
Song Recording:	Ishan Ghosh
Cast:	Nalini Jaywant, Dev Anand, Achala Sachdev, David, Balraj Sahni, Manmohan Krishna etc.
Released At:	Krishna, Bombay
Date of Release:	14th August 1953

Directed By:
K. A. ABBAS

make-up as a poor tea-picking girl in Assam. The few shots of some real tea-picking girls provide a striking contrast and completely destroy the realism of her character. And the backless 'choli', which indicates poverty and shortage of cloth when worn by labouring women, looks on Nalini Jaywant like a variation of a decollete dress. The same goes for Dev Anand. He looks too shiny and chubby-cheeked to convince as a frustrated, unemployment-scared youth. Another instance of Abbas' muddled directorial perception and his tendency towards banal characterisation is Chanda's character. In the beginning this character appears quite interesting but later after the death of her child it becomes singularly stupid the way Abbas gives her a doll and lets her roam about in lunacy hugging the doll all the time and uttering incoherent words. Motherhood and infant mortality are oft-repeating events in the life of the poor and it strains one's imagination to believe that a plantation worker would lose her reason with the loss of a child. The poor mothers are not so flimsy-minded. The few dances in the picture, though exquisite and enjoyable by themselves, serve only to hold up the flow of an already slowly and uncertainly moving story. Thus with so many false and wrong notes, "Rahi" fails to be either a touching tragedy or a sincere and convincing portrayal of the life of ill-paid and ill-treated workers in tea gardens.

However, the picture has impressive production values. Photography is fine while the recording is very well done. Sets are adequate. Anil Biswas' music is enjoyable and the folk elements he has drawn on for composition make it all the more interesting. Lyrics are better than are usually written for our screen. The dialogue usurps most of the picture's effectiveness, since Abbas seems to believe in expressing almost everything through dialogue only. And though it serves the purpose, at places it constitutes nothing but some fervent ideological outpourings which look embarrassingly fanatical since they are not supported by events of the story. Abbas' direction must be rated poor. Though his individual frames and scenes are quite artistic, he has failed to weave them into an impressive pattern. His direction seems cluttered with compromises and uncertainties and reveals a man whose mind is not certain and who wants to say too many radical things with a minimum of financial risk but does not know how to do so effectively. One wishes Abbas had let the picture say what he says through dialogue.

From the players, Nalini Jaywant as Ganga doesn't look a tea-picker one bit. Though she seems to have tried hard, even her best efforts would not have entirely succeeded in moulding her according to the demands of the character. Dev Anand as Ramesh lends his usual spineless support to a rather complex role. He looks beautiful rather than handsome. Achala Sachdev is effective as long as her role remains sensible but later just gives a wide-eyed, over-done performance. David as the cruel Kallu is sly and confident and does well. Manmohan Krishna as Ganga's father is a hard pill to swallow. He seems to have become a package of mannerisms. Kate Sethi as Sylvia looks a good enough amateur in spite of some ugly close-ups. From the rest Balraj Sahni, in the incredible role of the politically radical Dr. Thomas, is not bad while S. Michael makes a rather un-British Britisher.

In fine, Naya Sansar's "Rahi" is a commendable conception clumsily executed. The picture fails to impress primarily because of its director who seems to be handicapped by an amateurish film technique and an uncertain mind. And though it is a rather different picture from the usual stuff, the difference will bring neither success nor money.

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OUR REVIEW

"Gunah" Becomes Kidar's Crime !

Beautiful In Bits But Boring On The Whole

Kidar Sharma is one of the few persons in our film industry who can be called a director without actually abusing that word. His qualification to direct a film does not lie in his purse nor in his blood which is generally considered to be thicker than water and in our industry thicker than even whiskey. His attributes are his skill, imagination and experience. This little man with a misguiding voice has given us some exceedingly artistic pictures in the past and even now few can beat him in wringing art from inanimate celluloid and emotion from the usually immobile artistes of our industry.

But like most artistes Kidar Sharma also seems to be a man of whims. And to satisfy his whims he sometimes sacrifices his commonsense and pays the price not only with the loss of success but also with the loss of artistry which becomes an easy martyr at the altar of his whims. To a surrealistic artist imposing weird and fantastic forms on his canvas just to please his own self, commonsense may not mean much. But in an art coming from the cold womb of science and nourished in the gilded cradle of commerce, commonsense is not only necesary but indispensable. Had Kidar Sharma allowed his commonsense to whisper a few home-truths into his ears, he would not have disappointed his audience in his latest picture "Gunah". He would have realized that frill, lace and veil cannot turn a corpse into a beautiful bride and that a breathful, unadorned story is better than a dead and decorated drama.

But the whimsical in Kidar Sharma went on chiselling and chastening "Gunah" without pausing to think whether the material he was moulding was mud or marble. The result is that though one gets glimpses of his skill here and there, the picture itself fails to be impressive because of the basically poor and stale material. The story of "Gunah" is an old, stale and haggard stuff which has been seen on the screen innumerable times. Its familiar character is so distracting that one almost fails to notice all the draperies with which Kidar Sharma has provided it. It is a simple tale and has been simply told many times before. Perhaps vaguely conscious of this, Kidar went about embellishing it with undue enthusiasm to make it look fresh and impressive and added twists and turns to its construction and extraneous colour to its complexion. But this only succeeds in driving even its simplicity out of the story. "Gunah" is now neither fresh nor simple. It is familiar, complicated and emotionally ineffective. And though artistically it is still compelling, Kidar Sharma must realize that simplicity of the narrative and its emotional effectiveness are a heavy price to pay for artistic frames and clouds-crowned and sunshine-soaked scenes, as he must also realize that frippery is no substitute for freshness.

A TRITE TALE

The story opens in a village which seems to be a cross between Punjab and Maharashtra. Panditji is a poor married man with a little son Lat and an adopted girl Piddi. Piddi is a precocious child and there seems to be a young woman confined within her little frame impatient to be released. She roams about in search of mischief and finds plenty while the little comical Lat plays second fiddle to her.

Panditji has a thorn in his side in Fateh Chand, a mean, bearded, well-to-do man with whom Panditji is involved in litigation. Through some usual dishonest means Fateh Chand manages to get a favourable decision from the court and Panditji is deprived of some of his due property. Tired and exhausted Panditji returns home to give the sad news to his wife, Paro. Paro wonders how a court could give an unjust decision and Panditji says that the ways of law courts were not easy to understand. At this Paro gets a brainwave and suggests to her husband that they should start educating Lat so that one day he may become a judge. Carried away by a pleasant vision, she goes to the absurd length of wishing that when Lat becomes a judge they would go to him with the case for proper dispensation of justice. Panditji agrees to the proposal at Paro's insistence and next day Lat goes to the school astride the family camel.

Fateh Chand and his repulsively fat wife do not feel very happy to learn that Lat will also be taking schooling along with their own pampered son Tota. In the meantime Lat's mother, Paro, gets one of her usual heart attacks and passes away after a prolonged death scene which is sabotaged by the ill-rehearsed Lat who already seems to take his mother's death for granted. At the end of the year when Lat tops the class and wins a prize and Tota fails, Tota's parents feel enraged. Fateh Chand's wife tells her husband that though their bright son had done his best to avenge the family insult by beating Lat and snatching away his prize, she wanted something more to be done in the matter. As a reply Fateh Chand crushes a dry fruit in his fist and the understanding wife feels comforted. Fateh Chand hires a ruffian and pointing out from his balcony the rain-coat covered Lat, asks him to do away with the boy.

The blood is shed and carrying a wounded body covered with a blood-soaked sheet in his arms, Fateh Chand enters Panditji's house with a crowd to convey the news with mock grief. As Panditji begins to whimper over the blood-dripping body the little Piddi rushes in to announce that Lat was hale and hearty and that the wounded boy was somebody else. It suddenly dawns on Fateh Chand that mixing up indentities the ruffian had assaulted his own son instead of Lat. He cries out under this poetic justice and rushes his son to the hospital. Incidentally, this is rather a gruesome scene visually and we wish Kidar Sharma had used some subtlety.

Panditji is relieved to find his son safe but not wishing to expose Lat to further danger in the village with Fateh Chand as a sworn enemy, he decides to send Lat away to a city for education. With the departure of Lat, Piddi starts running and romping about in the fields alone and soon grows into a young and comely woman. Panditji who had somehow not met his son since he left the village, feels delighted to receive a photo of his son who also had grown into a youth. Piddi also takes a look at the picture and tries to hide the emotion she felt in her heart to see her childhood mate turned into a well-dressed youth. Then she begins to sing and dance in the usual ecstasy.

AT ADAM'S GAME

Though Panditji believed that his son was piling up academic achievements, Lat had left his studies incomplete and was instead busy with the old subject of Adam. Lat's text-book is a young city cat called Pushp who has set a price for her charms and whose step-mother sees to it that whoever tries to get benefit out of Pushp's beauty pays the price. The simple Lat, however, neither sees the cat nor the charm-seller in Pushp and falls in love with her. But for lack of funds he doesn't make much headway.

When Lat finds his father persisting that he should return home, he decides to go to the village and informs his father the date of his arrival. The news of Lat's home-coming fills Panditji and Piddi with sheer joy. Panditji begins elaborate preparations to welcome Lat. Lat arrives at the village station to find his father waiting to receive him with a local band and a cheering crowd with garlands and all. Even Piddi who being a girl was prohibited from coming to the station by Panditji watches her heart-throb's reception from a high wall nearby. The city-moulded Lat doesn't appreciate the uninhibited rustic reception and looks more irritated and embarrassed than happy. He reaches home to be embraced a few more times by his doting father. Piddi takes many things for granted and tries to have some sweet conversation with him, but is surprised to find him brief, curt and uninterested in her.

Lat soon gets bored with the village, with his father and with Piddi. He quickly makes up his mind and one early morning begins to fill his pockets with the family's little wealth, trinkets and ornaments, with which he plans to please his romantic cat in the city. Suddenly his father bursts into the room and asks him when he intended to marry Piddi to whom he was supposed to be engaged. Lat almost recoils with disgust at the suggestion and says that an ill-clad villager like Piddi could never be his wife and that marriage was his own business. Panditji finds it difficult to believe his son's words and persists in reminding him of their customs and traditions. Displaying a lot of heat in his head and mouth, Lat utters something insolent and Panditji is forced to slap him. That sends Lat out of the house with Panditji crying and begging behind him.

Piddi, who had managed to overhear the conversation between the father and the son, overtakes Lat on the outskirts of the village and with tears in her eyes pleads with him to return to his hurt and disillusioned father. Heart-broken and disillusioned herself, she tells Lat that she

would serve at his feet but that he should only return to his father. Lat refuses to listen to her and with contempt and ridicule shakes her off and goes away from the village. When Panditji discovers about the theft, he decides to forget his son.

Back in the city, Lat renews his contact with Pushp and her good-as-procuress step-mother. He hands over to them the jewellery he had brought with him from the village and begins the usual romantic dance around Pushp. But the trouble starts when the stolen ornaments instead of being of gold turn out to be cheap imitations and Lat is thrown out of Pushp's flat by her irate step-mother. Frustrated, Lat manages to collide with a car and the accident brings him in contact with a crook with a flourishing racket of spurious drugs. The crook offers Lat a profitable job in his racket and tempted by money Lat accepts it.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

With the first wad of notes he returns to Pushp and flings the money at Pushp's step-mother. The money changes the expression in the step-mother's eyes and Lat once again wins eligibility to dance around Pushp. The money even gets him married to Pushp. In the meantime to get some money out of Lat's father, whom Lat had described as a rich man, Pushp sends a letter to Lat's father saying that Lat was in trouble and badly needed money. Panditji at first ignores the letter but when the father in him stirs again he finds it difficult to collect the required amount. Piddi also begins to worry and gets an idea when she accidentally learns that a worker had got out of his financial difficulties by deliberately injuring himself while at work and by demanding compensation.

Piddi doesn't think long before putting the idea into practice. While working as an ordinary labouring woman near a stone-crushing machine, she puts her leg into the revolving wheel and as her one leg flies off, she shrieks and faints on the ground. She is immediately taken to hospital for treatment. She loses her leg but the compensation money she gets more than offsets her physical loss and as Panditji starts to go to Lat with the money, she gives him a cheerful send off.

Panditji arrives in the city and his knock at the door is answered indifferently by Pushp and her step-mother. When the two evil women discover that he was from Lat's village and had come to deliver the money, they welcome him with open arms. The old villager manages to judge the women correctly at one glance and refuses to leave the money with them. But the moment he learns that Pushp was Lat's wife, he bursts on her for ensnaring his son. Pushp feels insulted and joined by her step-mother hurls abuses at Panditji and orders him to leave the house. Just at this moment Lat enters the house and tries to intervene but finally disillusioned, Panditji walks out of the house after declaring that he was Lat's father. Pushp and the step-mother, who had taken Panditji to be Lat's servant, immediately disown Lat after learning the truth. As they go on insulting and abusing him and his father, Lat loses his patience and in a fit of rage throws Pushp thirty feet down on the floor of the drawing room, where she lands unconscious. Doctor is summoned and somehow Lat's spurious injections crop up there. In a police raid the drug-racketeers are arrested and Lat also lands in jail.

At the village Panditji and Piddi who had heard the news of Lat's imprisonment, gloomily spend their time in daydreaming. Piddi loudly imagines Lat's home-coming and Panditji also loudly begins to think what he would do if Lat returned. Suddenly they are overwhelmed with joy to see Lat standing at the door. He had returned to his father's feet and Piddi's arms.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST

Kidar Sharma has told this story with labour and pains. He has tried to give each frame an artistic touch but all that fails to make the picture consistently interesting. The earlier portion of the film is sketchy while most of the time, it is discursive. Filled with numerous irrelevant and unnecessary events the story is too scattered both in time and space. The direction, because of its elaborative tendency, defective sense of timing and non-selectivity, only adds to the lengthy, lethargic and rambling character of the picture.

However the production values are quite good. Photography is pleasant throughout though recording is positively erratic, making it difficult to follow even the dialogue at places. Sets are generally appropriate. Dialogue serves the purpose while music is not bad.

Geeta Bali as the grown-up Piddi gives her usual sincere performance in an indifferently developed role. She looks sincere even when she rolls in the fields in a silly situation. But all her sincerity fails to make that role effective beyond evoking some usual sympathy. Vijaylakshmi as Pushp, however, has never looked and acted prettier before. Kidar Sharma's directorial chiselling seems to have been concentrated a good deal on her. Gyani, with a Punjabi accent, looks a Punjabi villager all right in the role of Panditji. Some of the faces he makes make him unsympathetic in a sympathetic role. That is a serious flaw. Jagdev as Lat just looks a grinning goof. From the rest Pratima Devi as Paro looks odd in a Punjabi dress while Pesi Patel in a small role is not bad. Manorama as Pushp's step-mother, however, looks disgusting and disgraceful. It is time now she quit the screen and stopped annoying the audience by her crude and cheap gestures.

In short, Ambitious Pictures' "Gunah" is a fine collection of artistic 35 mm frames. Only the frames are not harmoniously strung together on an emotional thread and that renders "Gunah" an ineffective picture.

GUNAH

Producers:	**Ambitious Pictures**
Language:	**Hindustani**
Story:	**Nagendra Bahuguna**
Screenplay, Dialogue & Lyrics:	**Kidar Sharma**
Music:	**Snehal Bhatkar**
Photography:	**Ambre and Mehta**
Sound:	**M. C. Shah**
Cast:	**Geeta Bali, Vijaylakshmi, Jagdev, Gyani etc.**
Released At:	**Liberty, Bombay**
Date of Release:	**28th August 1953**

Directed By:
KIDAR SHARMA

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OUR REVIEW

"Thokar", A Disgusting Motion Picture !

Censors Should Have Banned This Picture !

Jubilee Pictures' "Thokar" is one of those mule-headed, trashy productions which have given the Indian film industry a permanent stink and an almost indelible bad name. With producers still making pictures like "Thokar" in the year 1953, there is no wonder that everybody who can open his mouth lashes out against the film industry. And an industry which produces "Thokar" in this atomic age does not deserve to be defended either. After seeing the picture one feels that all that this industry needs is a quick and quiet burial.

A rotten, moth-eaten story, idiotic treatment, pre-historic direction, shoddy production values, noisy music and crudely offensive performances constitute the ugly ulcers of this sickening motion picture. As a vehicle of unrestricted public entertainment, its merits are questionable and the censors should have put some sense behind their sight before certifying this picture. Ridden with so many obnoxious elements the picture flaunts characters like prostitutes, drunkards, gamblers and themes like violence, blackmail, homicide and suicide and becomes a rakish piece of entertainment at best, apart from being an infinitely stupid and blundering exercise in motion picture production.

IN WESTERN MOULD

The picture opens on a beach where a skinny, lanky boy Dipak is having a Western youth's fun by chasing and manhandling a trousers-clad buxom girl, Rita. The pair then go to the girl's house where after some Western wooing Dipak takes Rita's leave with a promise to come back next day. Dipak is the adopted son of a rich man in a village, who had sent Dipak away to the city, evidently to spend lavishly and live luxuriously when his wife got a son of her own and developed hatred for Dipak.

Dipak returns home late at night and finds his foster-mother waiting in the hall with a stern look on her face. Before Dipak can pay his respects to her, she calls him a loafer and a parasite who wanted to usurp her son's sole right to his father's wealth and property. Dipak says that he was doing everything with the consent of his foster-father but when he is informed that his foster-father was dead and his foster-mother and her son Kumar had come to occupy the house, he realizes the situation and assures the foster-mother that he did not intend to exercise any claims either on the house or on their wealth. The mother, however, insists that Dipak should leave the house for good. Dipak agrees to do so but before going away expresses a wish to meet Kumar. The inordinately sharp-tongued mother turns down the request and warns Dipak never to cross Kumar's path.

Penniless and homeless Dipak spends the night on the road and then returns to his buxom charmer for solace and comfort. But when Rita learns of the new development in Dipak's life, she unceremoniously orders him out and herself storms out of the house. Suddenly realizing the money-chasing harlot in Rita, Dipak follows her to the road and tries to teach her a few lessons with force. Rita begins to cry for help and Kumar, passing by in his convertible car, comes to her rescue. After knocking Dipak down on the pavement he goes away with Rita. Dipak loses Rita but she gets a new rich customer in Kumar and starts repeating the old tricks on him.

Whiling away his time at the railway station one night, Dipak finds a young girl stranded without a coolie and wishing to make some money he offers to take her luggage home. The girl, Neeroo, looks suspiciously at this suit-clad coolie but with no other coolie around hires him. Dipak walks behind the girl groaning under the burden and at last reaches her home. Neeroo's mother offers Dipak some extra money as a tip which he refuses. Dipak now decides to spend the night singing near the girl's house. The song disturbs Neeroo's sleep and she comes out to the gate to ask Dipak to stop his song. When she learns that he has no home, she offers to let him sleep in her verandah, of course with the consent of her mother, who had also come out to the gate past mid-night to take notice of this singing coolie. Dipak spends the night in Neeroo's verandah.

Dipak comes to know that Neeroo only had a mother in the world and that she is a boarder in a school at another place from where she comes home to her mother every Saturday and returns to school after spending a day with her. Dipak becomes Neeroo's regular romantic coolie and begins to carry her luggage to and from the station every time she visits her mother.

Determined to avenge his insult and betrayal by Rita, Dipak starts blackmailing her on the strength of the numerous love letters she had written him. Fearing that she would lose a rich bird like Kumar if he saw the letters, Rita begins to part with the money Kumar hands over to her now and then. Dipak goes to his old gambling dens to add more money to the money received by blackmail. He has a cluster of friends who seem to be no better than drunkards, gamblers and brothel-visitors. One night Dipak's friends meet Kumar at the house of the prostitute, Munni Bai and are involved in a typical brothel-area quarrel with him. This results in Dipak's friends beating the drink-soaked Kumar almost to unconsciousness. But they win applause because they are painted sympathetically and are supposed to be the good characters in the story.

ALL ROUND A HARLOT

At Kumar's house, when his mother discovers that Kumar was turning into a reckless debauch, she tries to stop him cautiously and with indulgence. But he turns a deaf ear to her and arrogantly filling his pockets with currency notes continues to spend days and nights in sin and vice. And his mother who used to pour words from her mouth also begins to pour tears from her eyes. One night Kumar takes a pearl necklace from his house and gives it to Rita. As soon as he goes away, Dipak snatches it from Rita's neck and goes to his gambling den where as usual he meets Kumar. Kumar and Dipak decide to gamble with jewellery on their person and when Dipak puts that necklace on the table, Kumar claims that it was his and asks Dipak where he got it from. Describing Rita a little, Dipak tells him that he got it from her. Kumar immediately rushes to Rita for an explanation.

Himself a gambler and a blackmailer but nonetheless the 'hero' of this picture, Dipak thinks that Kumar was getting too

Their pots are never full because water brings weight which Max Factorized maidens cannot carry in motion pictures. Anyway meet Bina Rai, with her empty pot, in "Gauhar", a social theme directed by F. H. Hassan and produced by P. N. Arora for All India Pictures.

entangled in debauchery and decides to warn Kumar's mother. He goes to her and returning her a ring and the necklace which he had retrieved from Rita, tells Kumar's mother how Kumar was spending his days and how he had become a victim of the scheming Rita. But not prepared to hear anything against Kumar, she, as usual, shouts Dipak out of the house. When Kumar goes to Rita, she gives him a coloured version of the necklace story and says that her life was constantly threatened by Dipak. At this Kumar decides to give her shelter in his own house. His mother violently objects to the presence of Rita in her house but when Kumar literally pushes her away and begins to treat her like a maid-servant, she gives in though she still refuses to extend her approval to Rita.

At the other end, Neeroo instead of visiting her mother on a Saturday as usual comes home a day earlier. When she and Dipak reach her home they find it locked and learn from the watchman that it was the house of the prostitute Munni Bai who spent two days with her daughter and the rest of the days sang and danced at her brothel. Not believing her ears Neeroo rushes to the brothel with Dipak where she witnesses her mother singing and dancing before a crowd. The realization that her mother was a prostitute shocks Neeroo and denouncing her mother she hurriedly returns with Dipak. Seeing that her long-kept secret was at last out and that her daughter now knew the ugly reality of her life, Munni Bai reaches for the poison in her cupboard and commits suicide.

The story is now carried towards the climax with the help of crude, noisy and fantastic melodrama. Kumar's mother becomes a virtual servant in the house but she still refuses to take kindly to Rita. Once Rita feels greatly insulted by Kumar's mother and reports the incident to Kumar. Kumar makes a lot of noise and the crying and shouting mother creates some more noise till at last the son throws his mother down the stairs. Dipak enters to witness this scene and at once grapples with Kumar. The old woman refuses to die even after the fall and warns Dipak against touching Kumar saying that it was none of his business. Dipak then turns his attention to Rita and tells her to leave the house. Not liking this Kumar whips out a gun and fires at Dipak. But even the sex-less bullet feels attracted towards the buxom Rita and she sinks to the ground, dead. Kumar suddenly realizes that he had committed a murder and undergoing a quick change his mother requests Dipak to save his brother.

That noble bundle of bones straightaway heads for the police station and declaring himself to be the murderer of Rita, surrenders to the police. Kumar's mother visits Dipak in jail and tells him that she had now realized that he was a worthier son than her real son. She asks him not to implicate himself but the lanky symbol of sacrifice insists on replacing Kumar's neck with his own long one. In the usual court scene, when sworn over the Gita as a witness, Kumar's mother finds it difficult to tell a lie and declares that her own son Kumar was the killer. Dipak wins an acquittal and Kumar is arrested. The picture ends with Dipak and Neeroo once again together.

STUPID AND OBJECTIONABLE

This sordid tale with a crude and forced melodrama and superficial and unconvincing references to poverty and the usual current social slogans, is a disgusting travesty of reality and a mockery of human problems. Stupidities apart, with all its gambling and brothel scenes and portrayals of socially censurable characters, it leaves behind a bad taste in the mouth. In spite of all its 'Indian' complexion it looks like an ugly and illegitimate cross between a vice-and-sin-soaked Hollywood film and a third-rate trashy Indian film. And we wonder why should our censors have allowed such blatant presentation of rowdy drunkards on the screen when they were neither very necessary nor essential for the development of the story. Gay portrayal of drunkards on such flimsy grounds can only add to the difficulties of the Prohibition-enforcing states which are spending huge funds on banishing liquor from their midst. We are not holding a brief for Prohibition but there should be some consistency at governmental level in the approach to such subjects. And Keskar should also let us know if intoxicated gamblers deserve to be presented in sympathetic light.

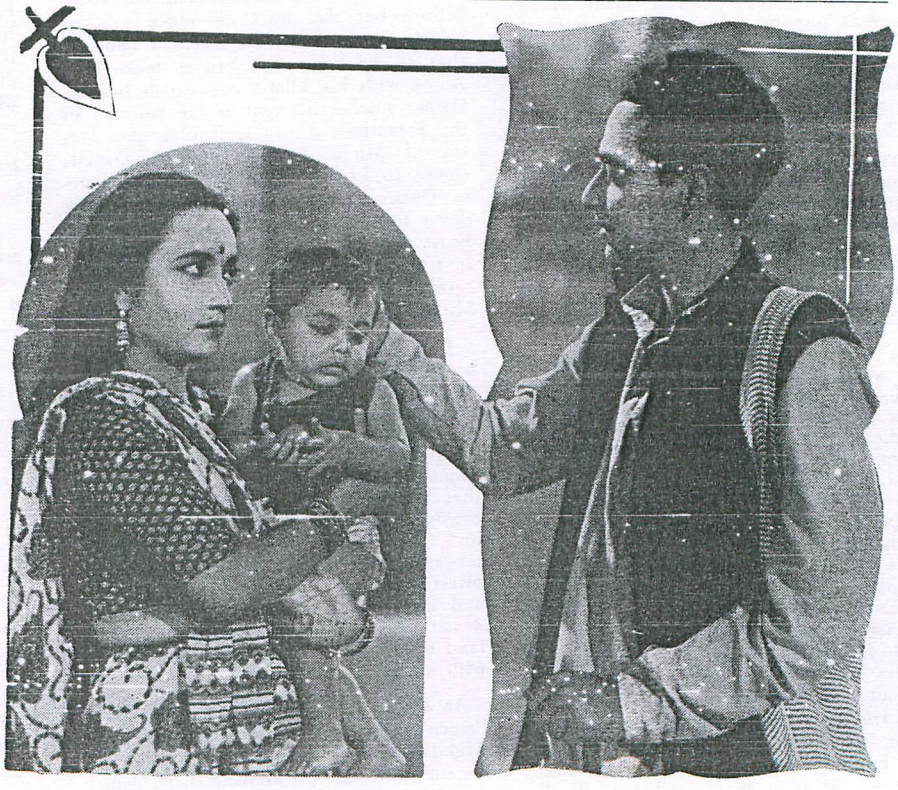
Technically the picture is as stupid as it is in its literary department. Photography is ugly and erratic while recording does not deserve any special award either. Dialogue is some ugly lump of prose. Music consists of noise at various pitches. Direction is disastrously poor.

Shammi Kapoor plays Dipak and only makes some incomprehensible faces and gives some awkward movements to his limbs. That boy should be in the circus not on the screen. Shyama as Neeroo only knows how to deck up her face with a screaming make-up, stretch her lips and show her teeth. The teeth however are pretty. Ravindra Kapoor who plays Kumar is just another disciple from the Kapoor school of acting. Paro as Munni Bai provokes laughter, the way this old girl still emphasizes her old curves. Lalita Pawar plays the foster-mother crudely and noisily. Cameramen should avoid her closeups so as not to emphasize her left eye which winks spasmodically. Jaijaiwanti as Rita looks quite a round and rotund football.

In short, Jubilee Pictures' "Thokar" is a disgusting motion picture with crude, unpleasant and blatant contents. It deserves a severe kick from the spectators as well as a second look by the censors.

THOKAR

Producers : **Jubilee Pictures**
Language : **Hindustani**
Screenplay & Dialogue : **Pandit Girish**
Songs : **Majaz, Prem Dhawan, Raja Mehdi Ali etc.**
Music : **Sardar Malik**
Photography : **Ranjodh Thakur**
Sound : **Jaginder Saigal**
Cast : **Shyama, Shammi Kapoor, Paro, Lalita Pawar etc.**
Released At : **Liberty, Bombay.**
Date of Release : **11th September 1953**
Directed By :
LEKHRAJ BHAKHRI



When a child comes, romance becomes a domestic casualty. Sova wonders what Paresh Bannerjee is about in "Babla", a social theme produced by M. P. Productions and directed by Agradoot.

"Husn-ka-Chor", Wadia's Arabian Abracadabra !

Disgraceful Picture For Illiterate Idiots !

Showing some Arabian Nights acrobatics on the screen is not even a mild demand on one's intellect. At best, it is a mediocre result of a legitimate profession used legitimately but without the strain of thought. There is a whole heap of these adventurous Arabian stories vividly written in books and there are a hundred Hollywood pictures to guide one in their visual interpretation on the screen. By their very nature the Arabian stories don't provoke any exercise of the intellect and the numerous Hollywood-made Arabian fantasies have minimised even the use of imagination. For all producers of this Arabian hocus-pocus, Hollywood has set down nice, polished grooves in which one can travel smoothly and without losing his way.

In Wadia Brothers' "Husn Ka Chor", Producer-director J. B. H. Wadia travels in the groove all right, but he eats the polish away, stumbles across a crude path and almost loses his way. If that can be called originality, J. B. H. must be congratulated for refusing to reveal even the capacity to imitate Hollywood. This man is original enough in failing to produce a compact and interesting junk of his own, even after borrowing freely from numerous other pictures. And though he set out to make an Arabian fantasy he only succeeds in making a cheap, crude and noisy stunt picture like so many of his previous pictures. Water always finds its own level and we don't blame J. B. H. Wadia, an old stunt-maker, if his picture instead of being a fair fantasy emerges as a crude and stupid stunt picture.

This Baghdadi bosh has all the usual jungle of magic carpets, flying horses, wish packets, fairies and genii. It has the usual princess who loses her heart to the usual dashing commoner but since it is produced by an Indian, it has also a triangle to the romance. And since the producer is J. B. H. Wadia who often has fits of intellectual delusions, this Arabian Nights fantasy, of all the things in the world, has a whiff of some synthetic philosophy also. The producers pose, at least in the booklet, the question: "What is the secret of happiness?" And then, believe it or not, they claim that "Husn Ka Chor" is a picture "which attempts to give a symbolical solution to the eternal query by stressing that 'Heaven dwells in the Purity of Heart'." This prologue perhaps gave J. B. H. some intellectual consolation that he was not making just an ordinary worn-out frame for Arabian acrobatics and that he did not have to blush like other honest and modest producers who make cheap stunt pictures without confounding philosophy. A man who tries to give a 'symbolical solution' to an 'eternal query' cannot be identified with a common producer of cheap stunt pictures. At least that is what J. B. H. seems to hope. Well, we don't know much about the secret of happiness but it seems to us that pompous ignorance still means bliss to a lot of unblushing, mediocre film producers who seem to believe that a stupid preface can lend some intellectual support to an utterly humdrum and undiluted stunt picture.

WADIA'S ARAB

This Wadia-made Arabian abracadabra shows a loony sort of fellow called Qamar indulging in thievish activities even in holy places in Muflis Ganj. Qamar is the popular leader of a gang of thieves who live by their wits and digits. When Qamar happens to lay his eyes on the precious jewellery worn by Princess Husna of Baghdad, his fingers begin to twitch. But when he lays eyes on the princess herself, his heart begins to patter. He steals into the harem, takes a good look at the princess bathing in the pond, fights with the guards and after returning her stolen jewels and whispering some sweet nonsense into her ears runs away.

The princess' beauty however soon brings him back and disguised as a prince he comes to woo her along with other genuine princes. All the princes try to impress Husna with their Wadia-imagined capabilities but the practical-minded princess selects Qamar to be her husband who says that all he knew was how to make love. Along with his idiotic companion Bakroo, Qamar pitches his tent at the palace. In the meantime, however, Nadira, the dancer of Muflis Ganj who loves Qamar, comes to know of the new developments in Qamar's field of affection and comes down to the palace with jealousy in her heart and a knife in her belt. She helps in tearing apart Qamar's disguise and the revelation that he was a common thief of Muflis Ganj lands him in jail.

But Nadira undergoes a change of heart and manages Qamar's escape from the custody. In spite of Husna's tearful protestations, Qamar returns to the priest in Muflis Ganj in whose holy precincts he used to pick pockets and cut purses. Qamar confesses to the priest and says that being an ordinary thief he did not consider himself worthy of the princess' love. But with an intellectual like J. B. H. managing the show, the heaven-pointing priest suddenly turns a sort of sorcerer and gives Qamar a formula equipped with which he goes to some Wadia-made fairy land on a phoney flying horse and returns with a box filled with wish dust.

At the palace, however, by this time Prince Turan has snatched the throne of Baghdad and is about to marry the reluctant princess. On arriving there Qamar starts sprinkling his wish dust and soon gets a large army sprung from nowhere. With this army he fights Turan and the local fifth columnists and succeeds in annihilating all. Nadira becomes a nice, understanding and co-operative girl and J.B.H. does not have to kill her. Qamar and the princess Husna fly away towards happiness on the magic carpet.

STUPID & DISGRACEFUL

Such fantasies must have elegance, polish and fireworks but with a producer torn between fantasy and philosophy, the picture becomes an ugly stunt picture hardly any different from the ones made twenty years ago. The horses and carpets fly with the same clumsiness, the Arabs still look both funny and phoney, the palaces look like some auction halls and the fairy lands look just ridiculous. The picture fails to convince even in a single frame. Perhaps a result of the 'intellectual' conflicts inside the producer !

Production values are too poor for an Arabian fantasy. Sets and costumes seem to be cheap and silly. Photography is disgustingly ugly while recording is faulty. Dialogue is stilted, lyrics lamentably commonplace and the music, with the exception of one song, absolutely unenterprising. J. B. H. Wadia's direction is just stupid.

Mahipal plays Qamar and does well, only you imagine that he is the last living man on earth. However, he is neither Douglas Fairbanks (Junior), nor Ronald Colman, nor Gene Kelly, nor even a cross between these. Arti, in the role of the princess Husna, looks ugly and doped with her eyes always at half-mast. If the Princess of Baghdad had been anything like her, the Arabian tales deserve to be burnt and forgotten. Usha Kiran as Nadira is the only woman in this picture who does not repel. Her dances are not very thrilling but she looks the only oasis in this eye-hurting desert called "Husn Ka Chor". The rest are all stupid eyesores.

In short, "Husn Ka Chor" is a disgraceful stunt picture on which it is a folly to waste one's hard-earned money. It is a picture for illiterate idiots.

HUSN-KA-CHOR

Producers :	**Wadia Brothers**
Language :	**Hindustani**
Story & Scenario :	**J. B. H. Wadia**
Dialogue :	**Tahir Lucknavi & J. B. H. Wadia**
Songs :	**Mehdi Ali Khan**
Music :	**Bulo C. Rani**
Photography :	**Anant Wadadekar**
Sound :	**Minoo Tumpal & J. Khajurina**
Cast :	**Usha Kiran, Mahipal, Arti, B. M. Vyas etc.**
Released At :	***Minerva, Bombay***
Date of Release :	**21st August 1953**

Directed By :
J. B. H. WADIA

"Jog Biyog" Has Some Human Appeal!

Touching Plea To Restore Joint Family Life!

Majnu was mad, they say, but so are all lovers because love is a very maddening emotion. Shammi portrays the great lover in "Laila Majnu" of P. N. Arora.

Sociological themes reflecting the woes and sufferings of middle class families seem to have got into the blood of Bengali film producers these days. Aj Production's latest picture, "Jog Biyog" is yet another outburst in the same vein. It portrays the trials, torments and treacheries of joint family life in a pretty interesting manner. Since the picture is presented from the point of view of parents who, after spending the major years of their lives in toiling and worrying over the care and comforts of their children and in superhuman efforts to keep a joint family from falling asunder, discover in the dusk of their lives that ingratitude is their reward and filial contempt their harvest, it has a strong human appeal and is not without its legitimate moral.

The theme, which is based on a short story entitled "Baje Kharach" (Unnecessary Expenses) by Ashapurna Devi, has been blown up into a full length feature film. The screenplay by Pinaki Mukerjee follows the original story up to the "shradh" ceremony of Rai Bahadur which in fact is its natural and logical end. But to fill the usual length of the film, it has unnecessarily been dragged thereafter by adding some silly and stupid situations which only serve to lessen the intensity of the theme. And in this process of inefficient enlargement of a short story the screenplay seems to suffer from many inanities and absurdities. The treatment is faulty at places with the result that some of the scenes lack natural flow while others which are unnecessarily repeated tend to be taxing. Particularly towards the end, the picture strikes an unnatural and exaggerated note. The general behaviour of the children as depicted in the picture is rather far-fetched, just as their sudden transformation in the end is far from convincing. However, in spite of the fact that the story development is uneven and looks repetitive and exaggerated and unintelligent at places, the picture's appeal lies in its simple and realistic theme of family life. Pinaki Mukerjee, who has also directed the picture, cannot be said to have done a bad job of his maiden picture. With a little more experience, the man might improve.

UNITED WE STAND

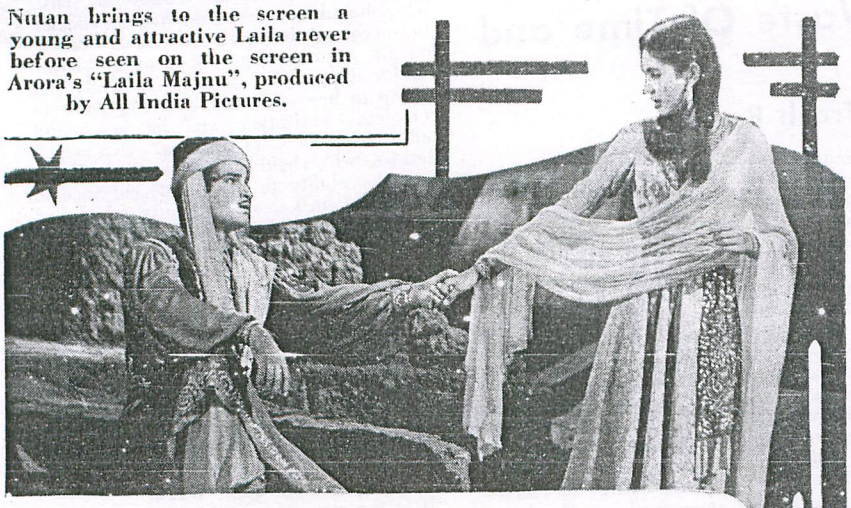
Rai Bahadur Jaminimohan, a pensioned old man, has a large family consisting of his wife, Santoshini; three sons, Subimal, Parimal and Nirmal; a widowed daughter with her little son Subrata and Geeta, a young school going daughter. The two elder boys are married and each one of them has a child. In addition, there is Govind, a distantly related orphaned nephew of the Rai Bahadur, held in great affection both by Rai Bahadur and his wife. Govind is an uneducated, good-hearted and simple person—in fact simple to the point of being considered a simpleton. He spends most of his time in gymnastics and in serving the neighbours in their distress and is always obedient to Rai Bahadur and his wife. When Santoshini gets him married to her friend's daughter, Gouri, he finds himself in an odd situation.

The old Rai Bahadur who has built up a home in a life-time for his sons and and daughters-in-law expects his children to maintain the joint family and to help him in his old age. But he is disillusioned to find them interested only in his money. Soon discord and discontent begin to rear their ugly heads in this home and the first crack in the joint family is seen on the day when the sons assisted by their wives dismiss an old servant of the family who had served them faithfully for thirty long years. The simple-hearted Govind tries to intervene and this leads to a quarrel with the sons who had always considered him a parasite.

When owing to financial stringency Rai Bahadur tries to economise the family budget, his children accuse him of being a miser and start fattening their own resources without bothering about their parents. Cordially disliking Gouri, Govind's wife, who did all the household work and who was looked upon by Rai Bahadur as the "Laxmi" of the house, the daughters-in-law one day, out of spite, accuse her of stealing their ornaments and even search her room. This results in Rai Bahadur and Santoshini being forced to turn Govind and his wife out of the house. Govind starts his life anew in a 'bustee' and finds work in a factory.

With the departure of Govind and his wife the sufferings of Rai Bahadur begin to mount. Even his little innocent pleasure like smoking is considered waste of money by his children. At last the old cheated man not only gives up smoking but also living and finds peace in death. After his death, the sons try to cheat the dead father even in his death by proposing

Nutan brings to the screen a young and attractive Laila never before seen on the screen in Arora's "Laila Majnu", produced by All India Pictures.



Love is an adventure of youth and Producer P. N. Arora for the first time lends youth to the classic romance of Laila Majnu by portraying Nutan and Shammi as the immortal lovers in "Laila Majnu", a sighing Persian romance directed by Amarnath for All India Pictures. This great story will grace the screen in November.

to observe the "shradh" ceremony as cheaply as possible till Govind appears on the scene and tries to arrange a befitting observance of the ritual at his own expense. This leads the perverse sons to suspect that their mother had some hidden money which she was now spending on the "shradh" ceremony through Govind. Santoshini is hurt to learn this and in a temper asks Govind to leave the house and promise her that he would not cross their threshold again. Thus bound by the promise Govind satisfies himself merely by inquiring about Santoshini's welfare without entering the house.

DIVIDED WE FALL

The joint family is soon broken up and the house is divided between the sons. The widowed mother and the young unmarried sister Geeta are given a dark and dingy room on the ground floor without any resources for their maintenance. Geeta gives up her studies and takes up a job but even that doesn't bring peace. The daughters-in-law keep taunting and harassing Santoshini constantly and the sons completely neglect their mother with the result that she falls seriously ill. When Govind learns about her illness he secretly sends a doctor, but thinking that it will serve no purpose he runs a long way like a mad man to get a divine cure for her. As he had promised not to cross the threshold, he scales the wall and enters Santoshini's room through the window and ties the amulet on her arm. And now the picture strikes its fantastically stupid note as the sons and their wives suddenly become repentant and the picture ends well with Govind being accepted in the family with open arms.

Barring the fantastic end, which constitutes a classic example of an absolutely disarming bathos, and some other equally ridiculous passages, the picture is quite interesting because of its human theme. Technically the picture is mediocre. Photography and sound recording are not at all satisfactory, while the music is very disappointing. The direction is not bad.

Jiben Bose in the role of Govind gives the best performance in the picture with a natural portrayal of an uneducated but good hearted person. He acts the simpleton convincingly except when he attempts to cry and his feminine voice begins to irritate. The veteran Chhabi Biswas draws a dignified portrait of old-age misery and helplessness in the role of Rai Bahadur. Suprabha Mukerjee in the role of Santoshini also gives an excellent performance. Chanda Devi is quite sympathetic as Gouri. The promising newcomer Mala Sinha as Geeta is good and she has a bright future if groomed by better hands. Paltu and Babua as the grand-children are appealing in their juvenile roles. The artistes who play the sons and daughters-in-law appear stereotyped and fail to convince.

In spite of its erratic handling and technical defects, "Jog Biyog" is quite an interesting picture because of its theme. As a sentimental story of family life it has some human appeal.

JOG BIYOG

Producers: **Aj Production**
Language: **Bengali**
Story: **Ashapurna Devi**
Music: **Rajen Sircar**
Photography: **Santosh Guha Roy**
Recording: **Gour Das**
Cast: **Chhabi Biswas, Jiben Bose, Suprabha Mukerjee, Mala Sinha and others.**
Released At: **Minar**
Date of Release: **10th July 1953**
Directed By: **PINAKI MUKERJEE**

Maya is a tantalizing dancer. She not only entertains film-goers but also thrills the film producers. That is double talent and though she doesn't know much of the book technique, her bodyline attack ought to get a number of wickets in "Hari Darshan", a godly theme directed by Raman B. Desai for C. M. Trivedi, the producer who refuses to quit, slump or no slump.

OUR REVIEW

"Bastab", A Criminal Waste Of Time and Money!

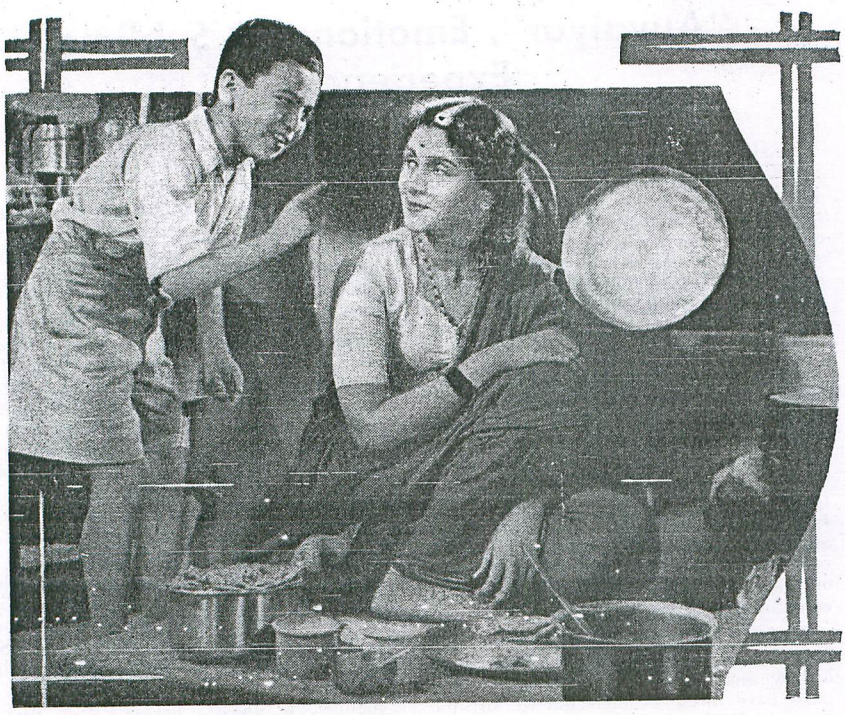
All Round Bengali Trash Bores!

It is disheartening to find that at a time when efficient and sincere efforts are needed to stave off the slump in the industry by making really good films, newcomers should enter the field of production to produce films of poor quality and cripple further an industry which is already on its knees. We would like people to throw their surplus money into the gutter than to produce trash with it and defame the film industry. Money alone cannot make a good picture and new producers who try to compensate with money their ignorance and inexperience about a specialized craft, only damage the industry. Invariably, pictures produced by such inexperienced people prove miserable flops and Poddar Pictures' maiden offering "Bastab" seems only to be another addition to this sky-scraping pile of flops.

It is a domestic theme presented against the prevailing economic distress in the country trying to prove that peace and harmony in the home can be maintained by mutual understanding and co-operation between husband and wife. Phani Ganguly, who has written the story and the script, also makes his debut as a director in this film. Unfortunately the story is so thin, lame and weak and its screen treatment so amateurish that what would have been a good domestic theme goes to waste. The story lacks continuity and contains too many loose ends with the result that it becomes too jerky and fails to produce any effect on the audience. Lacking a proper tempo it progresses at a slow pace to reach a certain point and when it does reach that point, the author-director appears to be groping for incidents to carry his story further. He then comes out with some strange pieces and tries to pad the story with unnecessary shots of sky, clouds and some ugly faces. Some of the characters are unnecessary and they serve no definite purpose in building up the odd story which in any case lacks conviction. The text and texture of this picture is so riddled with absurdities that it just makes no sense. Why should a poor clerk, having married an accomplished girl earning a decent amount and having got used to living comfortably on her income, suddenly put a stop to her work and drag her down to complete destitution and let her child suffer from lack of medical treatment? Besides, why should an accomplished girl with the ability to earn a decent income submit to such cruel stupidity when her parents happen to be well-to-do? If the husband's conscience pricked him for living on his wife's earnings after having had a lot of fun at her expense, what had happened to his pride and conscience when he agreed to marry her? These are only a few of the questions which the picture provokes. There are so many others that they reduce the picture to just a tiresome jig-saw puzzle. And the direction is as disappointing as the sense-eluding script.

LIVING ON WIFE

It is the story of a middle class Bengali family. Alak, a brilliant product of the university, works as a clerk on fifty rupees a month. Maya, the daughter of Professor Sen, is accomplished in music and earns a decent amount through broadcasting and gramophone records. Professor Sen likes Alak for his brilliant academic career and in spite of his being a



Cooking is an art which a woman often uses to blackmail men. We don't know what Sulochana is cooking at the moment but little Madhav Vaze seems to like the smell in "Vahininchya Bangdya", a social tale produced by Sadashivrao Kavi and directed by Shantaram Athavale for Chitra Sahakar.

poor clerk, he chooses Alak as the groom for his daughter and soon Alak and Maya are married.

Though ill-matched from the point of view of economic status, Maya tries to make the best of the marriage and brings sunshine into the life of the poor clerk through her own earnings. Thus the newly-weds fall in love with each other and carry on comfortably for a while. Alak soon gets into the habit of swanking and living a life of ease and comfort at his wife's expense though she always respects him for his education and good nature. In the meantime Maya begins to make more and more money through her musical talents.

Suddenly, the husband is struck with an inferiority complex and his pride and conscience, which were having a good comfortable snooze all this time, wake up. He loathes himself and his position in the family to which a child has also been added in the meantime. In trying to assert his position he forbids his wife to accept any contracts in the future.

This starts a misunderstanding between the once-happy couple which gradually drags the family to the state of utter destitution. The eyes of the unreasoning father only open when their child becomes seriously ill and the parents find themselves unable to provide even medical aid to the sick child due to lack of money. At last better sense prevails upon them; the husband and wife are reconciled and the child is saved by a good samaritan in the person of a landlord.

ROTTEN ALL ROUND !

Apart from its senseless and unconvincing story. the production has also no quality. Production values just struggle to reach an average standard but fail. Photography is not very pleasing nor is sound recording. Music is alleged to be the chief attraction with a particular emphasis on classical music, which is something unusual in a Bengali picture. But even this fails to arouse any interest in the picture though some of the tunes are not bad and are quite pleasing to the ear.

The performances are all poor or indifferent. Sunil Das Gupta as Alak and Pronoti Ghose as Maya have given very poor and absolutely uninspiring portrayals. They miserably fail to be even interesting. Pronoti Ghose, who had shown good acting ability in some of her previous pictures, hardly comes up to expectations. A newcomer Bireswar Mukerjee looks quite impressive as the patron of classical music. The others in the cast neither attract attention nor serve any purpose.

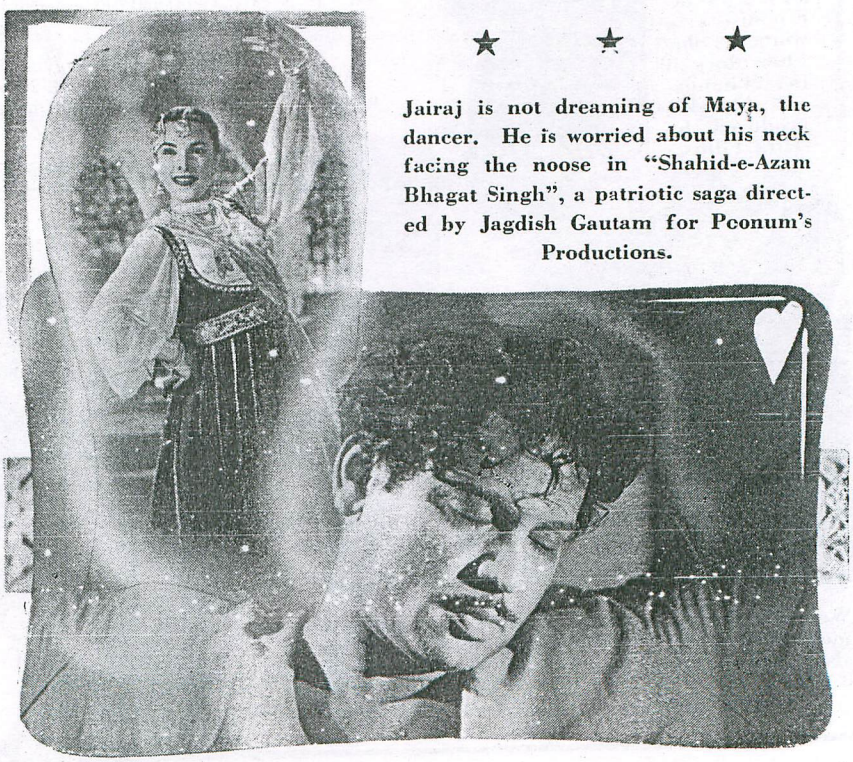
"Bastab" is disastrously poor in every respect. It is a pity that these new producers should have burnt their fingers so badly in their very first attempt at production. Let us hope next time they burn more midnight oil over the story before burning celluloid in the studio. Picture-goers are advised not to waste their hard-earned money over this picture.

B A S T A B

Producers:	**Poddar Pictures**
Language:	**Bengali**
Story:	**Phani Ganguly**
Music:	**Satyajit Mazumdar**
Photography:	**Bishu Chakraburty**
Recording:	**Manna Ladia**
Cast:	**Sunil Das Gupta, Pronoti Ghosh, Bireswar Mukerjee and others.**
Released At:	**Rupabani**
Date of Release:	**31st July 1953.**

Directed By:
PHANI GANGULY

★ ★ ★



Jairaj is not dreaming of Maya, the dancer. He is worried about his neck facing the noose in "Shahid-e-Azam Bhagat Singh", a patriotic saga directed by Jagdish Gautam for Pconum's Productions.

OUR REVIEW

"Auvaiyar", Emotional & Sublime Experience !

One More Triumph For Producer Vasan !

Producer Vasan scores a triumph once again. He has produced a picture on which one can shower unstinted praise. It is a wonderful blend of entertainment and inspiration and is a picture which should please all—men and women, young and old, villagers and city dwellers. It is already the talk of the South. Vasan's seven years of labour have borne fruit and a wonderfully radiant and delicious fruit.

Auvaiyar, the grand old lady of Tamil poetry, represents the quintessence of Tamil culture. She was a gifted and saintly woman who dedicated her life to the service of humanity, renounced everything including her youth and proceeded to propagate the message of hope, love and faith through her chaste and pithy verses and sweet and enchanting songs, which constitute a cherished and proud heritage of Tamil literature. "Auvaiyar" is the story of this divine flame on earth.

Like all great and beloved figures of a forgotten age, Auvaiyar has collected both history and legend around her. And it must have been a tough job to sift the huge available material for the purposes of the screen. But the scholarly manner in which this work has been done demands our praise. Since the story is essentially didactic, it does not permit of orthodox treatment. A rigid plot, the interaction of conflicting forces and a designed denouement all these are not there in the picture. It is just a ramble through life. But still it has harmony, humanity and even divinity. Rich in music, literary in flavour and sensitive in portrayal, "Auvaiyar" is a rare emotional experience—almost sublime in its effect.

CHILD OF LOVE

Auvaiyar was born in the jungle, a child of amour between a Brahmin and an untouchable woman. Left behind in the jungle by the parents when a storm suddenly broke, she was carried in her basket over rain-flooded waters to be picked up by Banar, a devotee of Siva. Banar and his childless wife bring the child up as their own.

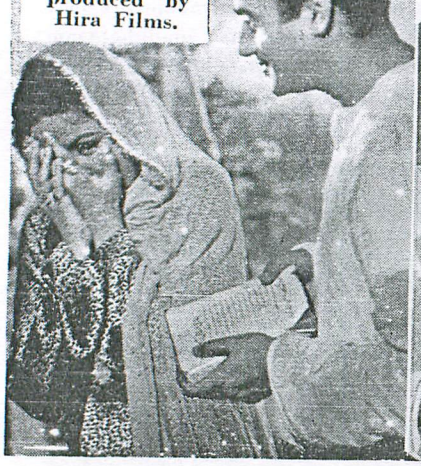
As a tender child of six, blessed by Vighneswara, Auvaiyar is precocious and can compose poetry, even to the extent of completing a verse over which a reputed scholar stumbles. When her foster-parents arrange her marriage, she prays for deliverance from the bondage of wedlock. God Vighneswara answers her prayers and, although young in years, she assumes the appearance of an old woman.

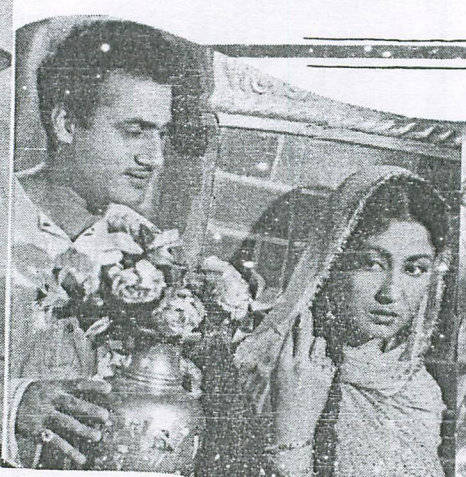
Dedicating herself to the service of humanity, with nothing in the world to call her own, she wanders far and wide. A rain-starved area is saved from the threat of famine when the rains generously fall in answer to her prayers. She tames a shrewish wife into caring for her husband. She settles, in a very intelligent manner, a quarrel between two women married to the same man. She redeems a miser, gets the two daughters of a murdered prince married to the men of their choice and lastly defies king and scholar to win a place on the "Sangham" for an epic piece of Tamil literature, 'The Kural'. At last when Divinity beckons, she ascends 'Kailas' and becomes one with the Infinite.

Consisting of a series of incidents physically disjointed but harmonized in spirit, the film remains a holy pilgrimage through life. It is a clean, sincere, honest and invigorating screen biography of an inspired and inspiring figure, enthusiastically owned both by history and legend. Music is the soul

The moon-faced Meena Kumari adds sex-appeal to "Chandani Chowk", a social entertainer of Hira Films directed by B. R. Chopra.

When men paint love, the portrait always becomes a woman. Shekhar does it in "Chandani Chowk", produced by Hira Films.





Women often invite trouble by being too shy because men want to see what is being hidden. But that is also a way of getting men interested. Meena Kumari is sizing up Shekhar with one eye in "Chandani Chowk" a romantic tale of Hira Films.

Everyone is interested in youth. Is it any wonder then that Meena Kumari attracts the attention of capped and uncapped bachelors in "Chandani Chowk", a romantic story directed by B. R. Chopra for Hira Films ?

weeks. When she learnt of his mistake, she didn't take rations for four weeks to make amends for the servant's ignorance.

The Court after "considering all the circumstances of the case", however, found her guilty and fined her Rs. 10|-.

POOR STUFF

Venice, September 6.

Though 30 films were shown at the Venice Film Festival, not one was considered worthy of the first prize, a gold lion.

Silver Lions, however, were awarded to 8 people:—Kenji Mizoguchi for the Japanese film "Ugetso Monogatari"; John Huston of Britain for "Moulin Rouge"; Federico Fellini for the Italian film "Vetelloni"; three independent American film producers, Ray Ashley, Morris Engel and Ruth Orkim for "The Little Fugitive"; Marcel Carne of France for "Therese Raquin" and Alexander Ptusko of Russia for "Sadko".

The Indian film "Jhansi ki Rani" was considered outstanding for its colour. Lilli Palmer was judged the best actress for her fine performance in "The Four Poster" while the best actor was Henri Vilbert for his excellent portrayal in "Le Bon Dieu Sans Confession".

BLACKMAIL !

Patna, September 1.

Patna students who have been agitating for concessional rates of cinema tickets since August 26, were warned by the Government of Bihar in a press note which said: "Should these demonstrations, involving breaches of law, continue, Government will have no option but to order prosecution of the offenders in order that peace may be maintained and the rights of other citizens safeguarded."

Vireshwar Prasad Verma, president of the Action Committee, said that the Committee was prepared to accept arbitration. If the exhibitors agreed to give concession rates to the students, they would stop picketing.

Many students are resorting to rowdy methods these days and they seem to take a strange delight in defying authority. Why not ask for concessions in a democratic way? Why not see less pictures and balance individual budgets?

BLUSHING AFTER SINNING

Hollywood, August 29.

Hollywood producers are becoming notorious in introducing sexy scenes in their pictures nowadays. Janet Leigh, the heroine of "Prince Valiant", is already blushing at the thought of being seen "nude" in a bathing scene by millions of filmgoers.

In this exciting scene, Janet wears a flesh coloured net "thing-um-a-jig" and parades her 36-inch bust, 21-inch waist and 34-inch hips. Said Janet: "I'd rather forget the whole thing but this scene makes me look like I'm really in my birthday suit! It's so revealing I kept my robe wrapped round me until the cameraman was ready to shoot. Then I dropped it quick and ran like mad into the lake".

What has Hubby-actor Tony Curtis to say about his wife Janet revealing her curves in this manner? Let us hope our censors are not carried away by Janet's wink. They should cut out this nude bathing scene in "Prince Valiant", without a second thought.

STILL AT IT

Newpor Beach, August 21.

Adolph Spreckels, the 41-year old millionaire heir to a sugar fortune, was arrested on suspicion of having beaten Kay Williams, his former actress-wife and causing her head and body injuries.

Kay is the fifth wife of Spreckels and she divorced him last year on grounds of physical cruelty. She had, however, taken an apartment near her ex-husband to meet her children Joan and Adolph oftener.

Spreckles spent quite a few hours in jail before he was released on a bond of $10,000.

TO BITTER END

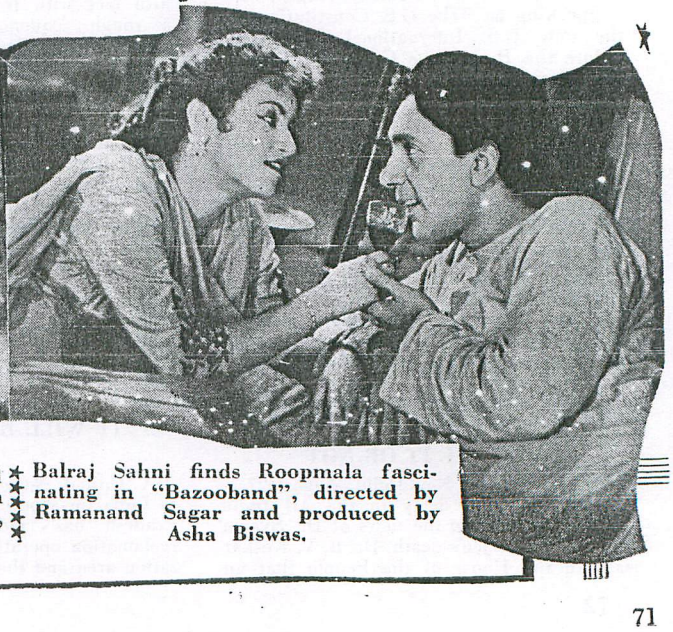
Bombay, August 19.

Mr. Justice Bavdekar and Mr. Justice Vyas, at the Bombay High Court, admitted two petitions filed by the Western India Theatres Ltd., lessees of certain cinema theatres in Poona City and Poona Cantonment, seeking leave to appeal to the Supreme Court against the decisions of the High Court dismissing their claims against the Poona Municipality and the Cantonment Board, Poona.

In the first suit before the Civil Judge, Poona, against the Poona Cantonment Board, the petitioners held that the levy

Sulochana Chatterjee returns to the screen after a long time in "Bazooband", a romantic story produced by Asha Biswas for Variety Productions.

The young always consult the old and Sindura thinks old Noor Jehan can solve her problem in "Bazooband", directed by Ramanand Sagar.



Balraj Sahni finds Roopmala fascinating in "Bazooband", directed by Ramanand Sagar and produced by Asha Biswas.

of entertainment tax by the Board from May 31, 1947, was illegal and prayed for an order of the refund of Rs. 45,802 which the Board had collected from them.

In the second suit before the Joint Civil Judge, Poona, against the Poona Municipality, the petitioners prayed for a declaration that the levy of a theatre tax by the Municipality from October 1920 and the enhanced levy of such tax from June 1941 and June 1948 were illegal and ultra vires and for the return to them of Rs. 29,980.

Both the suits were decreed in favour of the Western India Theatres. Then the Poona Municipality and the Cantonment Board appealed against these decisions. The High Court reversed these decisions and dismissed the suits.

PIOUS TALK

New Delhi, August 27.

Inaugurating the Children's Cinema Shows in New Delhi, Dr. B. V. Keskar, Minister for Information and Broadcasting, stated that there were not enough trained writers, artists and technicians to tackle the production of shorts for children. He urged parents and teachers to agitate for better children's films. If there was a demand, then producers would do something in this badly-neglected field.

Dr. Keskar also referred to the advance made in European countries in regard to children's films and suggested that our producers should follow their technique. The Government were already planning a few experimental shorts specially for children.

Dr. H. N. Kunzru, president of the Cultural Film Society, praised Dr. Keskar for his "genuine and laudable efforts" to improve the quality of music in broadcasts and films, especially those shown to children.

Whether films for children are produced or not, we are glad to find Dr. Keskar doesn't lag behind Pandit Nehru in speech-making.

BOGUS COURTS

Bombay, August 22.

Speaking on "The U.S. Constitution and the new U.S. International Obligation", before the Progressive Group, Mr. Justice Robert G. Simmons, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Nebraska, U.S.A., said that most of the court scenes shown in American pictures were far from reality and did not represent the courts as they really existed in America. Film producers laid more emphasis on entertainment with the result that the portrayal of court scenes was not always happy.

As regards the U.S. Constitution it was adopted from the British Royal Charter over 800 years ago. He also stated that the judiciary of his country was independent of the executive.

Court scenes in Indian films are also an eye-sore with their thunder and shouting.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

New Delhi, August 27.

Explaining the delay in the All India Radio broadcasting the news of Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee's death, Dr. B. V. Keskar said in the House of the People that an incomplete news agency flash about Dr. Syama Prasad's death was received at 7-58 a.m. Official confirmation was got a few minutes before 9 a.m. The next available home news service was at 12-50 p.m. That is why the news could not be broadcast in an earlier bulletin.

Most of the newspapers had brought out supplements without waiting for confirmation. Answering this charge, Dr. Keskar stated that the A.I.R. was known for its correct reporting and in the case of a well-known leader like Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee, who was under detention in Kashmir State, it did not want to take a risk and use an agency flash which was incomplete without confirmation.

This is a good eye-wash which should help the people to dry their tears. The Nehru Government has always handy explanations.

STARS
OF
'LAILA MAJNU'.

NUTAN — SHAMMI KAPOOR
OM PRAKASH — WASTI —
ULHAS — MASTER RATTAN
KUMAR — CUCKOO — KAMMO
— W. M. KHAN — KESAR
BAI — BABY CHAND
&
BEGUM PARA
&
10,000 MORE

FARCICAL CENSORSHIP

Hollywood, September 1.

Censorship in Hollywood seems to be quite a farcical affair. Producers release their pictures in spite of dissent from the Johnston office.

For instance, United Artists' "The Moon Is Blue", was denied a Seal of Approval. The picture was, however, released.

Producer Jack Broder's "Hannah Lee" also met with trouble because there was a rough sequence featuring MacDonald Carey and Joanne Dru, wife of John Ireland, the man who directed the picture. Said Broder optimistically: "Lack of a Seal won't stop my selling the picture".

In another script of M.G.M. which was scrutinized by the Johnston office, the censors objected to a bedroom scene between a scantily clad Shelley Winters and Fredric March with saucy dialogue. They agreed to pass the scene if the location was changed, say to the kitchen.

No wonder, American film producers still continue to produce sex and crime-laden pictures. Let us hope our censors here keep a vigilant watch on such pictures.

IT WILL BE ANTI-INDIAN

Lucknow, August 31.

A United Nations film unit is coming to India for shooting a documentary. Uttar Pradesh has made good progress with reclamation operations in the Tarai colonization area and the 16,000-acre government farm is considered to be one of the biggest of its kind in Asia. All these will be filmed.

A large part of the documentary covers the Food and Agricultural Organisation's work on India's development projects.

After finishing with India, the film unit will travel to Pakistan, Nepal and other Asian countries.

Let us hope the United Nations unit picturizes the bright and not the seamy side of Indian life if they are anxious to emphasize the good done by them to Asian countries.

GRAZING BETTY

Hollywood, September 1.

Hollywood actress Betty Grable termi-

THE EXPLANATION

We owe an apology to our readers for bringing out the September issue rather late in the month. The reading matter is always ready in time for the press but the following factors always upset our plans:

1. Many film producers owe us a lot of advertisement money. They often give us bouncing cheques which do not buy paper. The monthly financial arrangements therefore put a strain on our imagination.

2. Many of the producers who choose to advertise in Filmindia never send their photographs and lay-outs in time in spite of repeated calls by our canvassers. Their negligence is criminal and it makes us look criminals in the eyes of our readers.

3. The press, where we print Filmindia, has to observe several restrictive labour laws and nurse in addition two labour unions of the pinks and the reds. This upsets the apple-cart sometimes at the last minute.

4. Railways and post offices insist on staggering the dispatch of copies. This affects the voluminous production of the magazine and it takes nearly a week to dispatch all the copies to the 56 countries of the world where Filmindia goes every month.

All these factors are really outside our control but we have decided to sacrifice our usual advertisement revenue and refuse advertisements of film producers which come after the 15th of every month—as also those of which payment is not guaranteed. Though we shall lose a lot in adopting this procedure, we hope to regulate the publication of the issue and give our readers better service.

Readers will therefore find less film advertisements in this and subsequent issues of Filmindia. This cannot be helped.

Baburao Patel.

nated her contract with Twentieth Century Fox two years earlier than the scheduled time. As it is, Betty didn't get along well with Fox and had been suspended once on their pay sheet.

Now Betty is happy and wants to laze and "let Nature take its course", before she again shows her lovely dancing legs on the screen.

During 17 years of her association with Twentieth Century Fox, Betty made twenty-four pictures and in 1950, the U.S. Bureau of Internal Revenue rated her as "America's highest paid woman" with her salary at 299,000 dollars.

FILM SQUABBLE

Bombay, August 31.

On an ex-parte motion made by Ramshankar Naval in a suit filed by him against Messrs. Fine Art Films, New Art Distributors and Upper Indian Pictures Ltd., Mr. Justice Desai, at the Bombay High Court, granted an ex-parte injunction restraining defendants 1 and 2 from delivering any prints or publicity materials of the film "Char Chand" to the third defendants and also an ex-parte injunction restraining the defendants from exploiting the film in East Punjab territories.

The first defendants who produced the film "Char Chand" had sold to the second defendants the film and world distribution rights. The second defendants by an agreement dated September 8, 1952, sold to the plaintiff the distribution rights of the film for the East Punjab Circuit at a price of Rs. 26,000. The plaintiff paid an aggregate sum of Rs. 24,000 in part payment of the price. In October 1952, the plaintiff appointed Messrs. Khanna Film Exchange of Jullundur as his agents for the release of the film in East Punjab.

CREDITS

"LAILA MAJNU"

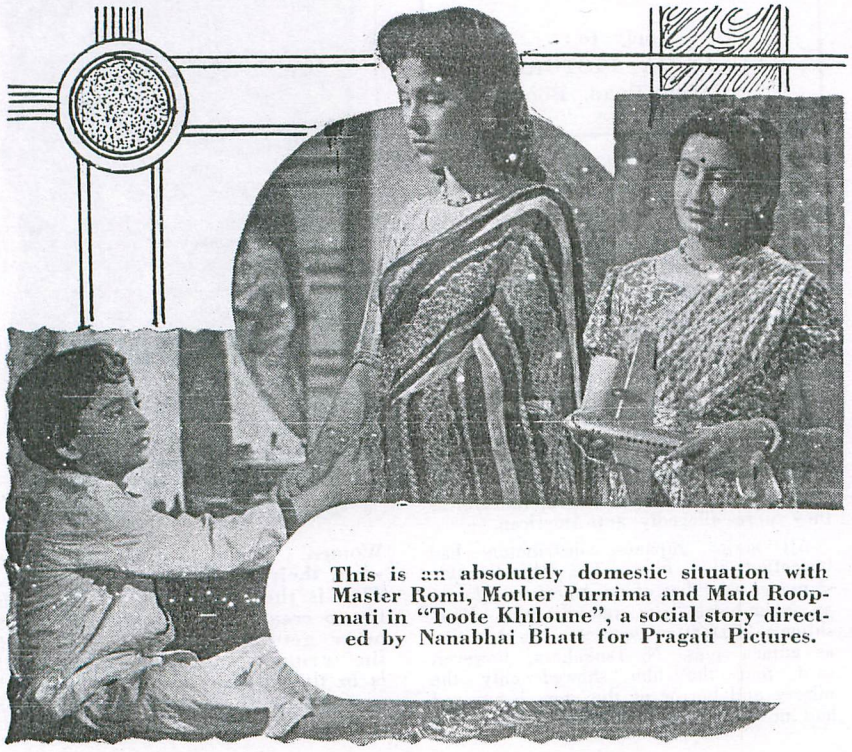
Direction	— K. AMARNATH
Story, Dialogue	— MUNSHI DIL
Music	— GHULAM MOHAMED
Songs	— SHAKEEL
Photography	— V. AVDHOOT
Art	— A. A. MAJID
Editing	— MOOSA MANSOOR
Dance	— SURYA KUMAR
Production-in-Charge	— R. L. ARORA
Technical Adviser	— M. L. ARORA
Production Manager	— MULRAJ KAPADIA
Production Secretary	— AMRIT RAI

Produced By

P. N. ARORA.

After the film was censored in July 1953, the plaintiff called upon the first two defendants to give delivery of the prints of the film against the balance payment of price. But they failed to do so.

On or about August 20, 1953, the plaintiff came to know that the first two defendants had wrongfully arranged to sell the distribution rights of the film in respect of the East Punjab territories to the third defendants. The plaintiff, therefore, sued for specific performance of the agreement, or in the alternative for the return of Rs. 24,000, a sum of Rs. 6000|- being the cost incurred by him and a further sum of Rs. 70,000|- as damages.



This is an absolutely domestic situation with Master Romi, Mother Purnima and Maid Roopmati in "Toote Khiloune", a social story directed by Nanabhai Bhatt for Pragati Pictures.

EVERYTHING FOR SALE

Hollywood, August 23.

Popular crooner Bing Crosby is becoming more bald everyday, finding out ways and means to meet the million-dollar income-tax arising from the will of his wife Dixie who died some months ago.

Bing, therefore, intends to sell his 70 race horses. Says Bing: "They were fine horses, ate well, ran well but there's no money in it." Bing's mansion in Beverley Hills is also on sale for 250,000 dollars but so far there has been no buyer. Yet another of his favourite house at Pebble Beach Golf course is available for 225,000 dollars.

There is no escape from the Income Tax department be it in America or India.

WAGES OF TYRANNY

New Delhi, August 16.

Replying to a question in the House of the People, Dr. B. V. Keskar revealed that the total amount realized during 1952-53 from rentals charged by the Government for films distributed by the Films Division was Rs. 31,18,300|- and the amount realized from foreign companies was Rs. 7952|-.

The rentals charged by the Films Division were practically the same as the rentals charged for foreign newsreels.

HER FIFTH TRAGEDY

Lausanne, August 24.

Mrs. Charlie Chaplin became mother of a baby boy on Sunday, August 23. This is her fifth child.

64-year old Charlie Chaplin seems to be going strong even at this age.

TWO KICKED OUT

Hollywood, September 1.

Celeste Holm is free from Hubby Schuyler Dunning, having obtained her final divorce decree.

Susan Hayward, of "David and Bathsheba" fame, has also divorced Hubby Jess Barker. At the moment, she is sick of publicity and leading a secluded life —that is the period of respite before she meets her Waterloo again.

IN MUGHAL BHOPAL

Bhopal, August 16.

Smoking in Bhopal cinemas has been banned. The Bhopal State Assembly passed all the three readings of the Prohibition of Smoking Bill within an hour of its introduction by Chief Minister Dr. S. D. Sharma.

Said the Chief Minister: "Although I am not a smoker yet I am convinced that it is nothing very sad. This Bill simply seeks to prohibit smoking in cinemas and other places of public entertainment. Nobody should construe from it that the Government has any ill-will against smokers."

Two amendments moved by Congress members were unanimously accepted by the House. The first authorizes the pro-

secuting officer to eject the offender from the place of entertainment without giving any warning as provided in the original clause. This is rather a drastic step and likely to be abused by some officers in power. The second amendment incorporated "charas" and "ganja" in the definition of 'smoking" in the Bill. Offenders are liable to be fined to the extent of Rs. 50|-.

SCOTT vs BOND

Hollywood, September 1.

Husky-voiced blonde, Lizabeth Scott, Hollywood's eligible bachelor girl, has begun to date producer Anson Bond.

Anson, who recently divorced his songstress wife Maxine, seems to be keen on Liz. At least, that is what gossiping tongues wag.

It looks as if Liz is preparing herself to surrender her freedom to Anson.

PRICE OF GLAMOUR

Calcutta, August 17.

A Calcutta Police Notification has drawn the attention of the public to a mode of cheating common in the city. It is not a new method but it continues to claim many victims. Many 'Ltd' concerns anxious to sponsor film productions spring up from time to time.

These concerns promise high salaries and offer employment to prospective employees against investment as "security deposit", to be treated as shares in the company. After appointing the agents, the 'companies' refuse to pay them or return the security deposits.

Laying a trap for the unwary in the garb of film glamour is the easiest job for crooks.

3-D UNPOPULAR

Hollywood, September 1.

According to recent reports, the popularity of 3-D films in America is already on the wane. Audiences are fed up, says the report, of having chairs thrown at them, tired of ducking and tired of even having their glamour girls "in the round". They want their old "flatties" back.

Hollywood has taken the cue and out of 12 top money-making pictures made recently, not one has been made in 3-D. From the present lot of 27 big films, only 5 are in 3-D.

And in India fools are rushing in for 3-D.

PACKED OFF

Calcutta, August 21.

Mr. Kumar Gupta, father of actress Jvotsna Gupta, died at the age of 74. Born in Dacca, Kumar Gupta was a pioneer in film equipment business in Bengal.

A JEW ON THE CROSS

Hollywood, August 22.

Young starlet Susan Morrow has fallen in love with wealthy New York garment manufacturer Gene Goldfarb. Their marriage, however, had to be postponed because Susan is a Catholic while Gene is a Jew. And both want the blessings of their families.

DISTRIBUTORS
OF
"LAILA MAJNU"

1. **Bombay**
INDIA FILM EXCHANGE,
Patel Chambers, French Bridge,
Bombay.

2. **Delhi & U.P.**
GOODWILL PICTURES LTD.,
Chandni Chowk, Delhi.

3. **East Punjab**
NOVELTY PICTURES,
Jullundur.

4. **Bengal**
JANATA PICTURES &
THEATRES LTD., Calcutta.

5. **Central Provinces**
FREE INDIA PICTURES LTD.,
Bhusaval.

6. **C. I. & Rajasthan**
J. J PICTURES, Indore.

7. **Sind—Baluchistan**
PAKISTAN FILMS,
Bunder Road, Karachi.

8. **Overseas**
INTERNATIONAL FILM
DISTRIBUTORS, Bombay.

9. **For East Pakistan, West Punjab, Frontier & South**

Apply to :
ALL INDIA PICTURES,
Cadell Road, Bombay 28.

It is a pretty ticklish situation with two widely varying religions wanting to merge in marriage.

REVIVING VILLAINY

Tokyo, September 1.

The picture "On the atom bombing of Hiroshima" produced by the left-wing Japan Teachers' Union, has started a nation-wide controversy.

The picture was produced with the Union finance and the actual residents of Hiroshima were used as actors. N. Tsukahara, deputy secretary of the Union, said that the distributors had asked the Union to make certain cuts in the film as they were allegedly anti-American.

All major Japanese distributors had boycotted this film. The objectionable sequence was that of an American pilot of an atom-bomb who remarks that Hiroshima's 200,000 citizens were to be used as guinea pigs. N. Tsukahara, however, said that the film showed only the misery and horror of the atom bomb and had no hatred for anyone.

IMPROVING THE WORLD

Calcutta, August 15.

Members of the Calcutta Corporation met at a weekly meeting and postponed consideration of a motion whereby the exhibition of sex-ridden films to persons below 16 years of age would be prohibited and the producers encouraged to produce better films for young boys and girls.

The postponement was made on a reference by Congress councillor Mr. Karam Hossain who pleaded for referring back the motion to the Standing Health Committee with a request to bring in a comprehensive motion on the vital subject.

Some of the points discussed were: 1. No exhibition of immoral films to children under 16 years and restrictions on their production. 2. Stoppage of exhibition of obscene posters and securing prior approval of the Corporation for exhibition of cinema posters. 3. Doing away with queues by increasing the number of counters. 4. Stoppage of matinee shows on week days except Saturday and Sunday.

The attitude of the Corporation in regard to the matinee shows is far from sensible. Let us hope the Corporation doesn't do anything so foolish.

SECOND-HAND STUFF

Hollywood, August 20.

Everyone in the know swears that actor

Women begin to look at heaven when their plans on earth go wrong. That is the tragedy of all those who try to create heaven on earth. They never get heaven but lose earth in the struggle. Beautiful Shakuntala is in this dreamy mood in "Lahren", a romantic theme directed by H. S. Rawail for New Sai Productions.

Have a look at this daintily embroidered jacket in crisp pink taffeta. The embroidery is worked in black. Because of its smart cut, you can wear it either by day or by night.

Robert Taylor will marry beautiful Ursula Thiess as soon as he returns from Europe. Ursula will become an American citizen and bring her mother and two children to Los Angeles. Bob is so struck with Ursula that he doesn't see the face of any other girl.

A pretty moony phase for a man !

NEW MODEL

Hollywood, August 22.

Actor Clark Gable, after quite a few attempts at married life, is again at the same old game. This time it is French beauty Susan Dadole Dabadie.

Susan is a French Schiaparelli model but if Clark marries her, he will become a sculptor and fashion his model the way he likes best.

RACING FOOLISHLY

Bombay, August 25.

The Films Division has already begun work on a 3-D documentary, the first of the series, to keep in line with the craze of the Indian audiences for 3-D.

The Films Division has constructed its own three-dimensional camera. While exhibiting 3-D documentaries, polaroid glasses will be loaned to the public by the Films Division.

It is evidently a desperate attempt to earn more rentals.

THEY DISTRIBUTE

"SHABAB"

A SADIQ PICTURE

1. **U. P. Delhi**
JAGAT TALKIES DISTRIBUTORS, Chandni Chowk, Delhi.

2. **Bombay Circuit**
TARACHAND PICTURES, Naaz Cinema Bldg., Bombay 4.

3. **East Punjab**
SHREE GOPAL FILMS, 195 Railway Road, Jullundur.

4. **Bengal**
RADIANT PICTURES, 56 Bentinck Street, Calcutta.

5. **South India**
LIBERTY PICTURES, 234-A Anandrao Extension, Gandhinagar, Bangalore City.

6. **C. P. C. I.**
BHARATI FILM DISTRIBUTORS, Raj Talkies Bldg., Indore.

7. **Overseas**
OVERSEAS FILM CIRCLE, 321 Vithalbhai Patel Road, Kumud Villa, Bombay.

8. **W. Pakistan**
EVERGREEN PICTURES, Mcleod Road, Lahore.

STABBING

London, August 31.

An American-owned cinema in London will release the documentary film of Britain's fight against Malayan terrorists.

This very documentary was banned by all London cinemas as it was considered to be bad entertainment.

Have three months of delay made it entertaining? That is a question for the proprietor of the American-owned cinema to answer.

OVER-USED NERVES

Venice, September 3.

Errol Flynn was suddenly struck with partial paralysis of the legs while dancing with a young film actress.

He is now under medical treatment. Specialists have not yet commented on the nature of his affliction but it is likely to have resulted from an injury to the nerves of his leg and back.

DEAD MAN'S TALK

Edinburgh, September 5.

Producer Orson Welles gave a long talk at the Edinburgh Festival in which he told listeners that the film industry is "dying". He added: "When I say that films are dying I do not just mean that the films are not good. I mean that they are dying economically. If the Eady Plan were taken out of the English film industry and the Government aid were taken out of the French, Italian and Spanish industries, they would collapse. India and Japan are the only two countries in the world which are paying their way."

We don't know whether the film industry is "dying" or not but we nearly died when we saw Orson Welles' last masterpiece "Othello".

THE OLD INSOLVENT

Lahore, September 1.

Producer W. Z. Ahmed, now a 'big gun' in the Pakistan film industry, has suggested that the ban on the import of Indian films into Pakistan should continue. He further says that Pakistan will be able to produce enough films to feed their theatres.

We have already commented on this fanatic and pseudo-patriotic agitation against Indian films in "filmindia" of August 1953. W. Z. Ahmed's tongue-in-the-cheek talk only proves how right we were in our comments.

Women look to heaven not for bread or blessings but for romance. It is a prayer for a companion which Nigar Sultana is sending up in "Madhur Milan", a romantic tale produced and directed by K. G. Punwani.

WOES & ECHOES

(This is the readers' forum—as and when space permits. From the producer to the lay filmgoer, every one can write to the Editor and ventilate his grievance. For every letter published in these columns, the publishers will pay Rs. 5|-. Letters should be signed and marked "Woes and Echoes". Photographs of the readers will be published along with their letters, if convenient.—The Editor.)

AMEN !

"Your editorial "Father, Forgive Them" in the August issue of "filmindia" is really worth our tears. Of all the countless articles that have appeared in newspapers and magazines throughout the country on the sudden and tragic demise of Dr. S. P. Mookerjee, this one is decidedly the most touching.

"Whatever arguments our great Prime Minister may have to offer in answer to the allegations made by Lady Mookerjee, it cannot be said that the death of the "Sher-e-Bengal" is completely free from mystery. Now that the notorious Abdullah Government has been sacked and replaced by one which is comparatively more helpful towards us, a thorough public inquiry should be instituted and full facts placed before the people.

"Dr. Mookerjee has shed his mortal coil and passed on into the great beyond, but the influence of his spirit can still be felt in our public life to guide us on to the way he showed us. Men like him never die. As the poet says,

"There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown,
They shine for ever more."

SIMLA. *Prithi Paul Singh.*

AN HONEST MUSLIM

"Some of your statements on politics and political leaders appear fabulous and fantastic at the first reading. To my great surprise and satisfaction, a glaring instance to contradict that idea of mine came when I read about Sheikh Abdullah's dismissal.

"A student of medicine, having very little interest in politics I had the idea that the leader of the beautiful valley was practising true secularity in his state, he himself having deprecated communalism and its nasty outcome. But behind the mouth trumpeting secularity and equality, existed shades of unstinted communalism, nepotism and hypocrisy, which you long before had excavated. Your remarks were but forecasts of events that actually happened after four months."

CUTTACK. *Bhubaneswari Misra.*

BLIND FAITH

"Your editorial in the August issue of "filmindia" is revealing. The life of a great Indian has been lost under mysterious circumstances and a great Indian like Nehru cannot circumvent the demand for an open enquiry by the bereaved mother of Shri Syama Prasad Mookerjee, by conveying sincere condolences or his frank conclusions. It is never too late to act and we have faith that Pandit Nehru will even now act."

COLOMBO. *K. Swaminathan.*

VOICE OF MILLIONS ?

"Devastating frankness and rare courage charaeterize your espousal of the cause of the bereaved mother of Dr. Mookerjee in your moving leader in "filmindia" of August. Really unstinted praise and gratitude flow straight from the hearts of your readers for your masterly analysis of the great mother's letters to Pandit Nehru. You undoubtedly top the list of journalists who have given a touching support and soothing encouragement to the heart of the great mother crying with agonising pain over her son's end in the clutches of bestiality far away from her arms of love.

"It adds to one's grief to learn of the negative attitude of Pandit Nehru to the simple request of the old mother for an enquiry into her son's case. May God as well as your touching expressions give some wisdom to Nehru so that he should move an inch to save the sinking boat of "Truth" and "Justice"—the very ideals Dr. Mookerjee stood and fought for. Dr. Mookerjee held aloft the banner of truth all his life: he has dedicated his everything in his motherland's service and who doesn't know that now he sacrificed his life for saving Kashmir from the sinister designs of Abdullah?

"Bravo, Mr. Patel! You will be the saviour of the vanishing ideals of truth and justice, if you voice the call of the millions for an impartial and just enquiry into Dr. Mookerjee's so-called "mysterious death"!"

JULLUNDUR. *Miss Kaushalya.*

We are asked to believe that this one is a dhobie-woman—one born with the heritage of washing dirty linen. If all dhobie-women are going to be as attractive, then there is going to be a lot of dirty linen in bachelor quarters. Anyway let us see which dhobie is lucky enough to get Kamini Kaushal in "Rami Dhoban", a social theme directed by Hiren Bose for Navkala Niketan.

STOOGE PRESS !

"Your jewel of an editorial, "Father, Forgive Them" in the August issue of "filmindia" is an example—and a unique one at that—of dignified and restrained journalism. To a large number of your readers this editorial must have come as a surprise, because knowing your views on the present politics they must have expected a very 'strong' editorial from you. The solemnity of the occasion and the weight your words carry, however, dictated the only wise course—that of recapitulating the facts and leaving it to the reader to judge for himself.

"When it has seemed to you a patrio-

tic duty you have spared none, and never allowed your personal opinions to influence your criticism. That on this sad occasion you have not tried to make political capital out of a national loss shows the heights to which you are capable of rising.

"I wish more and more papers would emulate your shining example and serve the cause of the country!"

BOMBAY. *Mohansingh S.*

HOPING AGAINST HOPE !

"Your excellent editorial, "Father, Forgive Them" is most impressive and inspiring. The way and manner in which you have analysed the correspondence between Pandit Nehru and Lady Jogamaya Devi is very interesting. You have argued like an able advocate in defence of the country and one is shocked to realize the imbecility of the Nehru government. Let us hope this at least will open Nehru's eyes.

"Long live Baburao Patel !"

BANGALORE. *B. L. Srinivasa Murthy.*

POLITICAL MYSTERY

"The heavens will bless you for your efforts to analyse Dr. S. P. Mookerjee's death in your touching editorial "Father, Forgive Them" in the August issue of "filmindia". Besides your editorial is an X-ray plate from which anyone can easily see the state of Pandit Nehru's heart over a sad loss which plunged 350 million people of our country into a bottomless ocean of sorrow. Dr. S. P. Mookerjee's death is still a mystery to us. It is a shame for Pandit Nehru that one of the brave fighters for India's freedom should die in prison. The exchange of correspondence between Pandit Nehru and the grief-stricken mother published in the "filmindia" only shows Pandit Nehru's lack of courage and his indifference to search for facts and hold an enquiry. His reply to 84-year old Lady Mookerjee is just like adding an insult to injury. If Pandit Nehru cannot do justice, God will do it and the offenders will be punished sooner or later.

"But one thing is certain. No secret act of sin, no deliberate crime has ever escaped punishment. Blood would cry out for blood. The biter would be bit. The cup of poison one had prepared for others would be lifted to his lips.

" 'Nehru will escape truth, mother, and children are starving, while thousands of our people suffer from dreadful diseases like T. B., cancer and leprosy without medical aid, our government is spending in crores every year on Kashmir. Therefore I will not hesitate to add that I cannot think of a greater crime than losing Kashmir to Pakistan. Am I not right Mr. Patel?"

BANGALORE. *J. B. William.*

ASK HIM !

"Nehru will escape truth, mother, and your son's death will go unavenged because the wombs from which Hindus come are themselves temples of piety and forgiveness'—so you wrote in your leader "Father, Forgive Them" appearing in the August issue of "filmindia". How prophetic your words are, Mr. Patel! You have, in your own characteristic and inimitable style, summed up in a nutshell, the status of Hindus in India.

"Shocking as the death of Dr. Mookerjee is, Pandit Nehru's refusal to remove the veil over the mystery surrounding his death is, to say the least, astounding. If Pandit Nehru "arrived at the clear and honest conclusion that there is no mystery in this and that Dr. Mookerjee was given every consideration", then why does he side-track the issue of an impartial enquiry into the case so pertinently demanded by Lady Jogamaya Devi? May I ask whether Pandit Nehru, the symbol of secularity that he is, will lightly brush aside such an issue should Sheikh Abdullah, who is now in detention, die (may God forbid) in prison?"

KAVERIPETAI. *K. S. Chari.*

POLITICS & CONSCIENCE ?

"It is not for effect that I say that even the actual news of the death of Syam Babu did not bring tears to my eyes as did the perusal of your editorial captioned "Father, Forgive Them" appearing in the August 1953 issue of "filmindia". For, every word of the editorial went straight to the innermost recesses of my heart and try as I might, I could not help but shed tears. I am sure that even if the pathetic letter of Lady Jogamaya Devi failed to move Pandit Nehru, your editorial under reference can never fail if only he has such a thing in him as conscience, and though he might avoid a public enquiry, he cannot escape the pin-pricks of a guilty conscience. Can he, Mr. Editor?"

SECUNDERABAD. *K. V. Gopal.*

THAT WILL COME LATER !

"Rounding off his talks with Pandit Nehru, Shri Mohamed Ali, Prime Minister of Pakistan, in his last Press Conference at Delhi said that he would like to see headlines in the newspapers that Kashmir was given as a gift to the people of Pakistan and that it was in the Hindu tradition to do so. What audacity! It just does not lie in his mouth to say that it is in the Hindu tradition to make gifts. We need no reminders in this direction in as much as we know what gifts to make, to whom to make and when to make. Besides we know our traditions only too well. Did we not make a gift of rupees fifty-five crores to Pakistan and invite trouble? Should we now make a gift of Kashmir and dig our own grave? What a preposterous proposition to make, sir? Thank goodness, the Pakistan Premier stopped with asking for a gift of only Kashmir and not the whole of Bharat on the plea that four crores of Muslims still live there !"

SECUNDERABAD. *K. Devanathan.*

TRUTH TRIUMPHS

"Your leading article in the August 1953 issue of "filmindia" is a landmark in the editorial sphere and it takes my salute.

"It is a transparent exposure of Abdullah's bigoted imperialism which has at last resulted in his dismissal and detention by the Jammu and Kashmir Government.

"Please accept my congratulations for that and also for your forecast that Abdullah will reveal himself to be a traitor to the nation."

NEW DELHI. *Maharaj Krishan.*

TRUE TO THEIR CREED !

"It was indeed a strange and timely coincidence that the August issue of "filmindia" was available on the stalls on the day Sheikh Abdullah was dethroned and detained. Your leader had therefore all the more significance and I am quite confident that those who read and enjoy your paper must have studied the article twice over.

"You have painted a transparent picture about the Mookerjee's death episode and it was not hard to imagine the behind-the-carpet happenings culminating in the tragic end of this great fighter for people's rights. No other person could have filled the place so competently that was formerly occupied by Sardar Patel during India's agitation for independence. Indeed what Sardar Patel was to India in the days of British rule, Dr. Mookerjee was to the country in these days of Congress domination.

"You have however forgotten your own oft-repeated words that politicians are little men and therefore to expect Pandit Nehru to say on his return to India from his Coronation tour, "I have come back to a mourning nation as one more mourner", is nothing short of betraying political sagacity. It is however gratifying to find that those responsible for the death of Dr. Mookerjee did not shed crocodile tears."

BOMBAY. *Ishwar V. Mahbubani.*

SORRY !

"Congratulations to Judas for that excellent article "No Venture, No Gain". However, let me suggest a thing which Judas forgot to mention. Any insurance company which has even a semblance of being a good one, ought to insure Madhubala and her dad against finishing any pictures of which they announce production. Such a company would simply mint money, having about one per cent chance or even less, of paying back the money."

NEW DELHI. *Indra Mohan Sahai.*

YOU, OPTIMIST !

"Our heartiest thanks to Judas for his "Bread With Dignity". It really does seem incredible that while most people would think it to be a matter of pride to appear well groomed and dressed in public, our film stars, of all the persons, think otherwise. It is difficult to understand the sense in sporting a thick crop of hair which would do credit to nobody except an uncivilized and ill-bred person. Even if our film actors want to have a distinctive personality of their own, this is certainly not the way to develop it. As about actresses like Begum Para, the less said the better!

"Our film folks, it is noticed, always need some kicks before they realize their follies, and we do hope that this strong one by Judas would restore them to their senses."

NEW DELHI. *Nisha Sahai.*

THE GODDESS OF HOMES

"Writing under the heading "Whip Them And Teach Them", in the July issue of "filmindia", Judas put in a pithy

sentence the remedy for the shameful crime in which a college girl was 'pinched'. He wrote, "All the frustrations nursed during 200 years of our slavery now seem to seek a criminal expression in wrong national attitudes and anti-social behvaviour." His observation has been corroborated by last month's sordid happenings in the Brahmin 'agraharam' of Tuticorin. Members of the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam under the camouflage of Dravidasthan have been carrying on a vilifying campaign against a particular community. Not satisfied with mere slogans, they are stated to have molested undefended women. Judas had, evidently, in mind, the nefarious propaganda and anti-social activities of these people too. I therefore feel that the same punishment which Judas had suggested be meted out to these miscreants too. However, I hope that the wise words of Judas will not fall on deaf ears and that now at least they will behave. For their benefit may I reproduce those memorable words: 'We have to respect our women round whose person we have built our entire culture, religion and civilization.' "

CALCUTTA. *P. S. Easwaran.*

OUR FILMS IN EUROPE

"I am settled down in Germany and lecture in Indian Philosophy to University Students here besides writing articles on India in the German press.

"Recently while visiting France I saw "Awara" in the International Film Festival. Then here in Germany itself "Mangala" was released in a number of German cities. I must admit that both these films were a failure and could not run for long. They were not much appreciated either. I have discussed with the cultural groups as well as producers and exhibitors the reasons of failure. The disappointment of the public has also been taken into account while detailing the reasons of failure.

"Firstly, all the foreign films shown in Germany and other countries of Europe have to be synchronized with dialogue in the language of the country. The Indian dialogue has to be translated and redubbed. This is not always properly done because the transformation through English sometimes loses much of its sense. Secondly, too many songs in Indian films have to be cut. The foreign audience does not appreciate the songs in between. Not only that they regard these songs as boring, there being not much of action while these are being sung, but also that they have mostly nothing to do with the story itself and thus distract the attention from the plot of the story. In many places songs are cut in such a way that continuity of the story is broken.

"Thirdly, many scenes have to be cut. Indian producers film so much and then like to include all they have filmed in one film. Judicious editing sometimes would make the Indian film very much better. But that would mean cutting quite a lot of film and thus wasting it. The Indian producer does not like to do it. He probably thinks that since "we have spent money in filming the pieces let the audience see it in addition to what they should actually see as part of the well-edited film." Here in a foreign country they cut and cut so badly that not only the unnecessary portions are cut but some relevant portions are cut too, leaving such a jumble in the end that the film has no attraction left in it.

"Fourthly, a foreigner is disappointed to see in the Indian films a cheap copy of Western modes and a poor copy of Hollywood. Unfortunately, even the original Hollywood films which our Indian producers copy are not liked in Continental countries. The after effect therefore is not a happy one. They expect something different from a country which represents a culture of thousands of years and is generally regarded as a country of spiritual standards in its outlook and thought. Of course it does not mean that the films showing at every step miracles of gods and goddesses would be successful here. Not at all. But films with Indian cultural background, simple story and devoid of poor Hollywoodian touch would be having more chances of success if properly edited and introduced.

"Fifthly, a prejudice exists here, perhaps rightly, that Indian films are too long and include all sorts of rubbish. This prejudice has resulted in cutting Indian films so much and to such a short duration that the audience is disappointed.

"Would you as a pioneer in the field of advocating sensibility in Indian film production like to do something to remedy this situation? You are a very resourceful and original-thinking man and may have your own ideas about it, or perhaps would not like to be involved at all in this. But if you are interested, would you for example consider the creation of a non-official, advisory organization, run on business lines, which would undertake the task of advising the parties intending to show their films here, have them approved, suitably cut and edited by the interested parties over here under expert supervision? This is just a rough idea and may be modified, but I think it will be of immense benefit to the country and the industry as a whole. I know Hindustani, English and German as well as many cultural parties here. I am also in touch with the film trade and know their ideas on this question. If in the whole scheme of this nature, I could be of some help I should be glad to lend my hand."

Grindelberg 68-6,
Hamburg 13, GERMANY. *S. Gupta.*

ACCEPTED !

"When the new feature entitled "Reviewed In Hollywood" was introduced in "filmindia" a few months ago, I was frankly sceptical and, what is more, I considered it a waste of much valuable space. I had also the feeling that your Hollywood correspondent was unduly harsh in his criticism of American films and especially hard on "Salome" which he chose to describe as "a shipload of sex, spectacle and glamour heaped over a speck of religion . . . . . inaccurate as history and obnoxious as screen entertainment". I now find that the following are some of the choice epithets showered on the film by the British Press: "a ponderous and clumsy attempt to eke out sex out of religion", "a shameless perversion of the Bible and a blot on Hollywood's record", "difficult to put into words the feeling of revulsion engendered by the opulent, vulgar, boring and humourless exhibition" and "This shameful film should be scrapped". This has opened my eyes and I realize how unjust I have been in my estimation of your correspondent's criticism. Please accept my apologies and continue the good work."

MADRAS. *P. Krishnamurti.*

CALLING MADRAS POLICE !

"Filmindia" which is most carefully read by the Police Intelligence Department to know authoritative news about sensational and doubtful matters should also take similar interest in what a reader voices here as an interesting case worth their attention and action.

"I am an invalid desiring to ride "doubles" on a bicycle as I feel this the only vehicle of conveyance fit for me, considering my inability to walk and still greater incapacity to pay for transport as I am incomeless and idle at home.

"I enjoy several concessions in the Railways, cinemas etc. As a matter of fact, sons of railway employees over 20 are not eligible for free passes but I get them all right though I am 23 today. With this concession I have travelled all over India and in Delhi I witnessed to my delight the entire population riding four-on-a-bike with no protest from the Police. Then can I not as an invalid ride "doubles" in Madras out of natural necessity? Again, in cinemas managers provide me with any number of non-reservable tickets without my having to stand in queue for them. Even the Metro has done this for me.

"Concluding, my appeal therefore is that the Traffic Police authorities should issue me a written authority permitting travel of "doubles" on bike so that I could set out to dispel boredom that is otherwise awful while incarcerated all the minutes of the days in a year at home.

"Don't I deserve this privilege, Mr. Patel?"

MADRAS. *S. Vittal Rao.*

FROM ONE BANKRUPT TO ANOTHER ?

"Shri B. N. Sircar of New Theatres Ltd., Calcutta, has raised an old but important question regarding films. The general complaint is that the standard of Indian films has fallen and continues to fall. Shri Sircar does not deny it. But what can the film industry do about it, when people make a financial success of inferior films and do not patronise good ones?

"He instanced "Jhansi-ki-Rani" and revealed that the picture had not fetched half as much as "Anarkali". If film producers were to keep in business they had to come down to the average taste.

"The difficulty is real; but no less so is the need to solve it. The Government is all powerful in this respect as in every other. A full rebate of the entertainment tax collected on films of patriotic and otherwise noble themes and exalted presentation, would compensate such producers for the loss sustained. Surely no cost is too high—and this won't be too high at all."

BOMBAY. *H. G. Jugat.*

Pictures in Making

Challenge has many faces. This one does it with a charming and smiling face and the teeth are so nice that one wouldn't mind a bite if nothing else is coming. Vyjayantimala lends sex-appeal to the screen in "Ladki", a romantic tale directed by M. V. Raman for A. V. M. Ltd.

ALL INDIA PICTURES (Bombay)

It is difficult to imagine the speed with which Producer P. N. Arora is shooting "Laila Majnu", the classic romance of unfulfilled love, starring Nutan and Shammi Kapoor. And it is not merely speed that takes our salute. For Arora believes in quality as well and seeing some of the rushes, we feel that this tender tale will set many tender hearts on fire. More than half of "Laila Majnu" is ready and before another month, filmgoers will probably see it on the screen. The supporting cast consists of Begum Para, Om Prakash, Wasti, Ullhas, Kumar and Cuckoo. The story and dialogue are by Munshi Dil, who was responsible for the success of the stage play "Laila Majnu" in the early days. The musical score is by Ghulam Mohammed. Almost all the distribution rights have been sold out except those of West Pakistan and the South.

SADIQ PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director M. Sadiq is a steady worker. No wonder, "Shabab", a musical fantasy, is fast nearing completion. Starring pretty Nutan opposite Bharat Bhushan, "Shabab" brings home to you the importance of love, if life is to be made purposeful. One of the attractive features of "Shabab" is its lovely music by Naushad. Every tune sounds like a box-office hit and with a fast-moving story, it looks as if Producer Sadiq will succeed.

TRIBHUVAN PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Director Ram Gabale has completed quite a few sequences of "Tanhaai" starring talented Usha Kiran, Karan Dewan, Purnima and Jagirdar. For the introspective person, solitude is a great blessing and with Usha Kiran to interpret a young girl's innermost emotions, "Tanhaai" is likely to become a picture worth-seeing.

HIRA FILMS (Bombay)

Producers Hira Sinh of Baria and Goverdhandas Aggarwal are optimistic that "Chandani Chowk" will become an excellent picture. That is why they are spending money and time to make the picture polished and palatable. "Chandani Chowk" has an imposing cast headed by attractive Meena Kumari and Shekhar and well supported by Kumar, Jeevan, Agha, Smriti Biswas, Sheela Naik and Sunder. The story of "Chandani Chowk" is laid in the early twenties of Delhi, in the popular market place that is crowded even today and continues to thrill the masses. Roshan is in charge of music while direction is in the hands of B. R. Chopra.

MUKESH FILMS (Bombay)

Producer Mukesh tells us that he spent many months searching for a good story and when he spotted it, he decided to launch his second production "Anuraag", starring himself, Usha Kiran, Mridula and Baby Shashi. "Anuraag" depicts the struggle of a man torn between the love of one woman and the loyalty, sacrifice and quiet suffering of the other and is awaiting an early release. Lyrics have been written by Kaif Irfani and Indivar—the "Malhar" team of writers and rendered in melodious music by Mukesh and Lata. Filmgoers should prepare themselves for a good treat in "Anuraag".

VARIETY PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer Asha Biswas is busy these days supervising the shooting of "Bazooband" starring Roopmala, Sulochana Chatterjee, Balraj Sahni, Baby Saroj and Sindura, a new find. For comic relief, there is Om Prakash to provide you with the necessary laughs. "Bazooband" is the usual domestic drama but with a new treatment by writer-director Ramanand Sagar. Music is by Mohammed Shafi. Gopi Krishan, Sitara's brother, has composed some fine dances for "Bazooband".

LEELA CHITNIS PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Acting talent evidently runs in the Chitnis family, for in her new production "Aaj ki Baat", Producer Leela Chitnis has cast her two sons, Ajit and Uday in important roles. The shooting of "Aaj ki Baat" is in full swing and never was Leela more enthusiastic than she is now. The picture, in addition to her sons, stars pretty Chitra, Bipin Gupta, Sunder and herself. We wish Leela the best of luck and hope she gives something new and refreshing in "Aaj ki Baat".

SILVER STAR (Bombay)

Produced by V. N. Nayyar and directed by B. N. Sagar, "Manzil" is said to be a story with a philosophic theme. Vijaylakshmi plays the charming heroine, supported by Asha Mathur, Kamal Kapoor, Jagdish Sethi, Tiwari and Janki Dass. Music is by Lachhiram.

KANAV BROTHERS (Bombay)

Producer-director Hemen Gupta is shooting "Ferry" at the Modern Studios, Andheri and this time he seems determined to finish the picture quickly. Geeta Bali and Dev Anand are teamed together in this unusual story, with Hiralal, Gulab and Nand Kishore to lend support. "Ferry", however, has become more inte.

resting because of the two new child stars, Babu and Bula and wonder dog Lassie and it is a 'must' for the filmgoer. In the meantime, director K. D. Mehra has made preparations for the shooting of "Shri Naqad Narain", a hilarious musical comedy starring Meena and written by I. S. Johar.

FILMISTAN LTD. (Bombay)

"Shart" starring Shyama, Dipak, Shashikala, Mohana and I. S. Johar is ready for release. But the censors, we are told, are not happy with the theme of "Shart". Let us hope "Shart" is released soon to the public with the necessary cuts.

EMAR FILMS (Bombay)

Producer Mukul Roy and director Guru Dutt are working hard on "Sailaab", a mystery thriller starring Geeta Bali, Smriti Biswas and Abhi Bhattacharya. More than half of the picture is ready and we expect "Sailaab" to be completed soon if Guru Dutt continues work at this pace. Bipin Gupta and Ram Singh have important roles in "Sailaab".

RAMESH MUNGREY PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Starring beautiful Madhubala, Producer Ramesh Mungrey has begun the shooting of "Bade Log". This is said to be a story with a difference and with Madhubala as the feminine interest, we are likely to believe the report. Bengali actor Abhi Bhattacharya is cast as the hero with David, Lalita Pawar and Jagirdar to lend support.

FILM SHOW PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Producer-director K. G. Punwani has made steady progress with "Madhur Milan", a story of sublime love, starring Nigar Sultana and Mahipal. Eight songs have been already recorded and the music by Bulo C. Rani is reported to be catchy. The supporting cast consists of Roopmala, Madan Puri, Kesari and Bhudo Advani.

S. B. PRODUCTIONS (Calcutta)

Director Niren Lahiri has completed more than half of "Shobha", the Hindustani re-make of the popular Bengali box-office hit "Subhada". Based on a story by Sarat Chandra Chatterjee, "Shobha" stars Sunanda Banerjee, Monju De, Usha Kiran, Chhabi Biswas and Abhi Bhattacharya. Some of the tunes by Robin Chatterjee are said to be lilting.

SAHU FILMS (Bombay)

Producer-director Kishore Sahu flew to Paris to give the finishing touches to "Mayurpankh", his ambitious and spectacular social in Gevacolor, starring himself, Sumitra Devi and Odette Fields. "Mayurpankh" is a feast for the eyes and no discriminating filmgoer can afford to miss this lovely Gevacolor spectacle.

HINDUSTAN CHITRA (Bombay)

Immediately Producer-director Kishore Sahu returns to Bombay, he will do the casting of "Hamlet" or "Khoon-e-Nahaq". He will, of course, play the central role of "Hamlet". "Sauda", directed by Sushil Sahu, is getting ready to go on the sets.

MARS & MOVIES (Bombay)

Producer-director Amiya Chakrabarty made a short trip to Calcutta, his home town, to attend the premiere of "Patita" with Usha Kiran and Dev Anand. "Patita" was accorded a warm reception and the Bengali film folks gave many parties to Amiya, the producer of "Patita". Back in Bombay, Amiya is busy with the shooting of "Badshah" which threatens to become another box-office hit.

KWATRA FILMS (Bombay)

The muhurt of "Pilpili Saheb", a hilarious comedy starring Shyama, Kuldip Kaur, Pran, Lalita and Majnu, was performed on September 12, 1953. Director H. S. Kwatra, who is also in charge of photography, is anxious to make "Pilpili Saheb" entertaining without the long-winded sermons we usually hear in Indian pictures. Lilting music is supplied by Sardul Kwatra. The world rights of "Pilpili Saheb" are controlled by Messrs. Balwant Singh & Co.

VARMA FILMS (Bombay)

"Ghulam", directed by Anwar Kamal Pasha and starring Ragini, Shamim, Santosh Kumar, Sabiha, M. Ismail, Ajmal and Himalayawala, is scheduled for an early release in Bombay and other towns. Produced in Pakistan by Capitol Films, the picture is reported to have run well in Karachi, Lahore, Dacca etc. And that is the reason why Varma Film Distributors seem to have taken "Ghulam" for distribution. Their own production "Puja" starring Bharat Bhushan, Purnima, Shakuntala, Badri Prasad, Hiralal and Om Prakash is progressing fast at the studios. Lyrics by Shailendra and Hasrat Jaipuri have been suitably tuned by Shankar and Jai Kishan.

C. M. TRIVEDI (Bombay)

Seth Sadanlal Jain is busy with the release arrangements of "Hari Darshan" starring Leela Chitnis, Bipin Gupta, Sapru, Raj Kumar and directed by Raman B. Desai; "Danka" of Goodwill Pictures starring Nimmi and directed by J. P. Advani. At the studios, "Ganga Maiya" and "Raj Yogi" are making rapid progress. These are mythologicals produced for a ready-made audience of devotion-stricken masses.

SHOBHA ART FILMS (Bombay)

Producer Shantibhai Bakshi and Indubhai Shah are happy with the progress of "Gunehgar" featuring Shamim, Sarla Devi, Amir Banu and Dilawar. Direction is by S. Khalil.

FORWARD PICTURES UNIT (Bombay)

The name "Fujilama" for a Hindustani picture is tantalizing enough but the contents threaten to be even more so. Directed by S. H. Tharani, "Fujilama" features Manorama, Rajen Haksar and Shanta Kunwar.

CHITRA SAHAKAR (Bombay)

"Vahininchya Bangdya", a domestic social, directed by Shantaram Athavale, is running to crowded houses at the Central cinema, Bombay. It stars Sulochana as the loving Vahini who mothers her little brother-in-law and looks upon him as her own child. Others in the cast are Vivek, Chitra, Madhav Vaze and Indira Chitnis.

M. P. PRODUCTIONS (Calcutta)

M. P. Productions' "Babla" in Hindi, was released at the Royal Opera House, Bombay on Friday, September 18, where it is running well. "Babla" in Bengali was a box-office hit and it was selected as one of the best Indian pictures for the International Film Festival, where it won an award. "Babla" has appealed to the masses because it tackles a new theme in a new manner. It is a powerful indictment on the modern social order. Mr. Murlidhar Chatterjee, chief of M. P. Productions and his team of technicians, writers and directors, deserve our congratulations for producing progressive and purposeful pictures, "Babla" being decidedly one of their best.

A. V. M. PRODUCTIONS (Bombay)

Starring Vyjayantimala, the popular dancing beauty of the South, "Ladki" directed by M. V. Raman, is being eagerly awaited by filmgoers all over the country. Producer A. V. Meiyappan always lays more emphasis on entertainment and we assure you that there will be enough in "Ladki" to chase away your blues. A highlight of the picture is a song and dance number sung by Lata Mangeshkar and gracefully rendered by Vyjayantimala. Shot in an artistic manner, the dance is going to hold the audience with its classical opulence. Bharat Bhushan plays the hero. Others in the cast are Kishore Kumar, Anjali Devi, Om Prakash, Nagiah, Randhir, Raj Mehra and Umesh Sharma.

This is a choli in black silk which looks different because of its Chinese motifs. They are hand painted in colour and appliqued on the silk to create an alluring effect.

REVIEWED IN HOLLYWOOD

(By: Our Special Correspondent)

[The world seems to be full of innocent and ignorant people. They can rarely understand a purging campaign intended to do good to people in its correct perspective and with their basic goodness and shivering approach to life they often identify themselves with the evil-doers of society and in doing so not only feel hurt but also partially protect the evil-doers.

Quite a number of our American readers and friends—some of them very dear to us—have completely misunderstood our campaign against bad and dangerous pictures from Hollywood and have accused us of being anti-American. This is at once a tragedy of innocence and ignorance.

Those who are anti-Communist, cannot be anti-American. We have great respect for the hardworking, industrious and friendly American people. We deeply appreciate their help and gifts to us and to the other needy people of the world. And though they often betray a little impatience, petulance and immaturity in their political dealings with us, we still admire their basic intention more than their method of approach to political problems. We are friends of America because our goal is the same.

In picking out bad and dangerous pictures from Hollywood and warning the censors and our people about them, we are not attacking the American people or nation. These bad Hollywood pictures are as dangerous to the American people as they are to the Indian or for that matter to all people of the world.

Anything that is designedly vicious cannot do good to any human being whatever his caste, colour, creed or clime. Even in America there are many social institutions like the Legion of Decency which keep a strict watch over the dirty product of Hollywood producers.

Hollywood's profit-conscious and notorious producers don't need a special introduction to the intellectuals of society. American intellectuals condemn them as much as we do. These dirty pedlars of sex, crime and violence have no right to poison the entire mass of a trusting and innocent humanity under the flimsy excuse of entertainment merely to make profits for a few.

These Hollywood producers are devils with deep designs. They pick up the world's most beautiful girls and exploit their youth and beauty in a thousand vicious designs merely to earn some filthy lucre. For one good picture they give us, they produce a hundred filthy ones. Such activities are socially dangerous to all peoples of the world. The masses cannot realize this unless they are directly warned and protected. That is precisely the purpose of these reviews and good Americans need not feel hurt over them and misunderstand our basically good intentions. These reviews are being read in 56 countries of the world and reproduced in many countries. We have been congratulated by many strangers from foreign countries and blessed by many friends. We hope that our campaign against bad and dangerous pictures will one day spread all over the world and compell the Hollywood producers to give us better pictures.

Crime mustn't be allowed to pay and no decent person must be a party to the crime of Hollywood. The Editor.]

Star Ratings : * Disgusting and Highly Objectionable; ** Very Poor—Not Worth The Money; * Not So Bad.**

*Inferno (20th Century Fox)

CAST : Robert Ryan, Rhonda Fleming, William Lundigan

This is not Dante's 'Inferno'. This is a glimpse of the infernal entertainment which the hell called Hollywood has been neatly packing into motion pictures. It is the story of a heartless, soulless, wicked wife who runs away with her paramour leaving her crippled husband behind in a desert so that he may die of thirst and she may safely lead a vile and wicked life with her brutish and criminal lover. Even the blind son of a blind father must be able to observe what a revolting and nauseating subject this is. Everybody with even a slight sense of social consciousness and responsibility must agree that the presentation of such despicable sin and vice on the screen is not calculated to contribute to the moral and cultural uplift of the masses. The argument that the sinners and wrong-doers meet with punishment in the end in such pictures has become a silly and untenable shibboleth. It is generally accepted by experts on the sociological aspect of films that the mere handing out of punishment to the wrong-doers at the tail end does not make a picture morally effective and that the viciousness of a picture usually leaves a stronger mark on the minds of the spectators than its brief and negative denunciation implied in the ultimate punishment of the errant characters. It is high time, therefore, that the censors should refuse to be hoodwinked by these crafty Hollywood producers who by somehow following the letter of the Production Code and desecrating its spirit continue to make infernal pictures which sooner or later are bound to spell disaster for all. The disgusting subject of "Inferno" coupled with fierce violence and viciousness of the treatment makes for a rankly morbid and sickening picture. As if the picture's dirty stink and ugly look would have been missed in ordinary presentation, it is supported by 3-D and Technicolor. And this only makes it several times more disgusting and of course more dangerous.

Briefly, the picture tells about Robert Ryan who falls from a horse in a rocky desert region and breaks his one leg. His wife Rhonda Fleming and William Lundigan, with whom she has an illicit love affair, leave Ryan alone in the desolate desert with his agony and go away pretendedly in search of aid. Leaving

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Read the reviews and avoid these pictures.

behind a false trail with misleading clues both Rhonda and Lundigan return to town and inform the authorities that Ryan had wandered away from them in the desert on the way. Immediately a search is conducted but Ryan remains missing. On the other hand, Ryan soon realizes the infidelity of his wife and that she and Lundigan had left him behind with a broken leg so that he may die of thirst. Not willing to accept defeat easily, he somehow contrives a splint for his broken leg and begins to crawl down the rocky region while life still flickers in his painful body. At last he is spotted by Henry Hull who gives Ryan shelter in his cabin. Meanwhile, Lundigan flies in a plane over the spot where Ryan had been left to die and discovers that he had crawled down from there. Both Rhonda and Lundigan then re-enter the desert to find him and to finish the dirty unfinished work by killing him. At this stage, however, something goes wrong between the foul lovers and they fall apart. Lundigan leaves her and goes alone after Ryan to kill him. He manages to trail Ryan to Hull's cabin and after knocking Hull unconscious, pounces upon Ryan. And now unfolds before the spectators a gruesome page of naked violence as Ryan and Lundigan engage in a brutal and viciously violent fight. During the fight the cabin is set on fire when an oil lamp over-turns and Lundigan is consumed by the flames while Ryan is rescued by Hull, who in the meantime had regained consciousness. As Ryan and Hull proceed to town they meet Rhonda on the way and Ryan asks her to choose between death in the desert and surrender to the police in town. She, of course, chooses the latter.

Final Verdict: "Inferno" is a disgusting and sickening picture from beginning to end. Flaunting a nauseating plot treated extremely morbidly the picture looks as disagreeable as sewer water. Hollywood should not be allowed to give such undesirable pictures even in the name of experimenting with 3-D. Though every print of this picture deserves to be destroyed, it should, at least be banned in India. Can the Indian censors imagine an Indian wife leaving her husband to die of thirst in a desert and going away with another man to satisfy her own sexual thirst? If they can imagine this, then we must change our censors because it is no use having censors who have lost respect for their own beds.

* A Blueprint For Murder (20th Century Fox)

CAST : Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters, Gary Merrill

Usually the titles of Hollywood pictures themselves provide enough commentary on the kind and degree of sordidness the pictures contain, and the present title also is detestable enough to drive aesthetic picturegoers miles away from this picture which screams a most obnoxious crime through its title. But the title refers only to murder and not to its nature which is so heinous and diabolic that it makes one sick. It is the murder of a young, innocent child by none other than its step-mother. The picture shows a young widow with a pretty and innocent appearance who murders her one step-child and then quietly plans the murder of her other step-child in order to clear the last hurdle in her way to inherit some wealth. A young and pretty step-mother dyeing her dainty hands in the warm blood of innocent children for the sake of money! What a stinking and scandalous theme to present on the screen! Are these the themes which are relished by American mothers? And do the Hollywood producers expect to turn American women into good mothers by presenting such fantastically distasteful themes on the screen? While showing a delicate, young woman as the murderess of innocent children, the makers of the picture forget that woman is endowed by Nature with an urge to love, nurse and nourish children. They forget a woman's physiological and psychological propensities and her instinctive love for children. They also forget the huge and teeming majority of women who cherish children more than their own lives and thus slander the entire womanhood. And surely it is not the purpose of the screen that only ugly exceptions of life be presented on it. But it seems Hollywood is left with only filth out of which to knead its screen stories. "A Blueprint for Murder" is a similar ugly and morbid picture and deserves to be avoided by all decent people.

Joseph Cotten rushes to Jean Peters, his late brother's widow, the moment he learns that one of her step-children was ill. The child, however, dies and Cotten decides to console her and her other step-child for a few days. At a meeting with Gary Merrill, the family attorney, and his wife Catherine McLeod, Cotten happens to mention the doctors' uncertainty as to the cause of the child's death. Remembering that Jean's husband had died equally mysteriously, Catherine remarks that strychnine poisoning might have been the cause of the deaths. At first Cotten considers the suggestion too fantastic but the facts, that Jean stood to inherit a lot of wealth if both the step-children were dead and that she had disallowed a post-mortem examination of the child, rouse his suspicions. On learning that Jean was intending to go on a trip to Europe with her other step-child he begins to move in the matter and manages to get a post-mortem examination done on the child. The autopsy report reveals that the child had died of strychnine poisoning and that the child had been given enough strychnine to kill a number of people. At this the district attorney starts an investigation but in spite of ample circumstantial evidence incriminating Jean as the murderess, she is exonerated by the court in the absence of further proof. During this time Cotten manages to retain good relations with Jean by sympathising with her. But afraid that the other child may also go the way of the dead child, Cotten decides to accompany Jean on her European trip. During the voyage he once again finds Jean too sweet and charming a person to be capable of murder and almost begins to look at her with a lover's eyes. Suddenly, however, he stumbles in her cabin upon a bottle of vitamin pills containing several pills made from strychnine. He mentions his discovery to Jean who denies that they were poison pills and resents his suspicion. But when Cotten tells her that he had put one of the pills in her drink she gets frightened and takes an antidote to save herself. The cat is let out of the bag and the picture ends with Jean in prison for murder and Cotten in charge of his nephew.

Final Verdict: The theme of a woman murdering her step-children in order to inherit wealth is too disgusting for words and a picture which presents this sordid theme on the screen simply deserves to be condemned. This is an extremely unhealthy picture and should be banned by the censors unless they want Hollywood to put such gruesome ideas into our women's heads. And the censors must remember that India is a country with millions of step-mothers and millions and millions of step-children.

*The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms (Warner Bros.)

CAST : Paul Christian, Paula Raymond

Is horror a legitimate or necessary ingredient in screen entertainment? Does it serve any useful social purpose whatsoever? Is it not harmful in its immediate as well as ultimate effect on spectators? These questions must be seriously considered before movies exclusively serving horror and havoc are released to the public to subject them to terror and horripilation. Aren't there any pleasant and beautiful things left in the world that movie producers should seek to entertain people by instilling in them weird fears? Horror, for the sake of horror, is a contemptible policy of entertainment but that is exactly what Hollywood has been following. It has given to the world characters like Frankenstein, Wolfman, Invisible Man, King Kong and other ghouls, ghosts and dragons. And all these are in addition to those strictly earthly and human monsters —gangsters, murderers, bandits, pirates—which are regularly seen in every second Hollywood film. With such creatures occupying the screen most of the time and affecting the picturegoers' mind and blood continually, how can a man be expected to give himself to pleasant

thoughts and peaceful pursuits in life? It is a pity that Wolfmen and Frankensteins should constitute the entertainment of those who call themselves civilized and claim to be progressive in every breath. It is again a sad commentary on the intelligence of those grown-ups who claim to carry wise heads on their shoulders that such injurious entertainment should be prescribed for modern youth and children. In a really civilized society with an alert conscience and a genuine desire for progress, all entertainment which provides nothing but sheer horror would have been dumped into the sea and their creators ostracized.

Since these horror pictures administer calculated shocks to the spectator, they affect the nerves and often leave the mind in a semi-paralytic state. It cannot be gainsaid that horror pictures are harmful to the mental health of the spectator because instead of providing him with something aesthetic they simply acquaint him with violent, horrendous and destructive goings-on. They are not good for physical health also because a spectator seeing a horror picture is forced to stifle a few screams, perspire in the body, breathe abnormally and clutch the arms of his seat every now and then. This man certainly loses something in health during that unfortunate hour. Thus apart from being intellectually injurious these pictures prove even physically dangerous.

From America, where destruction seems to be the current dominant doctrine, comes another blood-curdling bit of bizarre entertainment in "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms". It can hardly be called entertainment. It is a neat nightmare in celluloid. The infinitely fantastic picture shows an atomic explosion in the Arctic regions disturbing the 100-million-year slumber of a gigantic prehistoric monster which after being dislodged from its cosy nook flows down the Arctic current and gets to Coney Island to plunge Manhattan into chaos and destruction and drive the New Yorkers into panic. Climbing into Manhattan the monster crumbles huge buildings like cards, crushes automobiles under its gigantic paws and either tramples on men, tosses them away or just swallows them. And all these fantastic and frightening doings and mad destruction and chaos are supposed to be items of entertainment. However, we think that conjuring up such a frightful vision of devastating destruction, is an ugly and disgusting trick. Present world needs healthy-hued ideas and glimpses of beauty and construction and not coloured fantasies of ruin and terror, death and destruction and morbidity and ugliness. Because of all its ugly monstrosity and terrifying destruction, "The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms" is a hideous and disgusting picture for anybody in his senses. It is highly unsuitable for all—children, youth or adults.

After an atomic test near the Baffin Bay area, a huge prehistoric monster comes out of a deep ravine and the frightened scientist Paul Christian rushes to tell people about it. But nobody believes his story, not even Professor Kellaway. Only Paula Raymond, Christian's assistant, gives him some credulity when some other seafarers also support Christian's report. Soon Kellaway pays the price of his scepticism when he himself is killed by the monster during an under-sea expedition. The monster wanders towards Coney Island and hauling itself out of East River it subjects Manhattan to all fantastic forms of ruin and terror killing human beings and crushing buildings and automobiles. Army troops manage to push it back into the river by wounding it with bazookas but the blood that flows from the monster's body causes a deadly disease. At long last when the saurian monster gets entangled in a roller coaster in Coney Island, Christian manages to kill it by shooting into its wound a radioactive isotope.

Final Verdict: The picture is a gory, grisly and gruesome affair. Nobody with even a fraction of aesthetic feeling in him can tolerate such nonsense. This hideous, sickening and disgusting picture should be dumped deep into that Arctic region from where it stirred up its fancy monster.

* The Last Posse (Columbia)

CAST: Broderick Crawford, Charles Bickford, John Derek, Wanda Hendrix

If the Indian Censors banned that wretched M.G.M. picture "The Naked Spur", there is no reason why they should not ban "The Last Posse" also. Flaunting an almost similar theme of man's criminal and abominable greed for gold, the picture introduces a row of characters not one of whom is even remotely pleasant or likeable. Almost all the characters are either criminal, vicious, dishonourable or disgracefully errant. The picture contains three cold-blooded murders, one violent accidental death, one case of mortal wounding and several vicious fights apart from another murder which the story inherits from the past. The action consists of three bank-robbers being chased by a posse. But the men who constitute the posse look much more wicked, vicious and obnoxious than do the robbers. Except one sheriff, who imposes himself on that posse, all the rest are shady crooks who join the chase for a variety of illegal and selfish motives and at least in the end it becomes clear that not one of them was in earnest to uphold law and justice. And even this sheriff is not so lily-white in character. He is an alcoholic and worse than that he shields a murderer as long as it suits him to do so. Evidently Hollywood too literally believes in setting a thief to catch a thief. It finds even the friends of law in crooks and criminals, and thus attests its own criminal role in the artistic and sensitive field of motion picture production. "The Last Posse" therefore should be the last picture to be shown in India. It is a wicked, sinister and stinking package of vice, crime, greed and unscrupulousness and should not be allowed to pollute and disgrace our screen and adversely influence millions of impressionable minds.

Three brothers rob a bank of $100,000, deposited by Bickford, to square accounts with Bickford to whom they were once forced to sell their cattle at a cheap price. After the robbery a posse consisting of Bickford, his adopted son Derek and four local businessmen is formed to chase and arrest the robbers. The members of the posse refuse to include Sheriff Crawford among them, who always seems too drunk to look after law and order in town. However Crawford soon shakes off his intoxication and aware of the fact that Bickford was the murderer of Derek's father and was hunting the robbers only to kill them lest they spill his beans, he soon overtakes Derek and Bickford as they try to run ahead of the businessmen. This results in a brutal fight between him and Bickford but both come out alive and Crawford victorious. At last they catch up with the robbers one of whom topples over a cliff to his death during the violent chase. Crawford promises the remaining two a fair trial and they surrender to him. But just then Bickford shoots both of them dead. Crawford now decides to do the spilling himself and tells Derek that Bickford had killed his father. At this Derek kills Bickford but before this Bickford manages to wound Crawford seriously. Now over four warm corpses and one half-dead body, the remaining ones sit to make some shady deals. Forgetting all about law and justice, the businessmen propose that they should be allowed to share the $100,000 recovered from the robbers while Derek should content himself with inheriting Bickford's ranch. Derek agrees to the deal and they return for a mock trial. Crawford, who had been mortally wounded, opens his eyes for the first time in a hotel where a hearing was going on. He walks to the place and sits down to listen to the testimony. But the sight of Crawford upsets Derek's scheme and conscience and he at once reveals the whole truth to the judge who rewards him with a release. As the judge tries to express the town's thanks to the 'law-upholding' Crawford, he is found dead in his seat, having succumbed to his wounds. Wasn't the sheriff one of the greatest martyrs in the cause of law, peace and justice?

Final Verdict: The picture is stinking, criminal nonsense dedicated to robbers, murderers and gunplayers. This is the kind of entertainment which can inflict in-

calculable injury on a nation and plague its mental and social health. This picture should be banned without any second thought.

* Dangerous Crossing (20th Century Fox)

CAST : Jeanne Crain, Michael Rennie, Carl Betz

When a highly influential medium like the cinema passes into the hands of a socially irresponsible set of people whose entire lives are tuned to the jingle of coins the ugly result shows itself in pictures like "Dangerous Crossing". Film producers have all along either opposed or ignored suggestions to mix entertainment with some education and wholesomeness, advancing flimsy commercial arguments and claiming themselves to be caterers of 'pure entertainment'. Now a stage has arrived when murder, greed, crime, violence, adultery and other forms of veiled and not-so-veiled sin and sexuality have become inevitable ingredients of 'pure entertainment'. When producers are asked to cut down the incidence of these obnoxious elements in films they react as if they were being asked for a supreme sacrifice. Leave alone pictures with educative value, it is difficult these days to spot one picture in a thousand which does not in some way flout the universally accepted concepts of virtue, decency or morality. Though producers still flaunt dubious, phoney and hypocritical slogans like 'Ars Gratia Artis', what we find in films today is not even 'art for art's sake' but only crime, decadence and immorality for profits' sake. And practically every second picture from Hollywood manages to drive a nail in the coffin of the hope of a happy and virtuous society.

Basically an unpleasant story, this is a tale of the fear and frustration of an innocent, freshly-married girl who finds her husband missing shortly after they embark on a ship for a honeymoon trip and ultimately discovers that her husband was a designing crook who had planned to murder her for the sake of her wealth.

Carl Betz and his wife Jeanne Crain set out on a honeymoon trip aboard a ship. Shortly after embarking on the trip, Jeanne discovers her husband missing and becomes anxious. She reports the matter to the ship's authorities who check up the passenger list and announce that no man with her husband's name was listed there and that she herself was listed under her maiden name. As even her husband's luggage is mysteriously removed from her cabin and her own luggage equally mysteriously shifted to another cabin, she finds it difficult to prove that she was not travelling alone or even that she was married. She then asks the stewardess Mary Anderson, who had seen her entering the original cabin with Betz, to corroborate her story. But when Mary also denies having seen her with her husband, Jeanne becomes completely distraught and faints. She is believed to be a mental case and the ship's doctor Michael Rennie is called to look after her. In the meantime Jeanne receives a phone message from Betz to the effect that they both were in some sort of danger and that he must continue to remain in hiding. The sympathetic Rennie at first finds it difficult to believe her story but on learning that she was a rich heiress and that it was a hasty marriage he becomes suspicious and soon it is revealed that Betz, actually the ship's third officer, had married Jeanne under a false name and now in conspiracy with the stewardess Mary planned to kill Jeanne in order to lay his hands on Jeanne's wealth. But through another phone call, Betz, somehow manages to have her come on the ship's upper deck just before dawn and tries to throw her into the sea. However, Rennie manages to save her at the last moment and instead Betz himself is thrown into the sea.

Final Verdict : With a sordid and criminal plot and a grim treatment, the picture is an unpleasant and undesirable piece of screen 'entertainment'. It should be avoided by all who like their entertainment to be healthy and wholesome.

* The City Of Bad Men (20th Century Fox)

CAST : Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson, Richard Boone

The ignoble Hollywood slanderers, who slander the inherent virtue and goodness of the people of a civilized world and thus humanity itself merely to justify their filthy pictures, are at their wicked work again. In order to justify a sinister story about a pack of crooks and criminals, they vilify an entire city with a sweeping title. And this time it is neither Chicago nor Las Vegas. It is Carson City of 1897. Whether Carson City was really a city of bad men in 1897, only American historians can tell. But this picture certainly contains a huge lot of bad men. In the picture the spotlight is turned on crime, violence and brutality, confirmed criminals and trigger-twiddlers have a heyday, faucets are turned on for a free flow of human blood and life is shorn of any value. The plot is Hollywood's favourite and as usual a criminal one, consisting of an elaborate robbery. The 'hero' is a leader of a gang of outlaws, a calculating criminal who 'reforms' in the end almost making a virtue of necessity when his own plan for a robbery is foiled by his own gangsters. Neither the theme, the plot, the action nor the characters have any use for a decent and civilized people. Devoid of any virtue or decency, "The City of Bad Men" can be called a picture of bad men, by bad men and, yes, for bad men.

In 1897, the outlaw Robertson and his gang return to Carson City to rob the bank but Robertson changes his mind when he learns of the forthcoming world championship boxing contest between Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons for which the city was making elaborate preparations. Robertson finds a better proposition in robbing the gate receipts of the boxing contest and carefully starts planning for it, without, however, revealing his scheme to his gang. He contacts Jeanne Crain, his former sweetheart, who was now Whitfield Connor's fiancee, the promoter of the boxing contest. Jeanne, however, brushes off Robertson holding him responsible for her brother's death, who was a member of Robertson's gang. In the meantime, the sheriff senses trouble in the town with the outlaw leaders, Richard Boone, Don Haggerty and Robertson all collected together. To avert trouble, the sheriff invites the three outlaws to become deputy sheriffs and though Boone and Haggerty sneer at the offer in the beginning, Robertson, seeing an opportunity in it to further his secret plans to rob the gate money, accepts the deputy sheriff's badge and persuades Boone and Haggerty also to accept the offer. Parading as an official he finds it easy to make all the necessary and detailed preparations for the holdup, which he intended to stage during the sixth round of the prize-fight. However, the whole scheme misfires when his own brother Lloyd Bridges joins up with Boone and Haggerty and double-crossing Robertson, the three rob the gate earlier than he could. Leaving behind evidence to incriminate Robertson, the three outlaws escape with the loot. It doesn't take long for them to fall out and Boone kills Bridges to eliminate one shareholder. Just at this time Robertson catches up with Boone and Haggerty and after a violent gun battle Robertson manages to kill both Boone and Haggerty. In the end he returns the robbed gate receipts to the sheriff and embraces Jeanne, who by now had regained her faith in Robertson.

Final Verdict: The picture presents a shameless world of crime, violence and bloodshed and behind the vile veil of the term 'Western' is a sinister and objectionable picture. Its crass criminal stench is bound to hurt those nostrils which are not yet completely harmonized with the stink of Hollywood's crime packages which pass off as entertaining motion pictures in a world which seems to have forgotten its moral and ethical duties to its posterity.

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HIRA FILMS
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Gorgeous Delhi of 1920
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AGHA
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SUNDAR
MANMOHAN KRIS
PRATIMADEV
ACHALA
KRISHNA KUM
and
SMRITI BISW
DIRECTION:
B.R.CHOP
MUSIC:
ROSHAN
CAMERA:
KEKI MIST
ART:
S.SANTSIN
DIALOGUES:
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